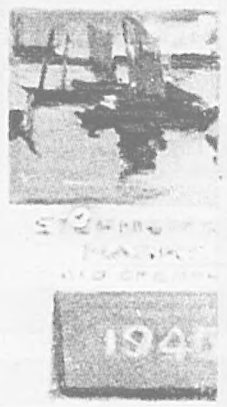
Liberty

MARCH 16, 1946 10c

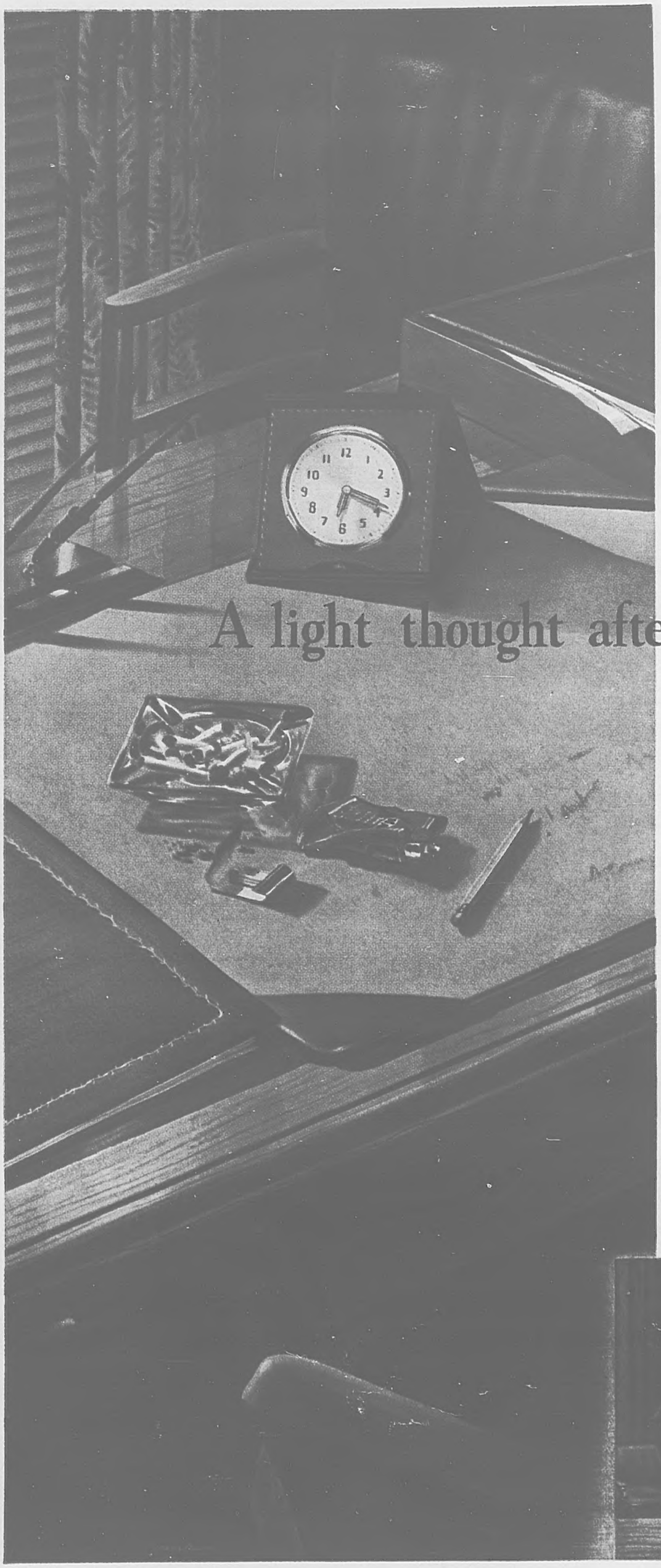


Book:

GOD BLESS OUR AUNTS

A Rollicking Tale of a Wacky Family

HENRY A. WALLACE · MORRIS MARKEY
NELIA GARDNER WHITE · STANLEY FRANK



When your office door clicks
Behind you at six,
When at last you call it a day—
It's pleasant to think
Of that wonderful drink
Which soon will appear on a tray.

James B. Wilson

A light thought after some heavy thinking

To get all the pleasures out of a pre-dinner drink that only a good whiskey can put into it—have yours made with Old Thompson. A palate-pleaser, Old Thompson is a Manhattan-maker from way back. . . . And, too, it's blended in Kentucky by Glenmore, so the touch-of-quality is definitely there in every sip.

Blended Whiskey, 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits
Glenmore Distilleries Co., Incorporated, Louisville, Ky.

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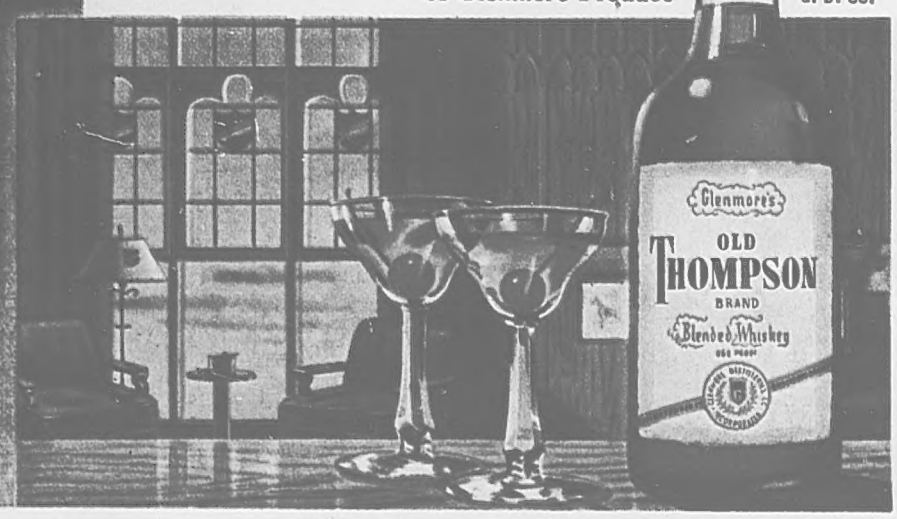


A BETTER BLEND FOR BETTER DRINKS

Backyard canters like this have plenty to do with Susie's and Pinkie's robust health. But Mother gets credit for those sunny smiles. College-educated Mary Brewer knows that today's soft foods don't give gums the exercise they need—that Ipana is specially designed, with massage, to wake up circulation in lazy gums.

Model background for a model smile. "No girl is more beautiful than her smile," is the Brewer family slogan. And a lovely smile depends on sparkling teeth—which, in turn, call for healthy gums. So Susie massages a little extra Ipana on her gums after brushing, to speed up circulation and help keep gums from becoming tender.

There's a lesson for grownups in this typical classroom scene. Not only is the importance of gum massage being taught daily in thousands of schools: 7 out of 10 dentists recommend massage, according to a nationwide survey. (Same survey shows dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice *for their own use!*)

What kind of Mother does a Model make?

Susie Brewer's chubby health reflects her "model" mother's model care

DO MODELS make good mothers? In the case of Beverly Hills' lovely Mary Brewer, the answer is a big, resounding "yes!" One look at tanned and sturdy 4-year-old Susie and 2-year-old Pinkie will testify to that.

And Mother's "model" care extends to teeth and gums, too. For Mary Brewer has learned what every successful model knows so well: the importance of a lovely smile. So this well-known fashion model has already started her youngsters on the dental routine that gets so much credit for their mother's glorious smile: *Regular brushing, followed by gum massage with extra Ipana Tooth Paste.*

Which proves that California-born Mary Brewer also knows what thousands of dentists and schools are teaching today—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And that sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

Product of Bristol-Myers

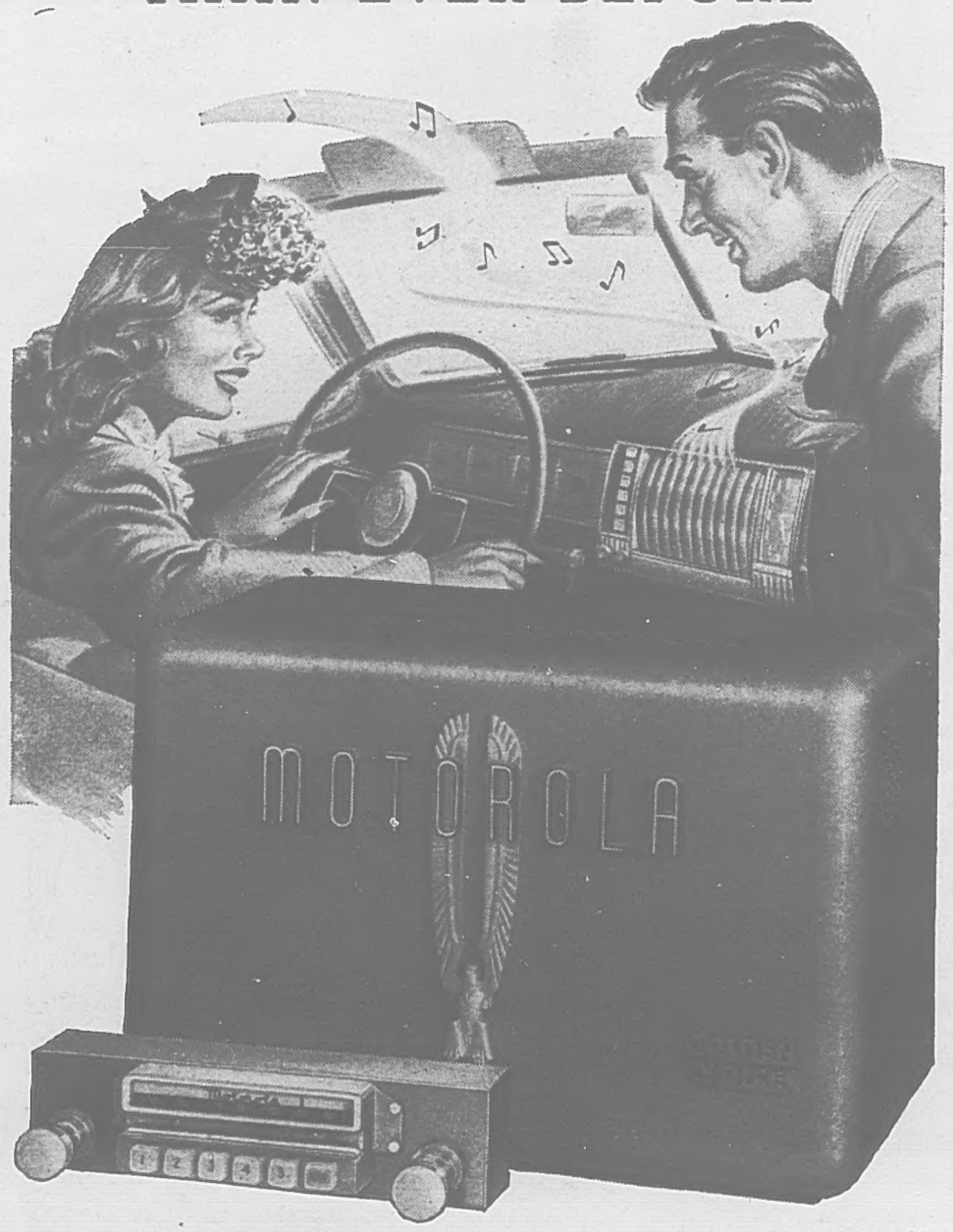
Firmer Gums—Brighter Teeth with Ipana and Massage

"Why can't I do that?" muses Susie, who'd like to follow in mother's toe-dancing steps as faithfully as she now follows her daily routine of Ipana and massage for teeth and gums. Neglected gums often signal their warning to "see your dentist!" with a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush. He may suggest the "helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage." Get Ipana today!

THE BEST IS NOW

BETTER

THAN EVER BEFORE



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Cover: Grandma's Treat
Painted by Harold Anderson

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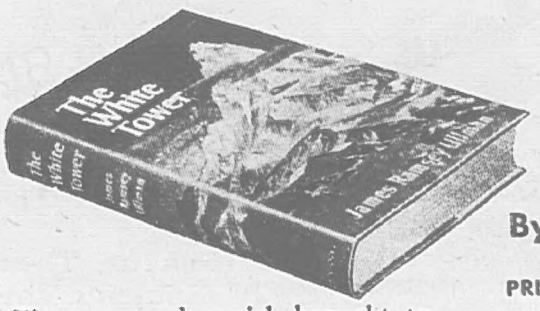

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VOX POP

"The Voice of the People"

MORAN HOLDS THE RECORD

ROSEMEAD, CALIF.—I've always liked your Camera Eye page and it seems our mailman likes it too. It always takes the mail longer to reach the box on the day Liberty arrives. I hear the postman step up on the porch, and then no clunk of mail falling—just silence. One day I decided to find out why, opened the door, and found him deep in The Camera Eye. There's usually a very pretty girl on that page, and the prettier she is, the longer it takes him to drop the magazine in the box.

The record was Dolores Moran on the white bearskin rug (December 1). Can't say that I blamed him.—*Mrs. R. W. Tuttle.*

REMOVING PRICE CONTROLS

PASADENA, CALIF.—In connection with Paul Hunter's editorial, Fact Finding on Price Control (January 26), I'd like to point out one thing. To remove price control in one small area and retain it in surrounding areas, as suggested by Mr. Hunter, would be nonsense unless you also prevented the moving of merchandise from the controlled area and compelled the residents in the uncontrolled area to buy locally. Logically, there would have to be some rise in prices to attract available merchandise to the area, and any material increase in prices would drive purchasers from the uncontrolled area to the controlled. And, furthermore, honest dollars are not made by raising prices just because goods are scarce. Any raise in price for this reason means only a deflation of our currency.—*Harry W. Otis.*

FLYING OVER RUSSIA

LONG BEACH, CALIF.—As an American citizen, well-read upon Russia's past and her mighty effort to rebuild her country and establish closer ties with the United States, I cannot understand why you would allow On the Beam, by Wayne Parrish (January 19), to be published. I see no reason for spreading talk about how much trouble our airmen have when they fly over Russian-occupied territory. Besides, they should know where they're flying, and not disobey orders from the United States or from Russia.

Hush about Russia, or else write a good, constructive article. There are too many people who swallow such stuff whole.—*A. C. Hinsdale.*

DETROIT, MICH.—Wayne Parrish is really objective when he writes about our airmen's difficulties with Russia. He honestly tells of certain Soviet mistakes in civilian aviation without becoming anti-Soviet in attitude.—*R. A. Berdish.*

CARRY A BIG STICK

AVILA, CALIF.—Samuel Michaelson suggests in Vox Pop (January 19) that we can prevent war by withholding loans and credits from nations who do not "outlaw conscription." That's nonsense. Just consider what would happen if all the nations of the world but one conformed to such an ultimatum.

That one would develop her military strength to the utmost, not having accepted a loan from us. Then she could very easily dominate the rest of the world. We could not stop her, for our military strength would have been rendered impotent by our substitution of ideals for militarism.

No, Teddy Roosevelt had the right idea when he said, "Walk softly but carry a big stick."

There is one insurmountable natural law that has never been beaten during the history of the human race—the weak must lose. They have never won so far.—*Herbert R. Smith.*

THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE

TREASURE ISLAND, CALIF.—Take a look at Larry Kritcher's illustration for James Aswell's story, Like with Dolls (January 12). The picture shows a college girl and her father talking with her redheaded professor-boyfriend. There's nothing wrong

(*Continued on page 8*)

WHEN A BRIDE WORKS DAYS
... and her husband works nights!

So much love, yet love's a luxury . . . to be indulged at dawn and dusk. So modern . . . millions are living it today!

JOAN FONTAINE
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with **MARK STEVENS**

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Produced by WILLIAM PEREIRA • Directed by JOHN BERRY

Screen Play by HUGO BUTLER

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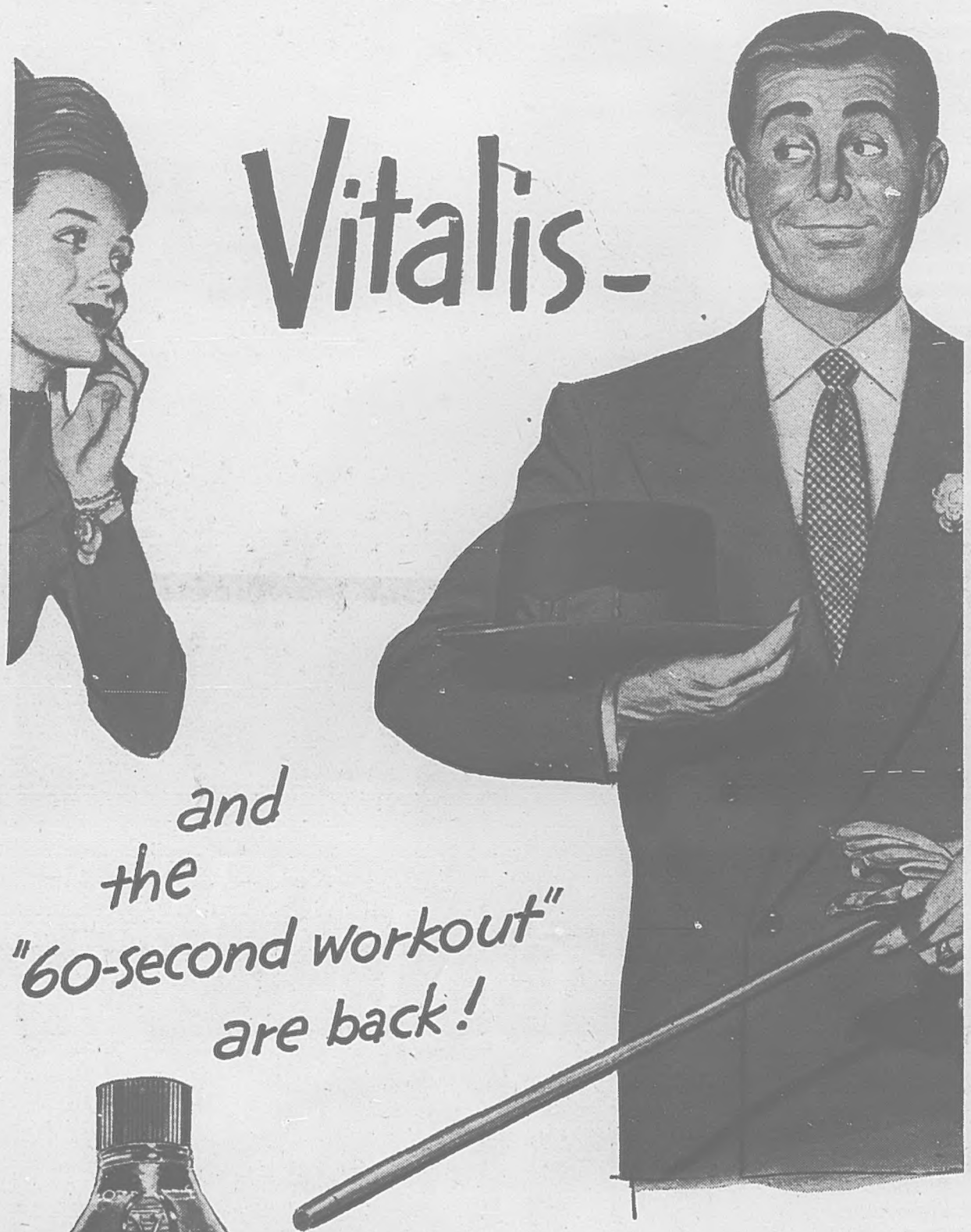

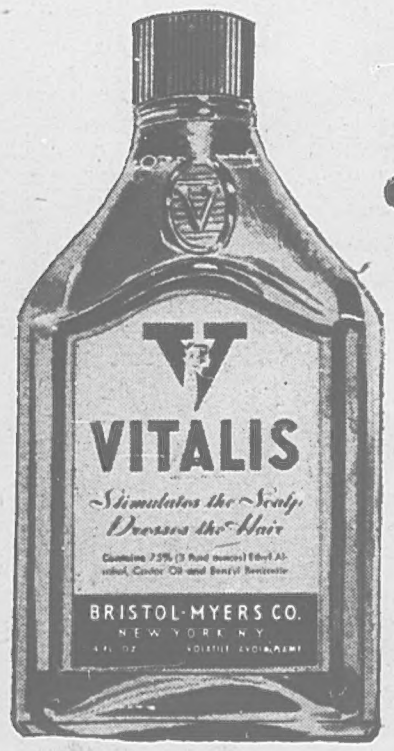

You can get *genuine* Vitalis at your nearest drug counter. Get some today. Start tomorrow with Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout" for a better looking head of hair!

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Handsome hair in a hurry! Take 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your tight, dry scalp. (This routs loose dandruff, prevents dryness, helps retard excessive falling hair.)

Now . . . 10 seconds to comb and . . . *look!* Handsomest man you've been in years! And set to stay that way! Get a bottle of Vitalis today! *Product of Bristol-Myers*

(*Continued from page 6*)

with it. But I never look at the end of a story before I read the beginning. And that's exactly what the illustration does.—*James R. Woodson, Jr., SM3c.*

How right you are!—Vox Pop Editor.

ON SKUNKS AND STRIKES

Boone, Iowa—In the editorial, Warfare on the Home Front (January 19), Paul Hunter says that a nation with just claims which must go to war to achieve them has failed diplomatically and its leaders are failures. That makes the leaders of the U. S. A., England, France, Rus-

sia, and all the Allies failures. I don't agree. He also says hundreds of labor leaders in this country never have to call a strike because they are able negotiators and reasonable men. Maybe they're dealing with reasonable men. Some labor leaders have to deal with unreasonable men. I think the President's idea of a fact-finding board is O. K., but the cooling-off period is a lot of bunk. In most cases there has already been a cooling-off period.

I don't think hours and wages and working conditions are beyond our reasoning powers, but employers and employees must be reasonable. Let us not put all the blame on the labor leader. All employers don't have wings. Strikes are bad. No one wants them. The odor from a skunk is bad, too, but it's the only weapon the little fellow has when everything else has failed.—*James Morris.*

NO VOCAL CORDS

Canton, Ohio—In the cartoon where the camelopard (giraffe to you) is telling the other animals that the lion wants to be president, not king (January 19), I was amazed to see a camelopard taking part in a jungle political convention. Having no vocal cords, how is it possible for him to represent the camelopards back home?—*E. Ray Keller.*

Another good cartoon ruined by an intelligent reader!—Vox Pop Editor.

HE CAUGHT THE CHAMP

Portsmouth, Va.—I really enjoyed your article on Joe Louis—Now He Slays 'Em—with Wisecracks (January 12). John Hohenberg writes with an understanding most authors lack

when it comes to doing a piece on a colored person.—*Juanita Jefferson Johnson.*

CAPITALISTS DON'T MAKE WAR

PROVIDENCE, R. I.—I would like to reply to John Slavens (Vox Pop, January 5) who accuses the private-enterprise system of being the cause of war.

Where Mr. Slavens ever got an idea like that I can't understand. World War II was started by the collectivist-run states. In 1939 the U. S. A., Great Britain, and her empire, and France were the most peace-loving countries in the world. All operated under systems of private enterprise. The countries that were threatening the peace and eventually caused the war were Germany, Italy, Russia, and Japan—all run by totalitarian governments.

Even today there is talk of another more horrible war. With Germany and Japan crushed, who is there to cause trouble? The answer is plain. Soviet Russia. Russia's uncooperativeness and her stubborn determination to play the game her way or not at all are keeping the world in a state of uncertainty today.—*Walter L. Monk.*

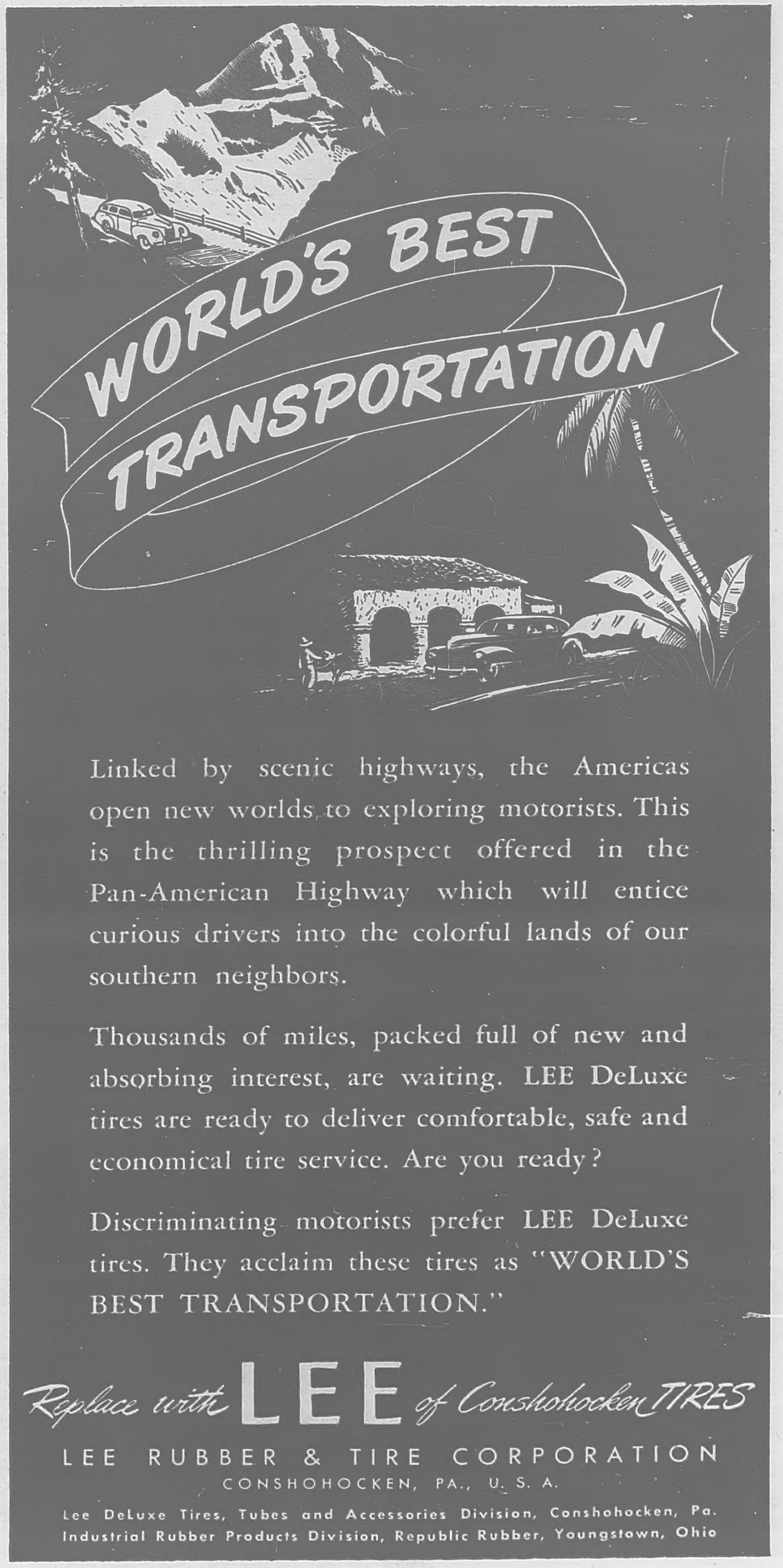
MIND OVER HEART

ALAMEDA, CALIF.—I have just finished reading Lewis F. Gittler's article, Are Teen-Age Germans Still Hitler's Children? (January 26). How touching! Admitted that Germany's *petits-bâtards* turned out to be a bit better than we expected. This does not mean that we should assume an all-pitying attitude toward them as having been the poor, hopelessly outnumbered losers in the political game called war. We should never forget what it cost us in dollars and blood to be the victors.

I am not trying to imply that there is no hope for a new, rejuvenated Germany, acceptable in the society of nations. I merely want to remind my fellow Americans that once be-

fore we made the grave error of withdrawing our occupational forces too soon. Twenty-five years later we were in the midst of another war!

Today we are in the position to make very sure that this never happens again. We Americans are known to everyone to be too sentimental. Let's show the world that for once we can force our minds to govern our hearts if we set ourselves to it. *Robert F. Melancon, S1c.*



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HE WRESTLED
the wind...*and won!*

A man of many talents, Robert Fulton promoted canals with his able pen...painted portraits, excelled at drawing... invented new dredging devices, perfected a torpedo for under water warfare, built "diving boats", and designed the Clermont... the steamboat which outmoded the wind, did much for the rising commerce of the rapidly expanding nation.

Fulton wrote with crude quill pens. Now men have far finer writing tools... the Inkograph, precision-made, fast-acting, easy-flowing, with a 14kt solid gold ball-like point that writes with all the ease of a soft lead pencil on any quality paper... fits any style of writing, and is adapted to every hand.

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ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

So jet-propelled planes always will be limited in range? Now we know better, thanks to that record-breaking Shooting Star!

THE setting of new transcontinental air records had always had its interesting angles, but the new record of four hours and thirteen minutes established by the Lockheed P-80 Shooting Star on January 26 has an unusual twist.

The tussle in recent years has been between the small speedy fighters and big planes, the bombers and transport planes. The small planes have had the speed but have had to add auxiliary tanks in order to get the range. The larger planes have had the range but not the ultra-high speeds. But the record has been broken successively by large and small types, first one and then the other.

So when the big Boeing B-29 Superfortress, the Dreamboat, established a new record of five hours and twenty-seven minutes last fall, everyone whistled and thought this record would be around a while. The B-29 has represented the best in speed plus range in U. S. aviation for several years.

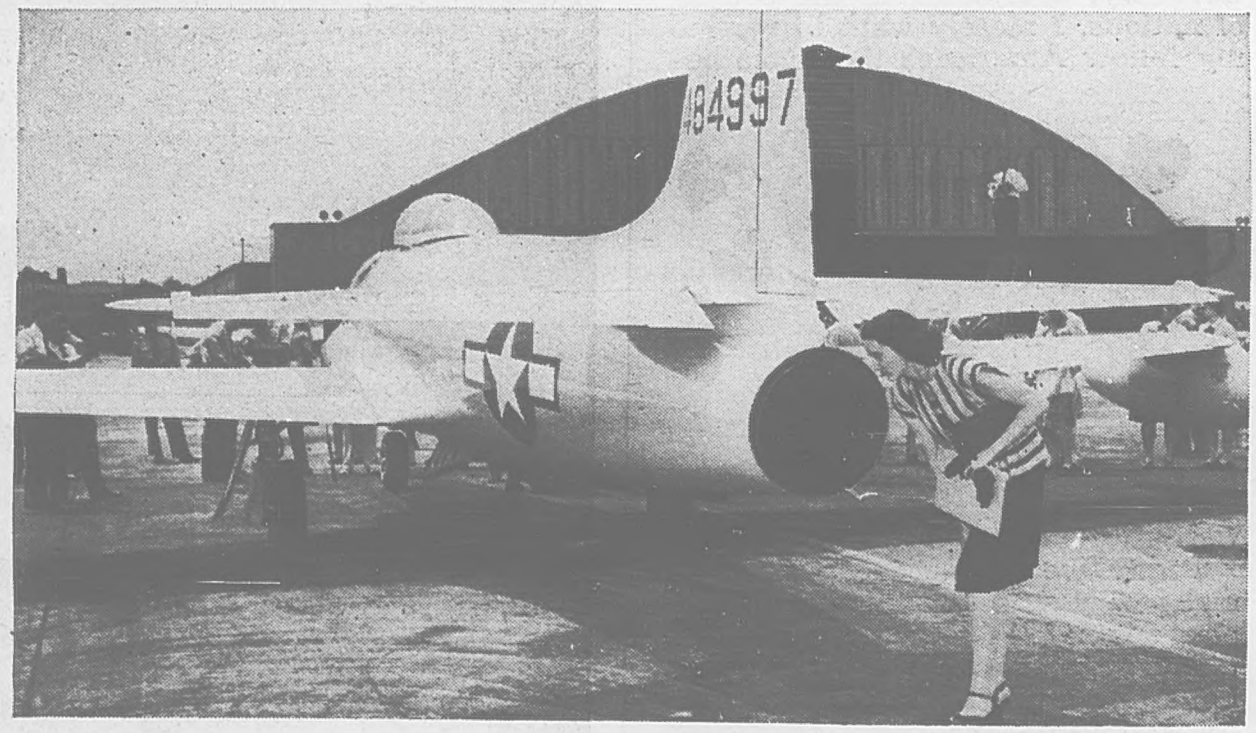
But what knocked the Superfort's record into a cocked hat—and an hour and fourteen minutes cut from the record was nothing short of phenomenal—was one of the tiniest and lightest airplanes built during the war. The Shooting Star has a gross take-off weight of but 16,900 pounds and a wing span of but thirty-nine feet. Its length is but thirty-four and a half feet and its highest point is no more than eleven feet four inches above the ground. In short, it's a mighty small piece of airplane compared to the huge B-29.

Breaking the Superfort's record was like David knocking out Goliath. Not only that, but the pilot, Colonel William H. Councill of the Air Technical Service Command, flew in this tiny airplane at 28,000 feet (that's more than five miles up) and averaged about 584 m.p.h.

But historically the P-80 flight was far more significant than the mere setting of a new record. It was by far the longest jet flight ever made —2,470 miles—and removed for good the skepticism of many aeronautical engineers about the range possibilities for jet-propelled planes. Advanced as the Germans were in jet work, their best planes could stay in the air only for brief times, say an hour and a half. Our first jet planes had similar limitations. But on January 26 we stepped far out in front by demonstrating that jet propulsion has range as well as high speeds.

Britain still holds the short-range speed record of 606 m.p.h. over a set course. But this record will probably tumble some time this year, as our engineers believe a small new jet-propelled flying wing built by Northrup can reach 625 m.p.h. In fact, a Northrop wing is reliably reported to have made that mark in unofficial tests.

Commercial speeds always lag behind the record setters, but maybe the four-hour-and-thirteen-minute



PRESS ASSOCIATION PHOTO

How soon will amateur pilots fly jet-propelled planes like the Shooting Star? Here's one, Fay Doss, looking over that Lockheed P-80 at the National Airport.

crossing of the United States will give you a glimpse into the future when jet propulsion will be utilized for commercial aircraft. Meanwhile, though, they're not doing badly without it—witness the big T. W. A. Lockheed Constellation which on February 3 broke by nearly four and a half hours the transcontinental record for a fully loaded liner.

Federal Aid for Small Airfields

At this writing, Congress is still debating the federal-aid airport-construction bill. It is certain to pass in one form or another and will provide, starting some time in 1947, federal funds to be matched with state and local funds for airfields and airports. Federal officials are counting heavily on a big airport program to stimulate personal flying.

Right now there are only about 3,000 airports in the United States to serve some 16,000 communities. A very considerable portion of federal airport funds will go into the construction of small fields for the exclusive use of small airplanes.

You'll Find a Plane Worth While

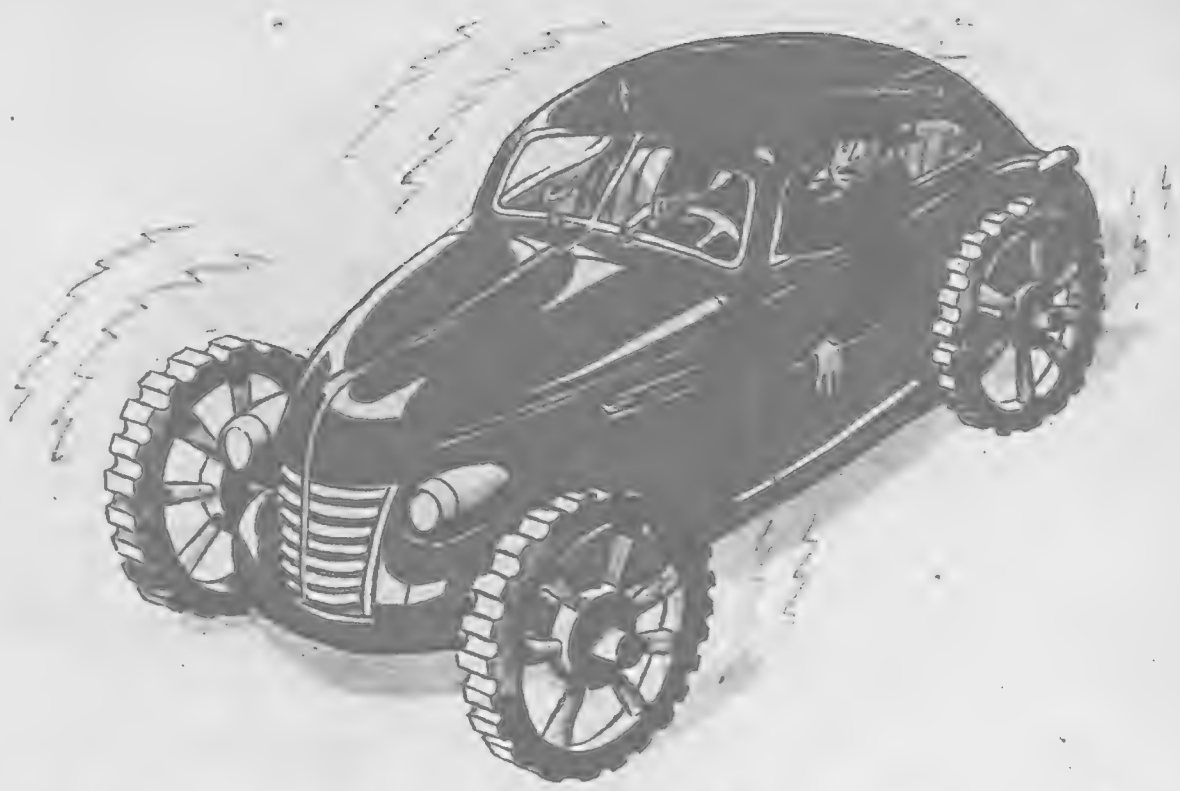
Before the war the average owner of an airplane sold his plane after thirteen months. This wasn't healthy. It meant that plane owners either found ownership too expensive or just didn't use their planes enough to justify the cost. But now there is good reason to believe the turnover won't be anywhere near so great.

Already returning servicemen and others are opening small airfields with neat and well-equipped hangars and shops, and with comfortable and attractive waiting and lounge rooms, and pleasant lunchrooms. The personal flier who makes a cross-country trip has more places to stop for refueling and servicing. There are (or will be by spring) more and better places for repairs and parts.

Today there are 30,000 civil aircraft in the United States, quite a few of which were purchased as trainers from Army surplus. In 1945 no fewer than 70,000 student pilot certificates were issued, in contrast to 30,000 in 1939. It is now easier to get a federal certificate. A student certificate is obtainable virtually for the asking. If you don't fly in 1946, it won't be the fault of the federal government, the aircraft builder, or the local operator.

Helicopters Still Hatching

Thinking of doing your flying in a helicopter? This much is known about helicopters in 1946: there won't be any for sale as personal vehicles. They are still too costly, still too difficult for the average person to operate, still in the development stage. There will be a fairly wide assortment of gliders, some of which have auxiliary power, and there will be various types of powerful executive-transport planes for corporations.



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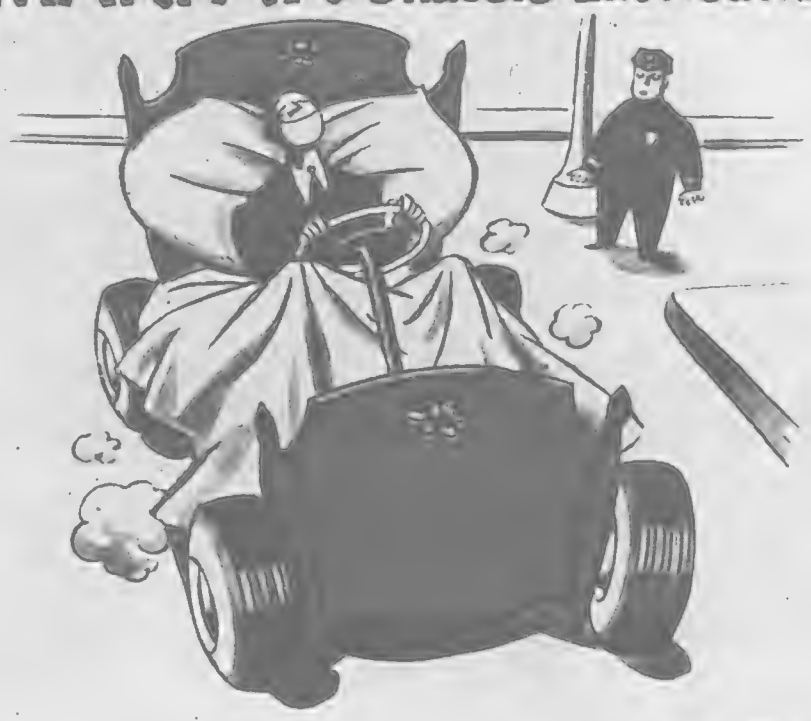

THAT CUSHIONY FEELING LASTS LONGER WITH MARFAK!

Nothing keeps the spring of youth in your car like *Marfak* Chassis Lubrication. With *Marfak* there's no sudden *give-out* after a hundred miles or so. Its shock-resisting toughness gives you at least a thousand miles of smooth riding ease. That "cushiony" feeling lasts from one lube job to the next. And *Marfak* is applied by chart, never by chance! Ask your Texaco Dealer to give your car "that *Marfak* feeling" now!

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ACCENT THOSE *Precious Moments* OF REAL LIVING

It takes a lot of work and worry to make the wheels go 'round . . . and there's mighty little time for rest and recreation. Highlight your precious leisure moments with a well-told tale, a bit of savored food, and the sparkling friendliness of Carling's Red Cap Ale. This mild, mature beverage, a favorite for more than a hundred years, will help you ease the strain of making a living . . . help you make a life *worth* living.

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BREWING CORP. OF AMERICA, CLEVELAND, O.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

BEHIND THE BY-LINE

HENRY A. WALLACE is the man who might have been President. Instead, he was shelved at the zero hour and forced to take a back seat. But, as Secretary of Commerce, he can still throw his weight around—publicly fighting for his beliefs; writing best sellers, like Sixty Million Jobs, and revealing articles like FULL EMPLOYMENT—FOR BUSINESS, TOO! in this week's issue of Liberty. Schooled in economics since his early days down on an Iowa farm, he is firmly convinced that full employment *per se* must include business as well as labor. . . . Joseph Wechsberg, a native of Czechoslovakia, made his first trip around the world at eighteen as a musician aboard French steamers. Switching to journalism then, he covered the globe from the Far East to the West Indies; from the South Seas to the Far North. On the side, he filmed the siege of Shanghai, appeared as violinist and lecturer all over Europe, and tangled with secret police in Germany, Italy, and Japan. An officer in the Czech Army and Secretary of the Prague Parliament, he was in America at the time of Munich. Now, after two years in the U. S. Army, he's living in Hollywood and discovering that THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A WESTERN (see page 18). . . . Author of the short story, THE LIFE AND WIFE OF JOHN EYRE, Nelia Gardner White was a teacher before she became a writer. Now, a topnotcher in her field, she divides her time between her work and her family.

NEXT WEEK

HOW "NEW" WILL THE NEW CARS BE? How much of what people say is true and how much is bunk? A. D. Rathbone, IV, takes a look up the auto industry's sleeve and gives you some real, advanced low-down. . . . In WHAT MOVIE STARS DO WITH THEIR MONEY, Lloyd Shearer tells you what happens to the old pay envelope in Hollywood, and how a top-ranking business agent works. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES, by George Hopley, is a psychological horror story with a climax guaranteed to make you shudder.

If you can't stop – don't start

LOOK, BOSS, DO YOU CALL THIS "WAITING FOR A STREET CAR?"
WELL, I KNOW ONE THING, STOPPER. THAT MOTORMAN ISN'T GOING TO SING "THE TROLLEY SONG"*
1130 B

GOSH, IF WE EVER GET OUT OF THIS, WE'LL MOVE WHERE THEY HAVE ONLY SUBWAYS
WHY DIDN'T YOU HAVE YOUR BRAKES RELINED, LIKE I TOLD YOU?
1130
Stopper

* By permission of Leo Feist Inc

STOPPER SAYS—"Poor brakes are usually your own fault. Have your auto repair man reline yours now. And don't assume that all brake lining is the same. Ask for American Brakeblok Brake Lining. Your repair man will probably agree that it's best."

American Brakeblok
BRAKE LINING

AMERICAN Brake Shoe COMPANY

IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT CHRYSLER CORPORATION

IMAGINATION IN CAR DESIGN

HOW IT BENEFITS YOU

By studying the human body, our engineers learn how to design better cars for you

Imagination looks at a person and sees how to make a car easier to drive; it watches arms and legs, eyes and muscles, and sees how to build better cars for you.

Imagination at Chrysler Corporation designs cars to fit the needs and habits of the people who will drive them.

Your body is one thing even the best engineers can't change.

That's why our engineers *start with* the natural needs and limitations of people when designing Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto and Chrysler cars.

Spurred on by creative *imagination*, they were the first to think of designing a car to ride with a motion natural and restful to your body. This revolutionized automobile design and made even long drives comfortable.

The same idea of design led to other pioneering improvements on our cars . . . Floating Power that forms a cradle of rubber in which the engine is balanced—New-Type Hydraulic Brakes and gyrol Fluid Drive that reduce driving effort to the natural human comfort range. It redesigned our cars to eliminate eye-strain, to reduce fatiguing noises, to seat you restfully.

The most important improvements in comfort, safety—and even beauty—have grown out of this kind of car design. From the same people and *imagination* that conceived it come the good new things of our 1946 cars.

REMEMBER THURSDAY NIGHT! . . . *The music of Andre Kostelanetz and the musical world's most popular stars—Thursdays, CBS, 9 P. M., EST.*

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Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

Past the Natchez bluffs, a mighty torrent flows with disarming docility. At last man has learned how to mold the Mississippi.

Old Man River Goes Straight

BY MORRIS MARKEY

This spring the Mississippi will amble smoothly to the sea, no longer a killer and devastator. But its taming took years and a half-billion dollars. Here's the exciting tale of how army engineers licked The River

AS spring moves north once more, the rains pour down upon the plains and the hills and the mountains of Middle America. The snows are melting. The countless little rivers and the bigger rivers with familiar names are running bank full. And all this water—billions of tons of it racing toward the sea—pours into one single roadway: the channel of the Mississippi, of Ol' Man River—the greatest and most boisterous and, in times past, the most terrifying river system in the world.

But it is not terrifying in the spring of 1946. For while our sailors and soldiers were winning the shooting war, a group of Army and civilian engineers, who have learned more from savage nights along the levee than ever they learned out of books, have won another sort of war—a war that has been going on for nearly four centuries. They have licked the Mississippi.

Not boastfully but with reassuring confidence they will tell you that the millions who live in the cities and towns along the River, in the old manor houses or the cabins of the share croppers, may sleep in peace these spring nights. They need no longer keep a wakeful ear cocked for the crashing roar which would tell them that the levee had been breached. They need not prowl the night with lanterns, searching fearfully for signs of danger as generations of men and boys have done. All is secure.

Before the winter was out and the spring rains came, this writer, in the company of certain of these engineers, steamed slowly down the River from Cairo, Illinois, to New Orleans, seeing and hearing what they have done with the half billion dollars of federal money they have spent since 1928.

The Mississippi drains the largest and richest agricultural and industrial region on earth. It's an area that includes at least part of thirty-one states and a population of more than 30,000,000 people. In addition to its own channel, forty other navigable rivers flow into it, and these in turn are fed by streams so numerous that many of them have never been accurately mapped.

When Hernando de Soto first laid eyes upon the Mississippi in 1540, he thought it was another ocean, for it was in flood and its waters stretched as far as man could see. When Bienville founded New Orleans in 1717, he knew that his first job was to build levees to protect his infant town from the River's wrath. He

At left: Any river vessel was a "steamboat round the bend" until Army engineers dug out these cut-offs near Greenville, Miss. From the bottom, they are in turn the Leland, Tarpley, and the Ashbrook cut-offs.

Last spring Ol' Mississip's wrath was vented harmlessly into Lake Ponchartrain via the Bonnet Carré Spillway at right, a giant safety valve that set us back $13,000,000.

At extreme right: Engineers test a fascinating new-type mattress for the river's bed. At $700,000 a mile, they can pave the bank with flexible concrete mats unrolled from the huge drum in foreground.

ARMY AIR CORPS PHOTOS

built them as best he knew how, and backed up mosquito swamps for his pains.

By the end of the Civil War, levees of a sort had been built as far north as Memphis. These levees were puny things, but it had been calculated that the River produced a really dangerous flood only once in about eleven years. The cycle had been proven by the records. Negroes in those days—then in bondage—were herded by the thousands at any point where a levee threatened to break. Hip to hip they knelt along the levee top. Their bodies held off the waters until sandbags could be dumped in their places.

By 1879 the River had become such an immensely important transportation route that Congress became aware of its flood problems. The Mississippi River Commission was established as an adjunct to the Army's Engineer Department. But still the federal government was chary of considering the River's flood dangers anything but a neighborhood problem.

BUT the great flood of 1927 changed that. It was no neighborhood affair but a catastrophe of national proportions. More water poured into the lower Mississippi than had ever been recorded before. Hundreds, perhaps thousands, of people lost their lives—it was never possible to make an accurate count. The flood lasted six weeks, covered 28,000 square miles, and submerged the homes of 750,000 people. Crops of inestimable value were destroyed, and more than half a million humans were left destitute. The final property damage was fixed at more than $350,000,000.

It was this catastrophe which produced the National Flood Control Act of 1928. The Act gave to the Commission not only the authority to undertake flood control but generous funds from the national Treasury with which to start the job. All hands were highly optimistic for a while, until the discovery slowly dawned that nobody really knew enough about the River to get down to the scientific job of controlling it.

Throughout the whole of its 2,560-mile length, the Mississippi moves in a tortuous, shifting course through an alluvial plain. The bed and the banks are loam and sand and clay and pebbles. If they were of stone, the water would wear its way downward and make something like the Grand Canyon. But the banks are less resistant than the silting, half-floating bed, and so in its scouring, relentless whirls about the great bends or curves the floodwater tears at the banks, rips them away, and cuts new channels in its wild rush to the Gulf of Mexico.

By air line it is less than 600 miles from Cairo to the Gulf. But by the incessant windings and reverse turns of the River the distance is nearly 1,700 miles. At Cairo the River is nearly a mile wide. Its width gradually diminishes (with corresponding increase in depth), until it is less than half a mile wide in the lowest reaches.

The first thing the experts did with their newly bestowed authority and funds was to make a geologic survey to find out what the River has been doing through the last 2,000 years. They made several important discoveries:

1. The main channel, during the centuries, has wandered back and forth over an area about 200 miles wide. One great flood would sometimes move the River as much as 100 miles to eastward or westward.

2. Now and again the force of the waters would cut off one of the countless horseshoe-shaped bends at its narrow peninsula; would rush across the narrow neck of land and leave a crescent lake behind.

3. Despite these occasional natural cut-offs, the channel displayed a startling tendency to maintain its exact original length—so that a cut-off in one season would be followed by the formation of a new bend, or curve, the next. These unpredictable changes raised havoc with towns and farms, with property rights and even state boundaries.

ONCE, when President Hoover was inspecting the River, a dispirited young engineer remarked: "I believe the best thing for us is to figure out what the River *wants* to do, then help it to *do* it."

But this application of the principles of jujitsu would hardly have worked, because the River could never make up its own mind. The engineers had two primary objectives: to maintain a minimum nine-foot depth in the ship channel, even during periods of the greatest drought, and to prevent ruin from the floods which were certain to come. They took the bold and ambitious decision to determine for themselves where they wanted the main channel of the River to be, and to fix it there for all time, to stabilize it against its own caprices, building fortifications, so to speak, to keep it there.

The money spent toward this end has gone into five main projects: the heightening and strengthening of the long levees; the building of concrete revetments or reinforcements at points of critical danger; the carving

of artificial cut-offs to augment those provided by nature; the construction of dams on the larger tributary rivers so that their waters might be checked and held back from the Mississippi itself in flood-time; and the building of spillways and floodways to be opened in crisis to relieve the monstrous pressure in the swollen main channel.

Of all these things, the levees are the simplest and the most fundamental. They are the backbone of the whole system, yet the only material needed for their construction is the earth which is ready at hand. In some reaches of the River they are built flush with the banks of the channel. In other reaches they are set back a quarter mile or more, and often there are subsidiary levees—lines of second defense—built even farther back from the water.

THE heights of the levees are calculated upon known high-water levels in the various reaches of the River. The ideal levee is about 200 feet thick at its base, tapering upward to 25 feet at the top, with a good roadway lying along it to give quick access to danger points and quick escape to humans and beasts threatened by flood. Such a levee has a blanket of clay several inches thick, impervious to water, upon the river side. The blanket prevents seepage. Not all the levees are of this type, but when the job is fully completed all of them will be.

The revetments provide super-levees at critical points, chiefly in the vicinity of cities and towns. In the early days this reinforcement was accomplished by laying willow frames into the face of the levee. But within the last year the engineers have devised a way to use concrete.

Obviously, it was impossible to pour concrete into molds upon the levee itself. But ingenious men contrived flexible, articulated mats made of concrete slabs bound together with iron staples. It would serve no purpose to lay concrete against the levee down to the water's edge and stop there, for the River would cut under the protruding buttress, mine its way into the earth, and cause disastrous cave-ins. The articulated mats, however, may be rolled on drums and carried out into the stream on barges. They are unrolled like a gigantic strip of carpet and are laid from deep channel water to the top of the levee. This type of revetment has stood up almost perfectly. But it is immensely expensive. It costs about $700,000 to lay one mile of it. And so it may be applied only to the most dangerous points along the River.

In pursuit of the plan to establish a permanent course for the Mississippi, the artificial cut-offs seem at this time to be of great value. Seventeen of them have been dug, permitting the River to straighten its course rather than flow through great ten-mile bends which virtually doubled back upon themselves. This has reduced the River's length from Memphis to Baton Rouge by 170 miles.

Five dams were projected to control the inflow of water from five of the great rivers which feed the Mississippi, and feed it to bloating in time of flood. Three of them have already been built.

At Wappapello, Missouri, a 2,700-foot dam was thrown across the St. Francis River. It cost about $7,000,000 and formed a deep lake with a surface area of 23,000 acres.

At Sardis, Mississippi, on the Little Tallahatchie River, $14,000,000 was spent building another dam. It is nearly three miles long and the lake it creates has a surface area of about 60,000 acres.

The third finished dam is at Arkabutla, Mississippi, across the Coldwater River. It cost $12,000,000 and there are 34,000 surface acres in its lake.

The other two dams will go into construction at once; a $10,000,000 job on the Yocona River at Enid, Mississippi, and one to cost $17,000,000 on the Yalobusha River at Grenada, Mississippi.

THESE handsome dams are of earth-fill construction, covered with a facing of crushed stone dug out of the neighboring hills. Nothing but lock-control machinery and small amounts of cement for the control stations had to be shipped in.

The region now controlled by these dams has abnormally heavy rainfall, and without control most of it would find its way to the Mississippi at the most critical times of the year. But the dams serve a dual purpose. Besides preventing floodwaters from reaching the Big River, they impound water that in time of drought may be released to keep the navigation channel filled.

The dams of the central valley are not the only ones built to control the Mississippi along its tremendous length. Eighteen hundred miles up-river from St. Louis is the Fort Peck Dam in Montana. It is the longest earth-fill dam in the world. It was put to dramatic use during the war.

More than 2,400 vessels—landing ships and submarines, destroyer escorts and cargo ships—were built in the lake region around Chicago during the war. All had to be taken

(*Continued on page 73*)

Roy Rogers' songs, Trigger's trappings, and western scenery add up to Box Office.

Two generations of Bills who foiled rustlers and filled theaters: Hart and Elliott.

There'll Always Be a Western

BY JOSEPH WECHSBERG

THIS week and last week and the week before, more than 50,000,000 people paid to see a Western picture. As a matter of fact, they have been paying for forty years to see the same movie over and over again. The eternal success of what was once sneered at as "horse opera" has long ceased to be a phenomenon around them thar Hollywood hills, and is now accepted by the town's worst skeptics as one of the few undisputed facts of movie life.

Movie trends have come and gone; we've seen and forgotten De Mille bathtubs, vamps, "it" girls, and matinee idols, but the Westerns are here to stay. True, they've had their faces lifted by better photography, newfangled story twists, and technical improvements, but essentially they are the same pictures which your old man, or your old man's old man used to see. What is it that has made the Westerns click eternally? Here is a scene from a Western screen play which may be familiar to you:

FADE IN: *INTERIOR OF WESTERN BANK*—MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

CRANDALL: Law? Ha! There ain't no law in this here town but me! Let him come!

SONORA: He's ridin' up! Here he comes! Head him off, boys!

DRAGO: Any objections to me blastin' him, boss?

CRANDALL: Stop talking and shoot!

MEDIUM GROUP SHOT

HOPPY: Stretch 'em, Crandall!

Drago takes a step forward with leveled gun, a vicious killing expression in his eyes, and just as he pulls the trigger to cold-bloodedly cut down Hoppy, a bullet comes from offstage, through the door from outside. Drago throws up his hands and collapses on the floor, badly shot. California, gun drawn, bursts in from the outdoors. Hoppy whirls.

HOPPY: Thanks, boy! (*Turning to Crandall*) All right, Crandall, you're through!

As he starts toward him—

FADE OUT

Remember now? Perhaps the hero's name was changed, but it was all here

In one scene from Utah, the essential ingredients of a Western: the outdoors, the horses, the chase, and the triumph of right.

before: the gunplay, the villain, the conquering cowboy. Surely you haven't forgotten the nerve-racking finish when the distance gets smaller between the King of the Cowboys and the stagecoach in which the sinister villain carries off the lovely heroine; the hero changing horses at mid-gallop; now he climbs over the careering stagecoach, throws the villain out, seizes the reins—and not a moment too soon. The horses were headed straight for a cliff. Prairie Nightingale is saved in the nick of time, and the Robin Hood of the Range on his Palomino horse rides out into the sunset, toward new sagebrush adventures.

Maybe it's corny, but the fans love it. And the astonishing success of the Westerns is always quoted as proof that people don't get tired of the same old story.

Horse operas—the name is strictly taboo in Western circles—were made long before Hollywood came into being. Today one out of three Hollywood productions is a Western. According to the producers of such movies and to many exhibitors throughout the country, no Western has ever lost money for the simple reason that 14,500 of the nation's 18,000 movie houses play mostly Westerns. Two of the highest-paid actors of all times were sagebrush specialists. Tom Mix once made over $750,000 a year. "Two Gun" Bill Hart's weekly salary at one time was $40,000. And Western stars such as Gene Autry and Roy Rogers were among the country's ten leading box-office stars. Hollywood sophisticates can't but marvel at such facts. In China, India, South America, and North Africa the popularity of Western stars is surpassed only by Disney's Pluto and by Charlie Chaplin.

No wonder that the horse opera has outgrown long ago the kiddies' matinee stage. In rural areas Westerns are seen by all members of the family. Gene Autry, the first singing cowboy, received 12,000 fan letters in a week; Roy Rogers every month sells 25,000 records. Half of their fans are women.

Those are facts which even the art-conscious Academy-award winners cannot ignore, especially after having lost millions in "prestige" pictures. So they took the good old Western and disguised it as Outdoors Epic or Saga of the Old West. A few de luxe Westerns even crashed Radio City Music Hall, which means as much to a movie producer as a victory over Army's football team would mean to a coach. Such Westerns as The Covered Wagon, Cimarron, Jesse James, Union Pacific, and Buffalo Bill were all shown in first-run houses in big cities. But take, for instance, Union Pacific: eliminate the love scenes and there remains an old-fashioned Western with hard-ridin' Injuns and fightin' U. S. Cavalrymen. Western producers, slightly irked by the Hollywood highbrows, like to point out that almost every money-making picture is based on the Western formula. There have been "Westerns" in India (Lives of a Bengal Lancer), on the high seas (Mutiny on the Bounty), in the Sahara (Beau Geste), in gangster disguise (Public Enemy), in historical costume (Ben Hur), in the deep South (The Birth of a Nation). Take away the hero, the villain, the fight, and the chase, the Western men say, and what have you got?

One out of every three pictures are Westerns—and none has ever lost money. The reasons why sagebrush sagas survive and thrive in a supposedly sophisticated age reveal more about our real likes and dislikes than a mountain of textbooks

There are some good reasons for the immortality of the Westerns. They have the romance and the glamor of the Far West, a background that has always fascinated Americans and foreigners alike. They are pure entertainment, the only "moving" pictures that are really full of movement: racing pony expresses, riding pioneers, ambushing Indians, marching troops. The story is simple and the characters are sharply drawn. The hero's gallantry and strength appeal to every man. It's essentially the same fascination that makes dignified judges and portly executives go West, slip into a phony cowboy outfit and enjoy Home on the Dude Ranch.

Of the three groups of Western pictures, the "quickie" is the poorest. City slickers hardly ever see one. A quickie is made in a week and may cost from $10,000 to $35,000, in contrast to the super-colossal epics which often run into millions. Quickies are shot on the stage, location trips being expensive. There are no more than seven horses, because horses are expensive too. For every lead horse and three other horses a man must be paid union wages. To keep up the illusion of fast-ridin' cowboys, the actors enter a room sweating and out of breath, uttering, "Swell ride, Bill!" The

(*Continued on page 80*)

Full Employment—For Business, Too!

BY HENRY A. WALLACE

A BUSINESS man once asked, before I had written the book entitled Sixty Million Jobs, "Just how much employment do you really think the country ought to have?" I replied with another question, "How much business do you want to do?" and he said, "Why, I want as much business as I can get and keep at a profit."

This answered his first question. The country needs as much production as it can get, and only full employment will be enough to keep the economy producing the goods and services we must have to house, feed, and clothe the people of America decently, and to provide the other commodities and services that can make life in this country pleasant and rewarding for all our people.

The time may come when full production will require substantially less than sixty million jobs or a greatly reduced working day, but that time is still distant. During the years immediately ahead, we must provide employment at good wages for all those who are willing and able to work, if we are going to take full advantage of the frontiers of opportunity that are still open to Americans with energy and enterprise.

"Full employment" means more than jobs at good wages for everyone able and willing to work. It means full employment for our productive facilities, our management skills, and the investment of our savings for the production of a constantly increasing volume of useful goods and services. It means *opportunities*—opportunities for Americans to achieve more than ever before in terms of profit for business men, enjoyment of life for everyone, and the satisfaction that comes from seeing the whole economy, as well as individual businesses, grow and prosper.

Most of us believe that our economy serves us best when it obeys the mandates of supply and demand in a free market, restricted as little as possible by government controls. It is my view, expressed on many occasions, that government should encourage and aid business rather than control it. During the period that lies ahead of us we must work out arrangements by which business, labor, agriculture, and government—federal and local—can co-operate in the interest of the entire nation.

Such arrangements, by which business is encouraged rather than curbed, will work under one condition—that business recognizes its part in carrying out three basic responsibilities to the nation:

1. To produce and distribute the goods and services the country needs.
2. To provide the buying power for these goods and services.
3. To maintain steady growth and improvement in our productive facilities and in our standard of living.

Each of these points merits some discussion.

1. *Production and distribution of goods and services:*

It took an all-out war to make us realize the nation's tremendous capacity for production. How can this productive know-how be turned into profits, jobs, and goods in peacetime? A Cabinet member points to exciting opportunities on America's business frontiers

American business is rightly proud of having poured into the markets of the world a greater variety of goods and services than were ever offered before under any system. Not only were the goods and services available, in normal times, to anyone with the dollars to buy them, but they were advertised and sold with great skill so that consumers could spend their dollars with complete knowledge of what was available.

DURING the war millions of Americans for the first time had money they did not need for bare necessities, and yet they could not buy things they had learned to want because the things were not available. Through this wartime experience they have become much more keenly aware of the fact that the fundamental responsibility of business is to produce what people want and need.

In the months immediately ahead this is a heavy responsibility—one that business cannot carry without the full co-operation of labor. Inflation, with all that it means in lower purchasing power of the dollar, depreciation of investments, and drastic dislocations of the whole economy, is the most serious danger facing us in 1946. It will require hard work on the part of business and labor, pulling together, to provide the volume of production that will prevent inflation from getting out of hand. If labor and management can keep their eyes focused on the national interest, and realize how urgent it is that we maintain the production and distribution of goods during the critical year ahead of us, perhaps there will be a greater willingness to compromise and concede minor points so that work stoppages can be reduced to a minimum.

2. *Providing adequate buying power.*

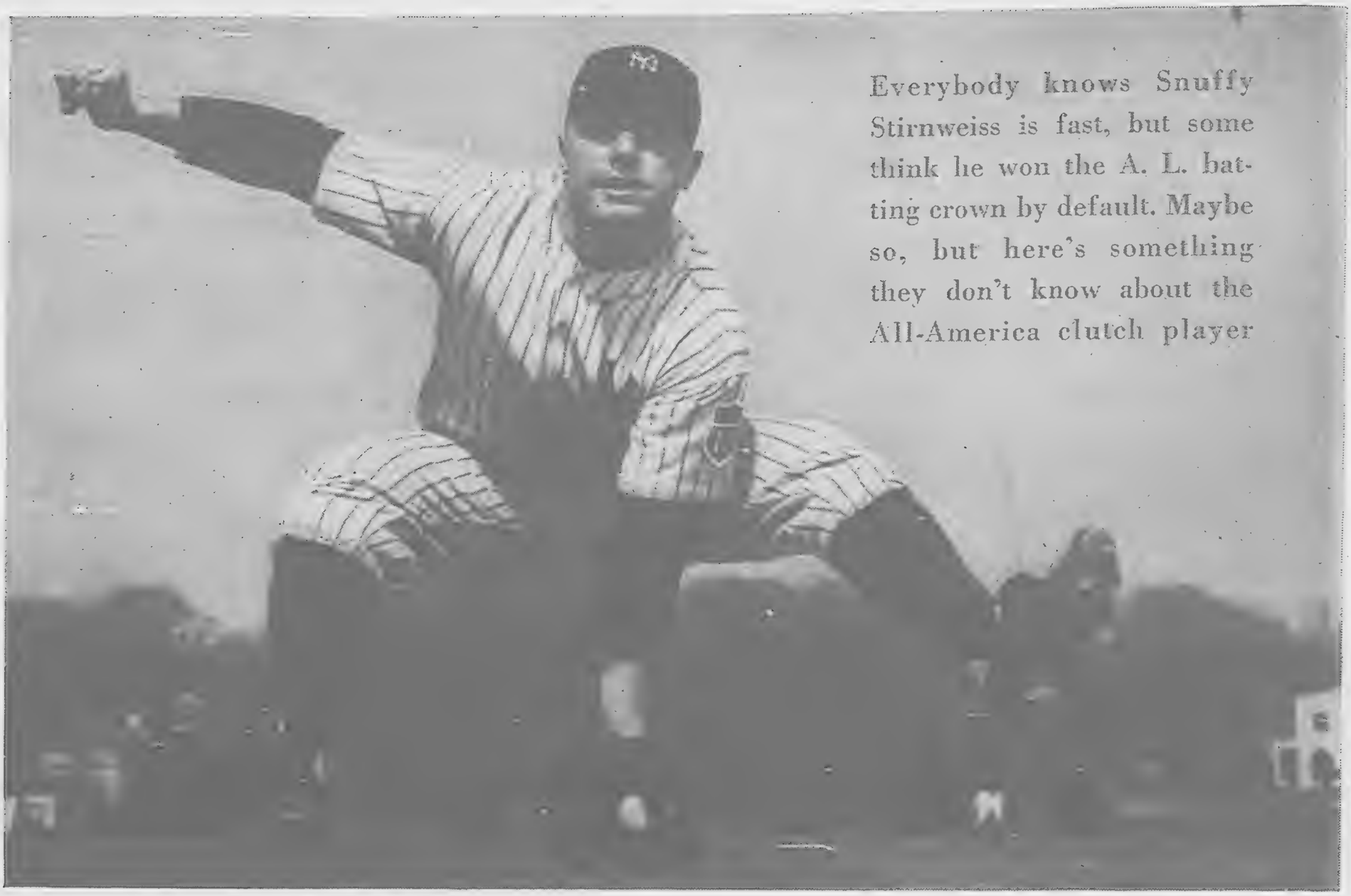
If all the businesses in the United States were owned and controlled by one firm, it would be perfectly clear to the directors that to stay in business they would have to pay their employees and stockholders—the citizens of the United States—enough in wages and salaries and dividends to buy the goods and services produced by the firm. It would be clear also that the demand for the firm's goods and services would depend primarily on the size of the payroll. Consequently, it would be to the interest of the firm to pay its workers as much as it could spare from the total receipts, after holding out enough to take care of operating expenses, interest charges, a fair return to equity investors, and expansion of its facilities for producing and distributing goods and furnishing services.

IN a free-enterprise economy, however, the responsibility of the individual business man for maintaining purchasing power is not so clear. He knows that unless consumers have money to pay for what they want to buy, there is not a market for what he has to sell. On the other hand, his primary reason for being in business is to make money, and increases in the wages he pays out decrease his profits and put him at a disadvantage in his competition with other firms. But every business man who thinks beyond the problems of his own business knows that if our economy is to grow and prosper as it must, some way will have to be found to increase the real purchasing power of the people.

It never fails to shock me when I see the statistics on the incomes of American families before the war. In 1940 a third of the 37,000,000 families in this country had less than $1,000 to spend, and another 10,000,000 families had incomes ranging between $1,000 and $2,000. These figures mean two things to me. They mean that most Americans before the war were not enjoying what we think of as the American standard of living. On these incomes they could not eat well enough and clothe and house themselves well enough, nor could they afford adequate medical and dental care and such simple luxuries as an occasional vacation trip.

These figures mean also that American business has, within the boundaries of this country, a potentially vast market for what it produces. During the war the average income of the families in the United States was greatly increased, though there are not as yet any reliable statistics

(*Continued on page 72*)



Everybody knows Snuffy Stirnweiss is fast, but some think he won the A. L. batting crown by default. Maybe so, but here's something they don't know about the All-America clutch player

Flash at the Pan

BY STANLEY FRANK

AT the moment of impact on the play, Paul Krichell knew the Yankees had a good young ballplayer ripening on the vine. But even the most astute talent scout hardly suspected that the play and the war would be a parlay paying off in George Stirnweiss, a kid who couldn't hit minor-league pitching and who, four years later, unaccountably wound up leading the American League in everything but stolen sweaters.

It happened at Newark, in the second game of a night doubleheader with Buffalo on July 25, 1941. Stirnweiss was on third base with two out in the seventh inning and Newark was holding a comfortable 6-2 lead when George Scharein dribbled a slow roller in front of the plate. Freddy Hutchinson, the Buffalo pitcher, pounced on the ball, but realized he could not wheel in time to make the long throw to first and get Scharein. An easier play was in front of him. Hutchinson tossed the ball to Ed Parsons, his catcher, and Stirnweiss, pounding down the line for home, was a dead pigeon. Or so everyone thought.

Another player, sizing up the situation, would have wanted no part of large Mr. Parsons or of knocking his own brains out to score a run his side did not need urgently. But not Stirnweiss. A former All-America football player, he gave it the old North Carolina try. Fifteen feet from the plate the dead pigeon took off in a head-first leap for life.

The customers recoiled violently with the shock of the collision. Parsons, hit amidships, promptly gave an impersonation of the swooning gladiator on a pogo stick. He was lifted off his feet by the force of Stirnweiss' dive, and when he landed, he bounced. He made two complete and rapid revolutions and finally slumped slowly to the ground. Then, as if in a corny mellerdrammer, the ball trickled out of his hand. Stirnweiss got up and tagged the plate with the final run in Newark's 7-2 decision.

Parsons was carried out, but returned to action a few days later only slightly shopworn. Stirnweiss played through the double-header, and afterward started for the Bronx with several friends. Two hours later it was touch and go whether he would live through the night. Four blocks from his home, he had collapsed at the wheel of his car. An emergency operation was performed for ruptured ulcers, precipitated by the collision.

The incident, characteristic of the aggressive zeal Stirnweiss brings to baseball, is a truer tip-off than all the technical double-talk to the most dramatic trick pulled last season. That would be the batting championship won on the last day, in his last turn at the plate, by Stirnweiss, who never hit better than .270 in A. A. ball. From June to September 30, Tony Cuccinello of the White Sox had been leading the parade, much to the chagrin of the American League.

(*Continued on page 67*)

That Aching Back

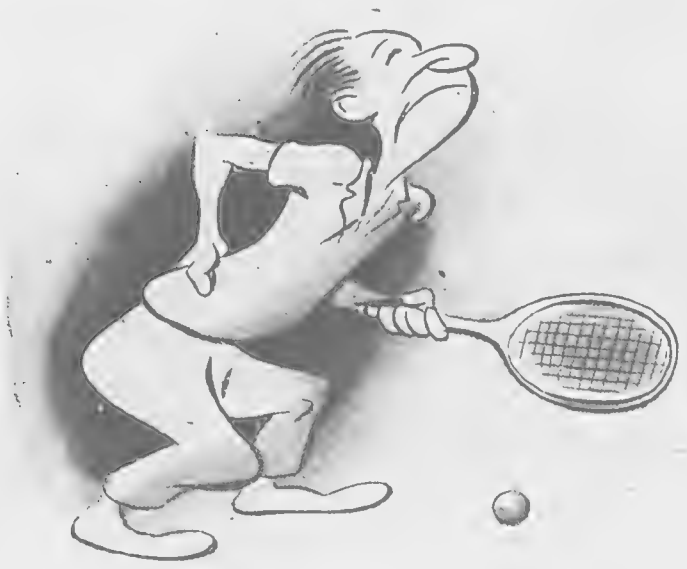
When our ancestors quit their four-legged gait to walk on their hind legs, they left us a painful legacy—backache. Four out of five persons now have it. But it usually can be cured. And you'll be surprised to learn what a lot of things can cause it

BY DARRELL HUFF
CARTOONS BY BILL O'BRIAN

When man started walking upright, he imposed plenty of new stress on a wobbly chassis.

ONE of the nasty things about backache is that practically everybody has it at one time or another; four out of five of us, according to a careful estimate. There are several dozen possible causes, and the way your back feels is not a very good clue to what is making it feel that way.

You can develop back pain by careless lifting or by the sudden jerk of a violent sneeze or a coughing spell. Nearsightedness or partial deafness can cause it, if you twist your body regularly in an attempt to see or hear better. Enlarged tonsils can bring it on, and so can the position in which you work.



The office worker who tries to crowd the Olympiad into a week-end is silly.

Your back can ache because you were born with too many spinal bones. It can ache by mistake; what is called "referred pain" can lead you to believe that the sensation from stomach ulcer or bladder infection is in your back.

Backache sometimes may indicate such things as typhoid, cancer, arthritis, tuberculosis, or osteomyelitis. Fortunately it's rarely as serious as that.

A whole school of medical thought has contended that bad posture is the common cause, but Army experience has cast doubt on this convenient and logical theory. A group of Army doctors concluded that backache is just as likely to be found in a person of good posture as in one who slumps all over the place. Army surgeons, indeed, have learned a good deal about backache, because they had to contend with it so frequently. "Oh, my aching back!" has been much more than a reliable gag among soldiers. It has been one of the military surgeon's most frequent problems. For one thing, Army life put many men under kinds of physical strain to which they were not accustomed. But the important thing that Army experience emphasizes about backache is summed up in one formidable sentence:

"Backache is often a feature of a psychogenic pattern of evasion on either a conscious or subconscious level."

That means backache is sometimes a way out for the person who is badly adjusted to what he is doing. Your backache, then, may be your way of dodging a situation you can get out of in no other way. You may be simply faking.

This brings us smack up against that new catchword—psychosomatic medicine. It doesn't follow that backaches do not have physical causes. It means that if the doctors can't find any physical basis for your aches, someone had better see if there isn't a psychological reason.

Despite the Army experience, a great body of medical opinion contends that bad ways of sitting, walking, standing, and working are responsible for backache. Whether or not bad posture causes many backaches, it undoubtedly makes them worse. You can see how this is in the case of the coal miner. He may work in a stooped or twisted position for years without feeling a twinge in his back. Then he makes a sudden movement one day and slightly injures a back muscle. Because of his bad working position, it hurts him out of all proportion to the size of the injury.

Bad posture is normally corrected by exercise and by simply remembering to sit and stand in an approved position. Sometimes, however, it is forced by bad working conditions that can be improved. A good many feminine backaches of frequent but fleeting occurrence have been traced to a kitchen sink that was placed a few inches too low.

(Continued on page 75)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

INTERNATIONAL

MILKMAN, KEEP THOSE BOTTLES QUIET—But Dominic Mattero became the world's noisiest with this San Francisco crash. Quite obviously, the truck and trolley car vied for a crossing—and made it a photo finish.

INTERNATIONAL

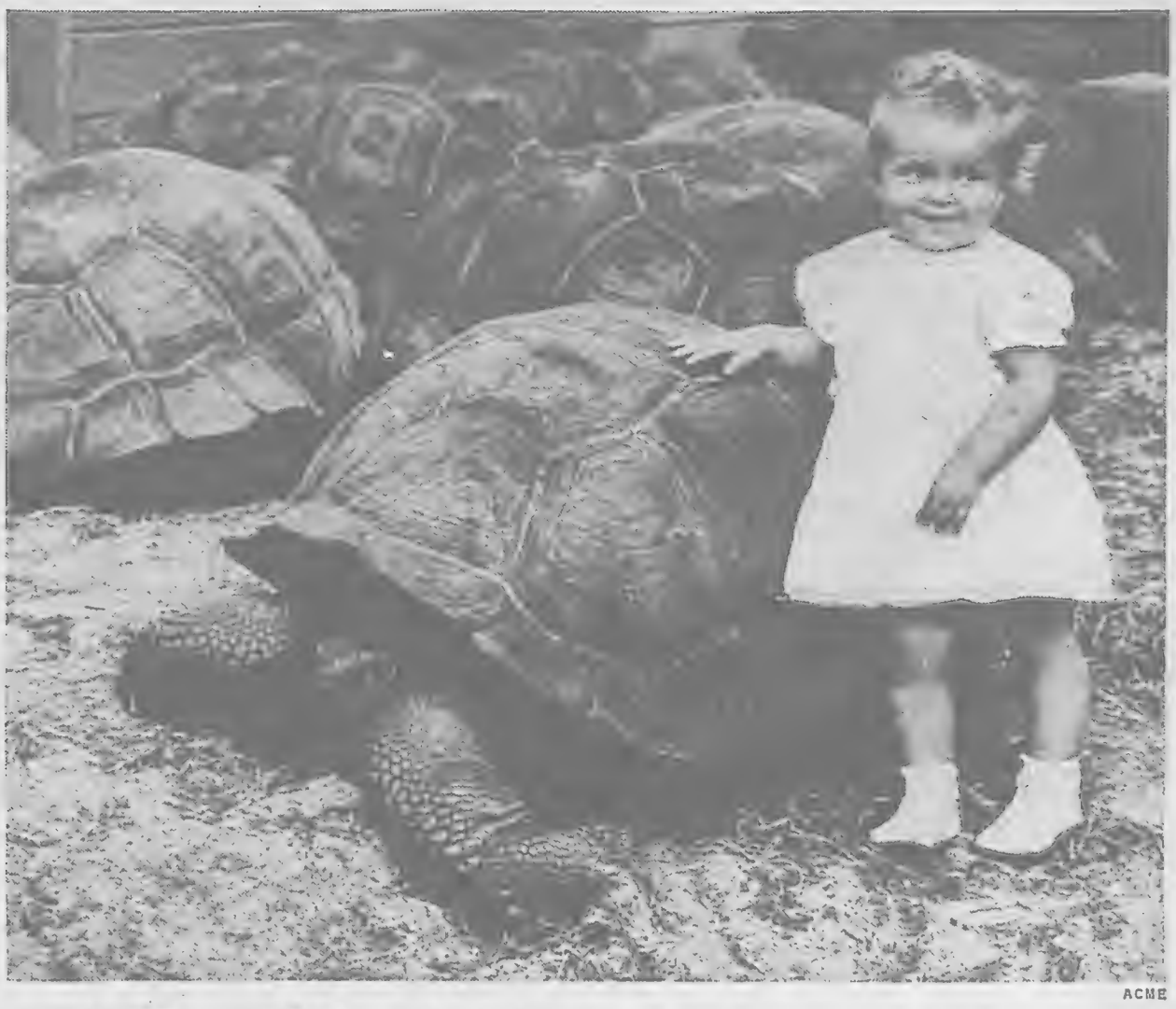
PUBLIC, MEET ADELE MARA—She's in Republic's The Last Crooked Mile, but the studio's promotion boys couldn't see posing her with a wrinkled road map. Hence the familiar cheesecake. Not even Liberty could resist.

ACME

MR. CONN AND TWO SECONDS—The heavyweight boxer canceled all appointments the other night to celebrate his son Billy Junior's first birthday. Hanging around for his cut is Tommy, three. Conn has yet another important engagement in New York on June 19—with one Joe Louis.

U. S. NAVY PHOTO

IT'S THE HOLLYWOOD TOUCH—Ed Baker's a Navy photographer's mate, and he hails from North Hollywood. With that combination, and an inordinate pride over his crop of whiskers, this salty version of Popeye came naturally and inevitably.



ACME

YOUTH AND OLD AGE—Linda McAdams is almost new and quite sweet, whereas the tortoise may be up to 200 years old and is strictly a mug. She's so unafraid because her father's a caretaker of the shellback colony at the North Miami Zoo.

INTERNATIONAL

THE LAST ONE IN OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER—These blithe souls, dunking their shuddering carcasses in Lake Michigan, are Milwaukee's Polar Bear Clubbers. And don't let those grins fool you—'twas 16° F. It gets publicity, but we still say it's not worth it.

A Buck's a Buck

"Want to earn a buck?" the deputy asked Joe. "Take you about an hour." It was the longest hour Joe ever spent—but all the money in the world couldn't have bought it back

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY A. E. HOTCHNER

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

A FAT half-smoked cigar lay in the gutter, up against the curbing. Joe Hauser's fingers reached for it, picked it up. He stepped up on the sidewalk and leaned far back to look at the top of the courthouse. Nice place, Middleton, Joe thought, as he crossed over and sat on a small stone wall that ran along the side of the courthouse.

He pushed back his brown hat and felt the warm sun suddenly cover his face like a barber's towel. He fished a match from his trouser pocket and struck it on the wall beside him. He sucked in the first mouthful of smoke and it tasted good as it bit into his tongue and gums.

His ear caught sounds of talking. He looked down the wall, and he saw a big man, a pistol hanging low on his side. Joe Hauser clamped his teeth down on the end of the cigar. Always tell a deputy a mile off. Always big and stupid and arrogant. Joe Hauser looked up Chestnut Street, away from the deputy.

"You doing anything?" a loud heavy voice asked him. He kept looking the other way. "You there," the deputy insisted, "you want to earn a buck? Take you about an hour."

Joe Hauser took the cigar from his mouth. "Doing what?" he asked, squinting his right eye.

"We need a jury over at J. P. court. All you got to do is sit there for a little while. Pay you the buck when it's all over."

"I ain't from here," Joe Hauser said. "I only got in this morning."

"Did I ask you where you was from?" said the deputy impatiently. Then he lowered his voice. "Just walk over to that red brick building, go up to the second floor, and give this card to the clerk."

Joe Hauser took the card and held it close to his nearsighted eyes:

JUDGE MERTON T. BAKER
Justice of the Peace
(Formerly of Baker's Bar & Grill)

Weddings, Replevins
Summonses served
All litigation under $300
1010 Market Street Chestnut 3892

Never been on a jury, Joe Hauser thought, but a buck's a buck; he didn't much like the idea, but with thirty cents in his pocket . . .

"Well?" asked the deputy.

"O.K.," Joe Hauser said. . . .

Judge Merton T. Baker's name appeared on all four windows of the courtroom in black letters edged in gold. On the first floor was a poultry store. Joe Hauser tossed his cigar away and climbed up the narrow stairs. He stood in the doorway of the courtroom for a moment, then he walked over to a small desk and handed the card to the man who was sitting there.

"Here's another one, Harry," called out the man in a raspy voice.

Joe Hauser took off his hat, tucked it under his arm, and walked down the center of the room. There were thirty or so wooden chairs in the room, about half of them filled. "Over here," somebody said. "Take that chair over on the end." Joe walked along a row of chairs which stood against the wall, sat down in the last chair. He leaned forward a little and looked at his fellow jurors, several of whom he had seen sitting on the wall of the courthouse earlier that morning. Beyond them in a small room he could see a heavy-set white-haired man pouring a drink into a thick glass.

"They all here, Harry?" asked the man with the raspy voice as he walked up to the bench. Without waiting for an answer, he picked up a gavel and hit twice on top of the bench. "O.K. judge!" he called out. The white-haired man emerged from the room and sat behind the bench. "George Washington Furniture Company versus Mrs. Clara Standish," called out the clerk; then he walked over to the jury, asked everyone to rise, and swore them in.

A fat man was standing in front of the jury. He cleared his throat, explained that his name was Draper and that he represented the George Washington Furniture Company. Joe Hauser listened intently as Mr. Draper explained that Mrs. Standish was being sued because she had not kept up her payments on the furniture she had bought, that the furniture had already been taken away from her by replevin, and all that had to be decided now was whether the furniture company had a right to take and keep the furniture.

JOE HAUSER knew about replevins, how inside of twenty minutes they could strip a farm of everything that could be moved. With the crop due in about ten days, they could take every tool you had, and the wagons; even the horses.

The fat Mr. Draper had put his witness on the stand, a Mr. Krumpp who was collection manager for the company. Joe Hauser half listened while the two men discussed how much trouble it had been getting money from the defendant. Then he turned his attention to Clara Standish, who was sitting at the table, a little girl of about six or seven sitting alongside her, holding on to her arm. She was a thin woman, very straight, with soft features. Joe Hauser no longer heard the Draper-Krumpp dialogue. He heard, rather, Clara Standish saying to him, "Why, you're early tonight, Joe! Land sake, I'm just starting supper! Nothing's wrong, is there?" And she kissed him on the lips.

Clara Standish walked over to the witness chair and sat down. Joe Hauser watched her closely. When she spoke, her voice was just right, sort of low with a soft ring to it. "Why, nothing's wrong, Clara," he heard himself saying to her. "I thought we might go out to supper tonight and give you a vacation from the pots and pans."

"I went in to see Mr. Krumpp about a week before he took the furniture," Clara Standish was say-

Joe Hauser watched Clara Standish closely. When she spoke her voice was just right, sort of low with a soft ring to it.

ing to her lawyer, "and I told him I'd have to miss the next payment because the baby was sick and I needed all my money for medicines. It was the first payment I'd ever missed—been regular as a clock before that."

"What did Mr. Krumpp tell you?" asked the lawyer.

"He said it was perfectly all right; asked me if I could make the following payments on schedule, and I said I thought I could. That's the way we left it. Then, three days after the payment had come due, they came for the furniture."

I'll fix them, thought Joe Hauser. That's a lousy trick and I'll fix them. Wait till they hear what I got to say in the jury room! The fat Mr. Draper was yelling questions at Clara Standish. Careful of the way you speak to my wife, thought Joe Hauser. Wife . . . "Oh, Joe, you're so wonderful!" Clara Standish said. "How did you know I didn't want to cook tonight?"

Judge Merton T. Baker told the jury that it was up to them to decide whether the furniture company acted within its legal rights when it took the furniture, and he instructed them to retire to the back room for deliberation. As Joe Hauser rose from his chair he turned and looked at Clara Standish, and she looked back, and for a few seconds their eyes met. Don't worry, Joe Hauser wanted to tell her. I'll get that furniture back for you. Then he walked into the room and the door was closed.

"You there," said the deputy to one of the men, "you're the foreman. Sign here." And he pushed a piece of paper at him and handed him a pen. "The rest of you step up here and get paid." The men crowded around him and he handed each one a dollar bill. Joe Hauser was the last to be paid. "Step on out there and take the same seats you had," the deputy said as he swung open the door. The men trooped out. Joe Hauser was confused. "Wait," he said, "wait a minute." But they walked on out.

"Gentlemen of the jury, arise and hear your verdict," Judge Merton T. Baker said, and from the paper that the foreman had signed he read that the verdict was unanimous for the George Washington Furniture Company.

"Court's adjourned!" called out the clerk. The jurymen started to leave. Joe Hauser sat quite still, looking down at the floor, the dollar bill in his right hand. Then he plopped his hat on top of his head and walked quickly toward the door. He hurried down the stairs, but he stopped abruptly at the landing, took off his hat. There stood Clara Standish.

Joe Hauser stood there, twisting his hat, trying to form words, any words. Clara Standish was looking at him.

"Somehow I figured you were going to vote for me," she said. "I figured *you* was on my side."

Joe Hauser stood there, twisting lips pulled taut, and he turned and walked down the stairs as quickly as he could. He wanted to hurry across the street into the beer parlor. But he had to look back.

Clara Standish stood in front of the glass window of the poultry store, talking to her attorney. They spoke quietly, the little girl standing very close to her mother. The little attorney tipped his hat and walked away, and Clara Standish turned and saw Joe Hauser standing on the edge of the sidewalk, his crumpled hat on the back of his head, the dollar bill still in his hand.

He turned his eyes from her soft features and looked at the little girl. Then he walked over to them and, bending over a little, he said to the child, "Would you like an ice cream?" For answer he turned his eyes to Clara Standish. The corners of her mouth pulled out into a smile and, without saying a word, she took the child's right hand in hers, Joe Hauser took the other hand, and the three of them walked down the sidewalk toward the corner drugstore.

THE END

Kate paused by the door a moment. Eyre and his wife were in the drawing room. "You'll have to, John," Penny said. "You have to have *something*."

THE LINE

BY NELIA GARDNER WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL.

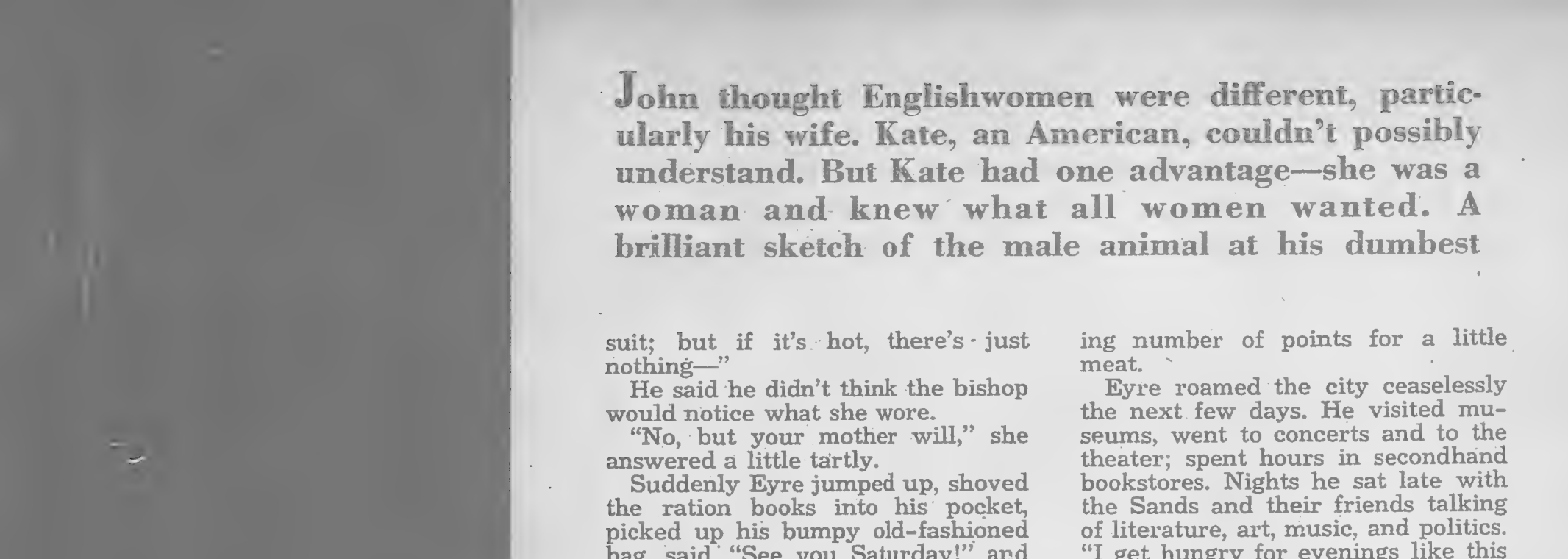
JOHN EYRE is nothing like his father, either in looks or in character. The dean is thin and ascetic-looking, and never does anything unbefitting a man of the Church. But John, although also of the cloth, is different. He always looks shabby and unclerical. It was difficult, despite the reputation of the family, to find a place for him where he would do no harm. Bestwick, at four hundred pounds a year, was the answer.

Late in August, Eyre came down to London for a few days on matters connected with a bill for increasing old-age pensions. Breakfast was served a half hour early because of his trip. The three girls, Betty, Meg, and Alice, sat with him at the table, and Penny, Mrs. Eyre, bustled about putting the breakfast on. There were raspberries for the Reverend Eyre and a soft-boiled egg and bread, buttered.

The girls ate porridge. Baby Phillip lay on a rug before the grate and kicked his heels.

Penny waited till the hubbub of feeding the family was done. She brought out the ration books and slapped them down beside her husband.

John thought Englishwomen were different, particularly his wife. Kate, an American, couldn't possibly understand. But Kate had one advantage—she was a woman and knew what all women wanted. A brilliant sketch of the male animal at his dumbest



suit; but if it's hot, there's just nothing—"

He said he didn't think the bishop would notice what she wore.

"No, but your mother will," she answered a little tartly.

Suddenly Eyre jumped up, shoved the ration books into his pocket, picked up his bumpy old-fashioned bag, said, "See you Saturday!" and was off.

His wife stood in the doorway and waved, a round-faced youngish woman, with the look of a child in her blue eyes. It was hard to know what she was thinking.

EYRE went to London not more than two or three times a year and always on some such business as this of the old-age pensions. He did see his committee members and so justified his journey. He stayed at the home of the Sands, young intellectuals he had met when he had been a delegate to the People's Party. They greeted him with enthusiasm.

"Oh, John, it's marvelous you're here!" Rose Sand cried. "We were getting so stale. We don't read anything—or even talk any more! You'll wake us up." She was a tall girl, very thin, ash blonde, very sure of her mind and her charm. "Sit down this minute and tell us what you're reading—what you're thinking—everything!"

He settled his big figure contentedly in the big shabby chair by the window, took out his pipe, lighted it in slow delight, and began to talk about books, of which he knew a great deal. His voice was rich and deep and effective. When it came suppertime, he said to let him run out and pick up something—it was only fair. So he did, using an amazing number of points for a little meat.

Eyre roamed the city ceaselessly the next few days. He visited museums, went to concerts and to the theater; spent hours in secondhand bookstores. Nights he sat late with the Sands and their friends talking of literature, art, music, and politics. "I get hungry for evenings like this in Bestwick," he said. "There's no one much to talk to there, you know. Now and again you like being with people who know Beethoven from Bach."

"You're a darling!" Rose said.

To her husband Rose had said, "It's a pity about John, really. He's got *such* a mind, and to have him stuck in Bestwick with that stick of a Penny! Oh, she's all right, I suppose, in her wifely way, but for *John*. . . ."

On the next to the last night of his stay in London, Eyre came into the Sands' Chelsea flat and found a stranger there, a young woman.

"John, such a treat!" Rose Sand greeted him. "This is my American friend I've told you of so often—Kate Lowry. She's a writer, you know, fabulously successful!"

"Yes indeed, I remember," Eyre said. "How do you do, Miss Lowry?"

The young woman nodded with a faint smile. Eyre found himself liking and disliking her at the same time. He was interested in Americans as such, but he remembered Rose's saying that this woman was a second-rate writer, not really her kind at all, and he didn't like second-rate minds. But he carried his ministerial kindliness over enough to say, "And what are you doing in England? And how did you get here?"

(*Continued on page 52*)

"I suppose you'll want to take some of these," she said.

"Yes, I should, in case I'm invited out," he answered.

She looked through them anxiously.

"If you saw anything really *cheap* in blue silk—" she began hesitantly. "But I suppose *anything* would take a lot of points."

"Blue silk for what?" Eyre said.

"For the bishop's reception. . . . If it's cool, I suppose I can wear my

Roy Besser

Bill was wrapped, sealed, and marked for Paula—and he thought he had seen everything. But that was before he saw the house he inherited and the girl tenant who had a disturbing way of saying

My House Is Your House

BY ALICE MEANS REEVE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROY BESSER

BILL ADAMS stood on the tilted sidewalk of one of San Francisco's more precipitous hills and gazed up at the fog-haloed house his Aunt Kate had willed him.

Bill thought he had seen everything there was to see in the past few years. But he had never been to San Francisco before, and now, an hour after his arrival, it seemed stranger and more exotic than anything he had viewed during his entire Army-conducted tour of the world. Even this house.

It had been his for a year, but when he'd received word of the bequest, he was busy learning a new civilian job and had written the lawyer to rent it. Now, suddenly transferred to this city where crowded housing had reached a new high, he had rushed right out from the airport to see what it looked like. After all, it was the house that had finally made Paula give in—although this certainly wasn't the streamlined domicile she had hoped for.

He climbed the steep stairs to the old brown-shingled house and walked around it, noting the charming old-fashioned garden, eerie now in the afternoon mist. He poked and kicked at the foundations and was pleased to find them termite-free and sound. He was crouched over, examining a rough stone step with fossils embedded in it, when a yellow door directly in front of him opened suddenly and a voice said, "*May* I ask what you're doing snooping around my house?"

Still crouching, Bill's eyes traveled from the bare brown legs directly in front of him up to the face on the other end of the pretty brown-haired girl.

"I see I needn't have worried," Paula said. "I see you've even got yourself a native girl."

He grinned at her. "I'm the landlord," he said. "Going to have to evict you. Sorry."

The girl said, not very graciously, "Well, I don't know why you had to come skulking around the side door. But you'd better come in so we can talk this over."

They stepped into a long, high-ceilinged room, with a crackling wood fire and a tray of tea-things on a low table in front of it.

The girl in her red peasant skirt and full-sleeved white blouse, sat down in front of the tea table and motioned him to a chair on the other side. "You're just in time for tea," she said, "Mr—?"

"Bill Adams," he said. "Miss—?"

"Ann Stewart."

SHE gave him jasmine tea and hot crunchy cinnamon toast, and as he looked around the firelit room, with its old Spanish-leather chests, and gleaming copper utensils, he had a feeling that he, Bill Adams, who had never had a real home before, had come home at last.

"Say," he said, "I think I'm going to like this place!"

"Oh, Mr. Adams, I love it so—I'd like to buy it!"

"Sorry, but I've just been transferred out here from Chicago by Amalgamated Airways, and I've got to have a place to live. Tell you what, Miss Stewart. I had hoped to get in the house immediately, but I don't want to be unfair. I'll give you two weeks' notice and—"

Miss Stewart gave a derisive laugh. "You'll give me six months, brother!" she said.

"Oh, come now," said Bill soothingly. "After all, a property owner has *some* rights!"

"So has a tenant in San Francisco. And six months is the law now, even if you're George B. Amalgamated Airways himself!"

Bill's jaws tightened. "May I use your phone?" he said. "I'd like to call my aunt's lawyer and get this thing straightened out."

"You certainly may," she said.

Bill talked for two minutes, and Miss Stewart, listening, rocked back and forth happily on her red rope-soled sandals.

BILL hung up. "Well, you're right," he said grudgingly. "But of all the screwy, unfair laws I ever heard of—" He stopped, gave a low whistle, and said, "Hey, wait a minute! As a veteran, I might have the law on my side."

"Do you *really* think being a veteran would give you an advantage?" she asked softly.

"Oh, indubitably," Bill said.

"Well, if *that's* the case," she said, "then I guess those two years I spent as a WAC lieutenant in North Africa, Sicily, and way stations weren't in vain, after all."

Bill groaned.

"It's *such* fun running into other veterans, isn't it?" said Miss Stewart brightly. "We probably have a lot in common."

"Yeah, this house," said Bill, looking out the great window at the end of the room.

"Well, now that that's settled," she said happily, "how about another cup of tea?"

"No, thank you," he said gloomily.

"Look, Mr. Adams. This is an awfully inconvenient place—it's so far from town."

"Well, it must be inconvenient for you too. Or don't you work?"

"Certainly I have to. But I do most of my work here anyway."

"What do you do?"

(*Continued on page 60*)

Only a miracle could save Mom's inn—and Ernst performed it. Out of nothing he concocted a dream dinner for the millionaire who dropped in. At least that's who everyone thought W. Babson Humphrey was — everyone, including W. Babson Humphrey

Gentleman of Taste

BY B. L. McGANN

ILLUSTRATED BY CARL MUELLER

THE second winter after my father died—the winter of 1934—the hotel business got so bad that my mother hung a thick curtain at the head of the stairs to keep the heat down in the parlor. That left only Room 2 and Room 3 on the first floor to rent, and often more than a week would go by without any guests at all, except old Professor Adams, who lived in Room 1.

Finally March came and even he filled out his Change of Address card, as he had done each March for as long as I could remember. In November he would be back with us again at Sycamore Inn on Highway 101.

The morning after he left I stood in the misty drizzle at the crossroads and watched until the black-and-white car was out of sight. Our friends, big Alex Cobb, the State Highway patrolman, and Honor Bright, who worked as a guard at the State Hospital at Camarillo, California, were driving mother into town. I remembered the expression on mother's face as she had said, "I don't want to be a cook for those poor people in the State Hospital, Billy. I'd almost rather stay here and starve. I declare I don't know where the business has gone to."

When I got back to the kitchen I found Ernst standing in front of the range. His old black trousers looked as though he had slept in them and his black shoes were still unlaced. He kept rubbing his bristly beard and chomping his toothless gums. Ernst Habersh must have been over six feet tall when he was younger. Now he was all of seventy years old and his head hung forward between his high shoulders, giving him, with his bald pate and beak nose, the appearance of an ancient buzzard.

"Good morning, Ernst," I said. "Mother has gone."

"*Ja,*" he replied indifferently.

"Alex and Honor took her," I said. "I promised I would wash the coffee cups and pull the shades on the dining-room door."

"Your mother she is too generous, Billy," he growled. "She should charge those fellows anyway a nickel a cup, maybe a dime. If they was anybody, she should charge them fifteen cents. And if they was really somebody, she should not serve them a cup at all. She should serve them a pot of coffee holding exactly one and three quarters cups. And she should charge them thirty-five cents."

For all his gruffness at times, Ernst Habersh had a large heart. Mother had taken him in rather than hired him almost a year ago. He had come to the kitchen door to ask for a meal. Just where he had come from we had never inquired, and for several weeks he merely did light work around the garden. About once every two months he went on a drinking spree in Oxnard, and when he returned he always locked himself in his cabin for two or three days.

One day he received through the mail from a friend of his a tuxedo coat, rather spotted and worn, two white stiff shirts and three white stiff collars. Then he became the waiter at Sycamore Inn.

"You see," he said kindly, "your mother does not know. But I do know." He poured himself some coffee. "Pouf!" he said. "Why are those shelves so empty? Because there is no money to buy food. And without a dining room you cannot keep open a hotel. I know, for I have worked in some of the finest hotels in the world—in St. Moritz, in Paris, in Nassau, and Havana."

"I guess we won't be keeping the dining room open any longer," I told him. "Mother said Mr. Tilly is coming to take the gas tank away today. She said another one would cost eight sixty-five, and that's a lot."

"Eight dollars and sixty-five cents," Ernst repeated. He shook his head slowly from side to side. "This is very bad, Billy. At the little store in Triunfo last night they was talking about a movie company that might come up here on location pretty soon. That would mean much business to your mother."

MOTHER had been gone about an hour when the rain set in again, gently. Occasionally when I would hear a car slow down on the highway I would go to the window, just in hopes. But they all passed by. Once I felt sure, from the sounds, that one was going to stop. I rushed to the window. It was a large blue Packard coming from the direction of Camarillo. It was going very slowly, but it kept right on going. I was about to turn away when I saw it stop about 100 yards above Sycamore Inn. A man got out. He chatted a moment with the driver, and then with a flourish of his walking stick he began to stroll toward the inn.

"Ernst!" I called. "Come here! quick!"

WE stood at the window and watched. The man walked leisurely, enjoying the countryside. He must have been nearly the same age as Professor Adams, but there was a youthful vigor about him and a jauntiness in his step. He wore a loose-fitting suit of heather tweed and a rakish brown hat with a small colored feather in its hatband. His cheeks were smooth and ruddy and he had a neatly clipped mustache beneath an aristocratic nose. As he drew near we could see that his walking stick was not a cane but a smooth straight length of sumac and he used it with a lively air.

"I guess he's coming in, all right," I said. "From the way the car went, he must be the new owner of the Crampton Ranch."

"I did not know it had been sold," said Ernst.

"Alex and Honor were telling mother about it this morning. He's from Detroit. Makes automobiles. Millionaire."

"So," said Ernst. "So!" and he seized me by the shoulders.

"Get into your white coat at once! Be putting another log on the fire when he comes in. Make it blaze up. Light the candles on the mantelpiece. And don't let him in the men's room until I have finished shaving in there. When the wind blows the door open, you will know that I have gone out the window. Then bring fresh towels. Tell him the dining room will not be open until twelve thirty. Do not say the dining room will be open at twelve thirty. Say the dining room will not be open until twelve thirty. Now go. Have the fire blazing when he comes in!"

Ernst fled and I stood before the fireplace, listening. I heard the stranger's firm tread upon the steps—one—two—three—four—five. I waited

(*Continued on page 58*)

I hastened forward, unmindful of Ernst's signal. "One moment, if you please, sir," said Ernst, in a panic.

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GOD BLESS OUR AUNTS

BY RACHEL MEISENHELDER

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

No family will ever again seem complete without an Aunt Gussie, an Aunt Lucy, and a Great-aunt Sadie. This hilarious saga of a Pennsylvania-Dutch clan spiced with Irish brings back the warm and homey feeling of an old-fashioned Sunday dinner.

WE bow to Aunt Gussie and Aunt Lu—we really have to. After all, they choose our husbands and bring up our children. They advise us on our sex life and tell us whom to vote for. They plan our wardrobes and our careers, our operations and our trips. They run our whole lives, right down to the choice of an undertaker.

But our family has no complaints. We like it.

Our aunts worked hard to acquire this power and to wield it, but it didn't just happen overnight. Their story begins on a spring evening in 1883, when an Irish family named Shannon alighted from the train at a Pennsylvania Dutch town named York.

There was considerable bustle at the station while the Shannon goods were being hoisted from the freight car and piled onto the red wagon of "Etzweiler-Drayer."

The Dutch residents of Steuben Street were waiting. Their supper was over and their dishes cleared. Carpets were spread on the wooden stoops and chairs and cushions placed on them for ma and pa and the kids. Somebody was "setting out" from nearly every house.

The Shannon parade was led by Etzweiler's wagon, piled high with marble-topped washstands, beds with rope springs, a cherry whatnot, and a horsehair sofa.

Behind the wagon load of furniture clopped an open carriage, a two-seater. In front sat big, broad-shouldered Josh Shannon, holding himself erect but letting his blue eyes roam this way and that, getting the lay of the land and the people on it. He cocked one eyebrow in a haughty arch.

Josh's wife and two daughters sat together in the back seat.

The wife, frail, black-clad Liza Shannon, sat in the middle, totally eclipsed by the beauties on either side.

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One of these, a tall stately girl in blue, with auburn hair and snow-white skin, held herself like her father, proudly. Augusta Shannon used her neck for the reason God intended it—to hold up her head. Her sister, Lucy, on the other side, was smaller and prettier, the cuddly type. A little smile turned up one corner of her mouth.

The procession rounded the corner at Queen Street, turning into Steuben Street, the dray horses panting from their load. Mr. Etzweiler halted before No. 47 and tied the horses to the hitching post. The carriage parked behind the dray.

With a courtly sweep, Josh handed his wife and daughters down from the carriage. They stood uncertainly on the sidewalk while Josh took over.

"Better start unloading at once, men," he ordered in a ringing bass. "Good bit of furniture there, y'know." He glanced out of the corner of his eye to see if the Dutchmen on their stoops were still attentive. They were.

Mr. Etzweiler and his helper handed down the furniture and placed it on the sidewalk. Soon only one item,

and an essential one, remained—the commode. It was a darkened oak square, elaborately carved. Underneath a hinged lid reposed the convenience proper, of gleaming porcelain.

"I'd better handle that myself, men," Josh told the movers. "Imported piece, y'know."

It was heavy as lead, but finally Josh got it to the edge of the wagon. The hinged top of the commode blended so well with the rest of the wood that he didn't realize until too late that the article was upside down. He gave it a pull, then encircled it with his arms and lifted it clear of the wagon.

The hinged lid underneath flew open. A crash echoed and reechoed and Josh stood there stunned, with his arms affectionately around the wooden part of the commode, while the porcelain fragments scattered into the gutter.

After the reverberations subsided, there was a deathly, embarrassing silence. Then Lucy Shannon broke the silence with a giggle. This made Josh madder.

"Come inside at once, Lu," he thundered, and, placing the shell of the commode on the brick pavement, he clomped up the wooden steps and entered the door of No. 47 with his family in his wake.

NONE of those who bear the name Shannon have ever forgotten that it was once crossed with the Carrolls of Carrollville, Maryland.

"Remember," Josh cautioned, while his women unpacked the dishes, "that you ain't rabble like some of these Dutchmen. And for the love of Mike, conduct yourself accordingly." He sat down grandly on the mohair sofa.

Lucy, dreamy and vague, smiled at her father sweetly, but she hadn't heard a word he said. Augusta, though wincing when her father said "ain't," nodded that of course she understood. She was especially proud that this Jed Carroll, whose daughter had married a Shannon, had fought in the American Revolution. His role in that struggle had grown with the telling, until Jed's importance seemed second only to Washington's.

Poor Liza Shannon was only a Langley, and Josh always said the Langleys were "good stock but no name." So Liza busied herself with the lunch basket and salvaged for the Irisher's first supper in York the remains of the fried chicken they had eaten on the train.

Waving a chicken leg in his hand, Josh went on. "You girls must realize, too, that I'm here in York on a big job. We must keep up appearances. Lu, eat your dinner."

Lu giggled again. It had always been supper before.

"Swinging" carriages was Josh's trade. Swinging a carriage simply means balancing the body of the vehicle on the spring rod. This must be done just so, in order that the body won't slip off. Josh had swung carriages all over the country. And he had other talents. Once he was hired as a horseshoe demonstrator and visited every state in the Union, he said. He made a big salary, in addition to expenses, as horseshoe demonstrator and he lost no time in sinking the profits into a big showy house in Baltimore. He furnished it with sets and sets of oak bedroom furniture and installed Liza and the girls there handsomely. The only appointment Josh neglected to provide was a job for himself.

FINALLY he learned that the Hoover Carriage Company in York needed a lot of men for a very exciting project—a "chariot" intended to be York's first bus. He traveled to York, got a job, and rented a house.

The neighbors at the time knew little but rumors of the impending bus, since it was still in the idea stage, so it was easy for Josh to be grandiose about his "connection with the Hoover people." That the connection was not exactly white-collar wasn't divulged.

But the chariot, a blueprint when Josh moved his family to town, remained a blueprint. Consequently, there was nothing for Josh to do. Mr. Hoover felt this idleness was wasteful. He took one look at Josh's broad shoulders and big biceps and concluded, "I'll put him on the anvil, by gum. Long as I'm payin' this here Shannon fellow, he might as well work."

But sweating and pounding away on the anvil was obviously not an activity worthy of the Shannon family line. One blow of the hammer and Josh knew his famous Carroll ancestor would turn over in his grave.

"You're all tuckered out and you know it, Josh Shannon," Liza's soft voice crooned when he came home, fired. "I won't have you workin' again for a while. You need your rest."

"That's right, Liza." Josh warmed to his wife's diplomacy. "It's been a hard three months."

"So I think it's only right," Liza went on, "and the girls' duty in a way, to earn a little pin money—just enough to tide us over. You're bound to get a fine offer soon, but I won't have you traipsin' over the countryside wearin' yourself out lookin' for one." (Or using the family savings for that matter, Liza might have added.) "The girls are grown up now. They know how to take care of themselves."

The girls were wide-eyed; this was news. Gussie's blue eyes turned cold, while Lucy's danced excitedly. Their father banged his mustache cup on the table.

"My girls workin'!" he thundered. "The very idea, Liza! As if I can't keep my own daughters in food and clothes and a roof over their heads!"

"But, papa," interrupted Lucy.

"Not a word out of you, young lady. I've had my troubles rearin' you two to behave like Carrolls should, and I'll not have you learnin' the habits of these modern minxes." Then to Liza he said haughtily, "This idea could only come from a Langley. Maybe the Langleys would let their women work, but I assure you," and Josh drew himself up, "the Carrolls wouldn't stand for it."

"Have some raspberry pie," appeased Liza.

The next morning Lucy put on her best bustle and covered it with a lavender dress, the kind that was wide at the bottom and narrow at the top. She pinned on the broadbrimmed leghorn she had trimmed herself and hied herself off to the spot she liked best in York, Pennsylvania—the Misses Marchmont, Milliners de Luxe.

Miss Addie Marchmont looked up and said sweetly, "Why, how do you do? My dear! And what a lovely hat! You look very smart indeed in it."

Lu murmured that she had made it herself and Miss Addie said that it looked like a Paris bonnet to her.

Some customers came in and Lucy occupied herself with trying on hats. They watched her preen before the gilt-edged mirror and lift the matching hand glass to see how she looked from the back.

"I think I'll take that blue velvet the young lady is trying on—that is, if she isn't taking it herself."

The young lady wasn't. It was a nine-dollar hat, so Miss Addie was indeed pleased to sell it to the customer and said to herself that it was all the young girl's modeling that did it. She signed Lucy up as a sort of model-apprentice and obtained her promise to be in the very next morning.

Lucy came home from her first day at the Marchmonts full of such interesting gossip and chatter that even Josh roused himself from the green sofa and listened.

"Mrs. Swartz came in today and ordered two winter hats, one fur-trimmed. I modeled for her."

Josh was impressed. "*The* Mrs. Swartz? Mrs. Hiram Swartz?"

"Yes, and she brought her daughter with her, the one who's going to marry the Hoffnagle boy—you know the Hoffnagles."

Lucy chattered on for a while, then Josh turned to Liza. "Listen to that, will you? That's the kind of people our girls should be associated with—the Swartzes and the Hoffnagles and all." Josh was warming to the thought of his daughters earning their pin money and a little of his, too.

A FEW evenings later Lucy had more news. "Miss Addie sent me to Myer's store today to get some needles and Mr. Myers waited on me himself. And do you know what he said? He said, 'Wish I had a pretty girl like you workin' for me.'" She giggled. "So maybe he'll take Gussie. They sell notions; it's a wonderful place."

So Augusta Shannon had the distinction of being Myer's first lady clerk. But she found it hard to be pleasant to her sister late in the afternoon when the two girls walked home together. Lucy was so fresh after work; it must have been the refined atmosphere, Gussie decided. There was no question about it, Lu rubbed elbows with the town's élite while Augusta fitted corsets on the proletariat.

When winter set in, Josh was still waiting for something to turn up. In the back room of the Laurel Fire Company he basked, regaling the Laurelites with tales of Maryland fried chicken and the prominence of the Carrolls of Carrollville, Maryland. Josh wasn't a paying member of the Laurel Fire Company. (He hated to ask Lu or Gussie for dues money.)

In the shadow of Old Suz, the Laurel's coffee-pot-like fire engine, he passed the time waiting for the heavens to open. They did in the person of Jake Utz. Jake was particular how you pronounced his name. The "u" in "Utz" has a short sound as in "push." It made Jake mad when a stranger said his name as though the "u" were like "you."

Jake Utz was opening up a new shop. Its façade was painted dark green, and on the sides of it, in stark white capitals, Steuben Street was told that here was the establishment of Utz the Butcher.

Jake was a man who knew his own limitations, and his were mostly oral. He was not a man of words at all, though the terse ones he used were well chosen. Ladies embarrassed him by their chatter, and most of his customers would be ladies.

The shop was within a few days of its formal opening when Josh found himself alone with Jake in the firehouse cardroom behind Old Suz.

"Fine shop you have there—latest equipment. Seen nothing like it in Maryland," flattered Josh.

He waited for Jake to say something. Jake didn't. He continued to puff on his pipe. It was almost all gone before he said, "Gonna need a partner. A workin' partner."

"What do you mean by 'workin'' partner?"

"Someone to handle the ladies," said Utz, dryly.

Josh laughed. "I ain't so slow at that."

Utz's face remained blank. "Pay fifty a month."

Josh's ears perked noticeably, but he remembered who he was. "Of course, if I get this communication from the West. . . ."

"Lemme know," said Utz, "take yer time."

Josh chose the long way home from the firehouse. Bein' a partner to a butcher ain't so bad, he mused. Liza'll be proud when she hears I'm a partner. And the girls? Now you've hit the important thing, old man. They'll quit work at once, by gum, and stay home where girls ought to stay. Yes sirree, nobody can say Joshua Shannon can't feed and clothe his own. This'll show the neighbors.

Josh's steps on the porch were heavy and masterful that night. He opened the parlor door with a flourish.

"Well, everybody. . . ." Then he stopped short.

A flood of feminine boohooing filled the room. Liza sat hunched in the rocker. Augusta bent over her mother looking pale and frightened.

"What in Heaven's name is the matter?" Josh asked, alarmed.

His only answer was more sobs from Liza and a glassy stare from Gussie. In a hushed, scared voice he whispered, "Somebody's dead?" Liza wailed louder at that.

"It's Lucy, papa. She's—"

"Little Lucy," Liza blurted between sobs. "She—oh, Josh, she's m-married."

"Married!" Josh exclaimed, sinking onto the sofa with enormous relief. Then, "Who to?" he queried excitedly.

"We never heard of him," Liza sniffed. "Don't know him at all. Dear knows, oh, dear. Read this," and she thrust a letter into Josh's hand.

This is what the letter said:

Dear Mama and Papa and Gussie—Charlie Hoff and I are being married tonight in Lancaster and then we're going all the way to Philadelphia for a honeymoon—goodness I hope you won't mind but Charlie is so nice and he says he'll always take care of me and Miss Addie introduced him to me when his mother came in for her bonnet and Charlie says he doesn't want to wait another minute and we'll be back to York next week and—and this is the best—we'll live just around the corner. A whole week in a Philadelphia hotel, think of it, Gussie.

Yr. affectionate and loving daughter,

Lu.

A knock at the front door came as Josh finished reading. Liza opened it to find a neighbor on the threshold. Finding Old Mrs. Hose there was a surprise. She never visited anybody. People who dared, visited her.

"Seen a boy deliver something here," she said brusquely, casting a critical eye around the parlor. "Just wondered if anything was wrong."

Liza blew her nose and stuttered, "N-no, nothin'," but Josh said, "Say, Mrs. Hose, do you know a Charlie Hoff? Ever heard of him?"

"Know him, Mr. Shannon? Why, I certainly do. Charlie Hoff is a widower," Old Mrs. Hose began.

"Oh, dear," moaned Liza. "How old?"

"And a very wealthy one," Old Mrs. Hose went on.

"That so?" Josh exclaimed.

"Quite bald."

Gussie clucked her tongue.

"And makes beer. Hoff and Sons, Brewers," Old Mrs. Hose explained. "He lives in the Hoff house on Queen Street—the one with the wisteria. It's got sixteen rooms, a parlor with pillars, and a very large room upstairs devoted exclusively to bathing." This was obviously an extravagance to Old Mrs. Hose. "He was married before, and well, too. His first wife was a Hoffnagle."

Josh and Augusta drew themselves up proudly and Remembered Who They Were. Their Lucy Shannon, with her Carroll blood, was every bit as good as a Hoffnagle.

THE Laurel Fire Company of the east end and the Vigilante Fire Company of the west end had been rivals ever since 1790. The fued began over which was York's first fire company, and by 1886 the question was still unsettled.

At one point, the Laurel had scored a victory by get-

ting mentioned in newspapers as far away as Poughkeepsie as "the Laurel Co. No. 1, of York, Pa."

The Vigilantes were so mad when they read this that they actually tried to set fire to the Laurel Fire House, and the Borough Fathers stepped in as moderators and ruled that both companies could exhibit the numeral "1" on each of their fire engines and houses. But instead of making peace, this compromise only made matters worse. It meant that in Fourth of July parades the engines of the No. 1 Laurel and the No. 1 Vigilante rode neck and neck, the rival members marching alongside, glaring at each other with murder in their eyes. Each engine would try to get a little ahead of the other and as a result the parade would reach a breakneck speed.

About the time Josh became a dues-paying member, the Laurelites took all the money in their treasury and sent it to the Ives Engine Manufacturing Company of Baltimore for a down payment on something the like of which York had never seen: a horse-drawn hook and ladder. That, they figured, would show the Vigilantes.

They also bought two new horses, black ones, which they christened Harry and Frank after the founders of the company.

BY August, all but $100 had been raised for the new hook and ladder, and how to acquire that sum was what troubled the sleep of the Laurelites.

Finally Jake Utz suggested a block party. The women could bake their favorite pies to be sold, and the young girls could fashion paper fire starters and other such church-sociable items.

"I know Ives personally," Josh Shannon bragged. "I could write and ask him to get our engine here in time for the festival. That would draw a crowd."

The other Laurelites thought that this was a real inspiration, and in a few days Ives had accepted the "benefit" as security.

Jake's son, Daniel Utz, was a good-looking youth whose ruddy complexion and sandy hair set off his blue work shirts to good advantage. Dan was twenty-five.

"Young Utz is drivin' our engine from Baltymore to York," Josh remarked to Augusta. "He knows more about the insides of them contraptions than anybody in the east end, let alone the west. The Vigilantes have nothin' like Dan—fine-lookin' chap, too."

Augusta complained that Dan was "always so full of grease from the factory. I've seen him pass this way—not that we've ever spoken, of course."

A few days later, on the eve of the block party, Josh told his womenfolk, "The engine's here! Dan got it up from Baltymore today. Keepin' it on the edge of town so the Vigilantes won't see it till tomorrow. That'll fix their feet!"

Because it was only one block long and therefore easy to rope off at both ends, Steuben Street was chosen as the site for the Laurel benefit. Constable Klinefelter, himself a loyal Laurel member, officially recognized it by stretching ropes across the ends of the block. Then came the menfolk bearing the picnic-style plank tables. Under the guidance of their wives, who supervised with arms akimbo, these trestles were set up on the sidewalks before the houses.

Augusta decorated the Shannon table with a paper of palest blue, her most becoming color. She had chosen a snowy white, full-skirted dress of batiste. It had a high, stand-up collar through which was woven a narrow black velvet ribbon. A matching black sash encircled her waist. In her auburn hair, behind the feather-cut pompadour, she arranged some daisies.

Laurel members, dressed too warmly in their Sunday clothes, hovered around nervously all day talking together in little groups. Seven o'clock came. Down maple-lined Queen Street a swirl of dust was seen. Soon there emerged from it the pair of black horses with the shiny new engine behind them. Lemon Link, the bandmaster, raised his baton. The loyal Laurelites held their collective breath. The band burst forth with the popular:

Peek-a-boo!
I see you
Hiding behind the chair.

Exactly at the "hiding" part of the song, the new engine made its entrance. The block party crowd surged forward to the curbs, stood there and stared.

"Hiya, Dan!" they cried admiringly as the engine rolled by, with Dan in the driver's seat, Ben-Hur style, holding the reins recklessly with one hand and waving his hat with the other.

"My, he's handsome," Liza said, and Augusta murmured that he certainly could manage the horses.

Halfway down the block, Dan jerked the reins and yelled a lusty "Whoa!" Then, with a single leap, he was down from the wagon and busying himself with tying the horses to a hitching post.

The president of the Laurel Fire Company climbed up on the engine and raised his hand for silence. "I am proud," he cried, "to address you folks on this here great occasion, the occasion of York's first horse-drawn hook and ladder. And I want to take this opportunity to thank, publicly, one whose part in this civic event is—" the president groped for words—"is manifold. That man is Daniel P. Utz. Come up here, Dan, and take a bow."

Dan, perspiring and red, was pushed onto the engine. He fumbled his hat in his hands and then he said, "Folks, she's a daisy." He grinned broadly and the crowd applauded more heartily than ever.

Augusta stood on the rim of the crowd and listened. She heard people ask Dan, "What's that there thing for?" and heard him answer each question without hesitation. Real scientific, Gussie thought. Dan spoke in a pleasant, deep voice and answered everybody politely.

Josh came up to the Shannon table and said to Augusta and Lucy, "Come on, girls, you must have a look." The three crossed the street.

"Like you to meet my girls, Dan. This is Augusta."

"How dee do," Dan answered, twisting his finger inside his collar.

He went through the routine of explaining how the steam pump forced the water through the hose and how the ladders could be hooked together. The girls made cooing noises during the lecture intended to indicate that they understood. When they left, Dan's eyes followed Augusta.

A pale-blue evening light was over the street now. The women were complaining they were "tired enough to drop." Most of the edibles had been sold and the ladies who had made, wrapped, and dispensed them had a chance now to sit down on their stoops and catch their breaths.

A voice said, "Won't you come and listen to the band, Miss Augusta?" She looked up from her table to find Dan standing there before her.

"If mama will let me," she answered demurely.

The proper permission was granted, and the pair walked together toward the bandstand. Though Augusta was tall, she didn't seem so compared to Dan. He was well over six feet and had broad shoulders and long legs like his father.

Some folks called, "Well, here comes Dan. Hi, there, Dan," and Dan greeted them simply and quietly. Only his slightly damp face revealed that he recognized himself as the man of the moment.

FOR two years Gussie couldn't make up her mind about Dan. By the second winter he had lost some of his high color and much of his gaiety. He took to strumming melancholy tunes on his banjo, "Old Black Joe," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot" and "Nellie Gray." He became less and less interested in threshing machines and harvesters, and even the novelty of the plumbing business in which he had begun to establish himself had worn off.

Dan's father was worried. Jake had been mother and father to his children ever since Verbena Utz had died when they were quite small. Advice to the lovelorn wasn't in Jake's line at all. Yet something had to be done.

"Augusta, you should see the Hoffnagles' new washstand," Dan said one evening. "It's black marble with gold spigots. At least, they look like gold. They're curved and elegant. This makes their third washstand with water you can draw."

"Three washstands!" breathed Gussie, quite impressed. Then, "Tell me what their house looks like inside, Dan."

Dan waxed as loquacious as he could on the interior decoration of York's upper classes, and never had Augusta hung on his every word as she did that evening. He felt more confident than he had in ages, so once again he popped the question. It was, he figured, about the seventy-ninth time. "But, Dan," Augusta complained, "you're—well, you're not really established yet. As a plumber, I mean. Maybe we'd better wait until you have a real business, with your own building for it and all."

The next day, when Jake asked him timidly how Augusta was, Dan told him what she had said and to his surprise his father replied thoughtfully, "Mebbe she's right, Daniel. Mebbe she's right. Matter of fact, I've been thinking. . . ." He told Dan his idea, and Dan lost no time relaying it to Gussie.

"Pop says when I get married he'll install me in my own place. Says there's a two-story house for sale on Queen Street, and it has a shed in the back that could be fixed up as a plumbing shop. Says I can take my time about paying him back." Dan gave Gussie a beseeching look.

Augusta's reaction was immediate. "On Queen Street!" she exclaimed. "Why, Dan, how fine for you." She smiled sweetly and her hands were soft and warm; Dan knew because he held them.

"Aw, come on, Gussie," Dan whispered desperately. "Say you will."

And Augusta smiled encouragingly and did not draw back when Dan kissed her, full on the lips. "Gussie," he said, "I'm so happy I could bust."

A very few weeks from that night, a wedding was held at No. 47 Steuben Street, a simple ceremony that entangled forever and irrevocably the name Shannon with the name Utz.

BEFORE the Gay Nineties, Lucy Shannon Hoff had made her contribution to the population rise. Pudgy Junior was now four years old. As for Lucy, she was becoming evasive about her age. Lucy's waist was not so waspish, nor were her ankles quite so slim. But fortunately skirts were still long and she concentrated on her feet. She began to choose shoes a full size too small.

The Utzes had been blessed with a rather scrawny specimen of a son, whom Gussie magnanimously named Langley after her mother's people. As time went on, the child confused her. It was odd having him look like a Shannon but behave like an Utz.

They named their second boy Hank, in honor of Dan's favorite uncle back in the country. The older Hank was the leading tenor of the United Brethren choir and could shake the rafters mightily with "Bringing in the Sheaves." Little Hank was dark of skin like his grandpop Jake, and he had his father's eyes of deep, Mediterranean blue. He was sturdy and big-boned like all the Utzes and promised to grow into a hulk of a man.

Their sons were all Gussie and Lucy had to worry about during the nineties, what with parlor maids and science making housekeeping easier all the time.

One Saturday evening, as customary, Charlie Hoff went to the exclusive Hartley Men's Club for dinner and stayed on for a game of poker. A few hours later he was dead.

Steuben Street sympathized sincerely. Lucy was so young to be left a widow, only thirty now. And the boy. Not, of course, that they wouldn't be well provided for, but still. . . .

In those days, it was proper to go to funerals early in order to have time to view the body before the services began. Consequently, around one thirty on Wednesday afternoon, Queen Street was already well lined with carriages and some of the town's best people stepped out of them.

Lucy appeared briefly in the lily-filled hallway. Her black gown was becoming to her paleness, which some onlookers attributed to shock, others to face powder. She wore a simple and expensive strand of pearls, and a solemn-faced Josh was by her side.

Just then, big-shouldered, ruddy-faced Commodore Curtis emerged from the vestibule, puffing and out of breath. Instead of queuing up in the parlor to view the body, the Commodore went directly to Lucy.

Commodore Curtis was the manager of the Congress House, whose thriving bar was one of Charlie's biggest beer accounts. He was fairly new in town and it was said that he had been to sea, that he ranked high up in the Canadian Navy.

He had the manners of the old world, bowing to Lucy gallantly. She was dabbing at her eyes with a fine lace handkerchief.

"Little lady," he murmured, "little lady." He patted her hand and she smiled up at him wanly, looking smaller than usual next to his bigness.

The Commodore had brought his mother with him, old Mrs. Curtis, a thin, wiry woman who everybody said was a "tartar." Her snappy black eyes, shiny as shoe buttons, were taking in everything. The Commodore escorted his mother everywhere, for he had no wife. Some folk whispered he had had a past, although those who whispered it were the very ones "settin' their caps" for him.

Lucy controlled her grief admirably during the final

rites at the grave. Perhaps she held herself so erect because of her new hat. It was a mountainous affair of bunches of draped black satin.

A filmy black veil cascaded from it to the hem of her skirt.

A month later, in a bed jacket that matched her eyes, Lucy was receiving the elder Mr. Bear of the law firm of Bear, Bear and Bear. She listened abstractedly to his reading of the will and afterward she murmured that Charlie was very generous.

"Yes—er—of course the codicil is a bit unusual," Mr. Bear said.

"But I'll always be his widow," Lucy said. "Not that I have any plans of that kind, of course. But. . . ."

Mr. Bear was slightly horrified. "I should hope not! As long as you don't, he left you magnificently provided for."

Lucy thought a bit, then asked, "You're sure that's what it means?"

Mr. Bear looked positively offended. "The document is in perfect legal order. And should you attempt to contest the will—well, frankly, Mrs. Hoff, the newspapers. . . ."

"Contest Charlie's will!" Lucy exclaimed. "Why, the very idea! I wouldn't think of such a thing." The mere thought of the headlines forced her to take a whiff of smelling salts.

At that point the bedroom door burst open and Augusta strode in. "Lucy, dear," she began, then she saw the lawyer and shot him a haughty stare. A little terrified, this gentleman rose from the chair by the bedside. "How do you do, Mrs.—er—Utz? Guess I'd better be going." He grabbed his hat. "Call on us any time, Mrs. Hoff. I'll leave that copy of the will with you. Good day."

Once alone, the two sisters went into an intimate huddle. "Now, Gus, you read it to me and explain it. You know I never understand such things. Lawyer language is so strange. My, Gussie, Charlie was almost too gener-

ous with me. Poor Charlie," and she thrust the blue-bound will into Augusta's hand.

There was a paragraph about a $100,000 trust fund for Lucy. Augusta read this carefully. It ended: "Upon her demise, the principal of said trust of $100,000 shall revert *in toto* to my son, Charles Hoff, Jr."

Then there was a Section 2A which set up another $100,000 trust fund for Junior's more immediate use. Gussie said to herself that Charlie had a good deal more than she thought. A codicil had been added later, which said:

"THE AFOREMENTIONED TRUST FUND OF $100,000 BEQUEATHED HEREIN IN THE NAME OF LUCY SHANNON HOFF SHALL REMAIN HER PROPERTY AS LONG AS LUCY SHANNON HOFF REMAINS MY WIDOW."

Gussie reached for the smelling salts herself. Not marry again! And Lucy just thirty and so pretty.

Lucy was smiling sweetly at Gussie. "There's really nothing to worry about," she said, as if to comfort Augusta. "I'll always be Charlie's widow."

"After all, Lu," Gussie said affectionately, "it isn't as though you must make any plans now." And in the same vein as Mr. Bear she said, "And certainly you didn't—really couldn't—have had anybody in mind."

"Well," Lucy said softly, "when Charlie was being viewed. . . ." She gave Gussie an almost apologetic glance.

Gussie gasped. "The very idea, Lu!" Then her shocked expression changed to one of extreme curiosity. She edged the cane-seated chair closer to the bedside. "Lucy Shannon," she whispered hoarsely, "who is he?"

LATE one afternoon Commodore Curtis was in his usual post, in the largest brown-leather armchair in the Congress House lobby. He pulled out his heavy gold watch, gave it a careful glance, then snapped it shut impressively. It was all right to go into the bar now. Mama would be upstairs taking her before-supper sponge bath.

The Congress House bar had real oil paintings on the walls and the biggest gas-lit chandelier in town.

Hiram Hoke, partner of the late Charles Hoff, was leaning his elbow on the polished walnut bar, making wet circles on it with his glass of gin and bitters. This will business had sort of smashed a plan he had been cherishing since the day of Charlie's funeral.

"Hello, there, young fellow," the Commodore said heartily. Everyone was a "young fellow" to the Commodore.

"Howdy. Have a drink," Hiram invited.

"Sure thing. Fine day!" The Commodore was perennially cheerful. It was part of his job.

Hiram grunted, "Hear about the Hoff will?"

"No particulars, but I expect the fortune is sizable."

"Humph! The wife don't get a cent, not if she marries again," Hiram revealed thickly, and took a deep swig.

"That so?" The Commodore did some thinking. He might not be worth as much as Charlie Hoff, but—he cocked his head a little to the side—he and mama certainly weren't paupers.

That evening, when the Commodore went to bed, the Little Lady was on his mind. He never had felt this way about a woman before. Something had always told him never to marry, to wait until the right girl came along. The others—Fanny in Cincinnati, Grace in Chicago, and Norah what's her name in St. Louis—were just interludes.

Then, at the funeral, when the Little Lady stood there pale and beautiful—had he said enough, or was it too much?

She had smiled a little and her hand had touched his arm.

That Hiram Hoke was undoubtedly a cad. Yes, sir, he'd bet any money Hiram was aiming to marry her himself—and for her money, too. Then a pleasant thought occurred to the Commodore. It was that Hiram would never ask her. Not if the will said that Lucy would lose her money if she married again. Thank God for the codicil, the Commodore thought; it narrowed the field.

The Commodore smiled to himself. With the right breaks, all he had to do was wait.

PERHAPS there is some truth in the saying that women became more alluring after they've seen a little life and had experiences. Certainly it was that way with Lucy Shannon Hoff.

The keenest observer of this phenomenon was the Commodore, whose eyes, being nautical, didn't miss much. Moreover, the Commodore was fortunate enough to have his subject under close surveillance, for Lucy had moved into the Congress House.

Lucy's suite was on the sixth, and top, floor of the hotel. It contained a large, high-ceilinged parlor, which looked out onto the Square on both exposures. In addition, there were two bedrooms, one for herself and one for Junior.

Junior was a big boisterous boy now, fourteen years old, with a voice that boomed. At the moment, he was debating whether to be on the staff of the Metropolitan Opera or a director of an *a cappella* choir.

Lucy had no financial worries because she was still Charlie's widow and got her monthly check from the bank. Her social life was pleasant, too. She and Gussie went to the Woman's Club every Friday afternoon, and of course, the Commodore visited her often. Fortune-telling was one of her pastimes. Another was reading the *Police Gazette*, which the Commodore smuggled into her room from the bar.

Mrs. Curtis, the Commodore's mother, was usually too busy working to spend much time on the sixth floor except to check on the big dining room which was up there too. But one day when it was raining, she dropped into

Lucy's suite and remarked languidly, "Well, I guess you might as well tell my fortune and get it over with."

"Oh, lovely!" Lucy cried excitedly. She tilted the pie-crust table until its surface was flat. The table's round top of cherry was as smooth as satin and ideal for cards.

Lucy settled the Commodore's mama at the table and dealt the cards, her dainty hands sparkling with their own whiteness and with her two elaborate rings—the amethyst engagement stone on her left hand and the carat-and-a-half diamond, which Charlie had given her when Junior was born, on the right.

Slowly and dramatically, she turned up each of the cards. She looked long at Mrs. Curtis. She studied the layout with tightly knit brows. After a dramatic silence, she announced, "Money."

Mrs. Curtis nodded her head impatiently. Certainly, there was money. She had made a lot on the Congress. And what a run-down place it had been when she bought it! Yes, she'd really turned it into something.

"Investments," Lucy said. "Yes, you are about to invest a considerable sum of money in a new enterprise."

Mrs. Curtis lifted her eyebrows and fixed her shoe-button eyes on Lucy. "That so. Where?"

Lucy shrugged her shoulders. "You are going on a trip, a long trip, to a place you've never been before. But you'll like it, I'm sure," she added for good measure.

"Curt and I always did like to travel," Mrs. Curtis mused. Then she jolted herself upright in the chair. "My

goodness! Well, for Heaven's sake! That's a coincidence, that fortune. It certainly is."

"Why, what do you mean?" Lucy was bewildered.

"The Breakers. I have a chance to buy it. Rather run-down house, but with enormous possibilities. It's in St. Augustine," she said. "That's in Florida."

Lucy's voice faltered, "Florida."

"Dearie," said Mrs. Curtis, rising briskly from the chair, "your cards have eased my mind. I've been debatin' about the Breakers, thought mebbe Curt wouldn't like it. He liked it here. Well, for Heaven's sake," she added as she flew out of the room.

Only a few days later she told Lucy excitedly that she'd bought it. "Got a good price, too." Lucy tried to be enthusiastic but wasn't successful. For one thing, she hadn't felt so spry lately; she'd been sneezing a lot. Here it was August—no time for colds.

She sighed and said to herself, "I really need a change of air. So many memories here. . . . And Junior leaving for the academy in New England next month. . . ."

She sneezed and began to plan a tropical wardrobe.

For several months, then, letters to Lucy went to St. Augustine and a year later they were addressed to the Stetson House in St. Louis, then to 507 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, where Lucy was getting another change of scene and the Curtises were managing the Quaker Inn. It had been several years since the Congress House was under their management.

During those years, Augusta Utz had developed the habit of referring to Hank as "my son," and to Langley as simply "Langley." Not that she didn't treat the boys the same so far as affection want.

A letter from Aunt Augusta read:

Dearest Lucy: So fine that Junior is thinking of Divinity School. Think of it, a preacher in the family. I always said, Lucy, he has the voice. I presume My Son Hank will go to business school. He has shown a good business sense ever since he was connected with the Fidelity Trust Company. I do wish, though, that he had the scholarship sense Junior and Langley seem to have, but perhaps business acumen [Gussie had checked the word with Webster] is more practical. We are all well and send loving thoughts to you and the Commodore. Mama is poorly.

Your affectionate sister,
GUSSIE.

A few hours after she posted this letter, Augusta was startled by the telephone.

"This is the *Daily*," the voice said. "Got a picture of your son?"

Augusta considered. "We did take one of Hank on his bicycle, but of course he's grown a lot since then."

"Name's not Hank as we got it. It was Langley, Langley Utz. Mebbe I've got the wrong Utz."

"Langley!" Gussie exclaimed incredulously. Then she said worriedly, "Has something happened?"

"You bet. Your kid just won the essay contest—Daughters of the American Revolution."

Dan Utz puffed with pride when he heard about Langley. "So that's why you've been keepin' the light on till all hours. Always told pop you'd be a writer." Dan beamed on his son and so did Augusta. Being a writer was so distinguished, she thought. A book-lined study, articles in the finest literary journals, perhaps Europe. . . .

The winner of the contest was, it transpired, to receive an educational tour to that Shrine of Liberty, the City of Brotherly Love, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. And all expenses paid.

"Now, Langley," Gussie planned, "you can stop with Lucy and the Commodore. I'll write her when to expect you. That way you can afford a longer visit. Poor Lu. She must be lonely now that the Commodore's mother is gone, rest her soul. It will be nice for her to see you. . . ."

NOBODY came to the door when Langley rang Aunt Lucy's bell. He rang again, then tried the knob. It turned easily and the door swung open. He poked his head through and called, "Oh, Aunt Lucy. Anybody home?"

He tiptoed through the downstairs rooms. They were dusty, but that was to be expected. Housecleaning tired Aunt Lucy's back.

He called up the narrow, walled-in staircase. "Anybody home?" Then he climbed quietly. The second-floor hall was dim. He stood there a moment, then called again more desperately.

"Who's there?" he heard a woman's voice answer sweetly and reassuringly from somewhere above.

"It's me. Langley." His voice, which had not entirely changed, cracked a little.

"My dear boy! Come right up. We're in the attic."

The attic was as dim as the hall. Langley had a hard time locating his Aunt Lucy. First he spotted what looked like a white cow in one corner. "Here, silly. Can't you find me?" Aunt Lucy was saying. There was a creaking sound in quite the opposite corner of the attic from the white cow, and there at last was Aunt Lucy.

SHE was at an odd distance from the floor. Langley walked toward her gingerly. She was sitting in a buggy!

"The Lord have mercy upon us," chanted the white-cow object in the opposite corner.

"Oh, I'm so glad you're here," Lucy said. "Junior!"

"Hi, Lang," said a deep voice.

All Langley could say was "Jeepers," because the white cow turned out to be Junior in a long white night-gown.

"Really, darling, it's too hot. Let's go down."

"Quiet, mother," bellowed Junior. "I'm just in the middle. 'Scuse me, Lang."

"You know, of course, that Junior's been Called," Aunt Lucy explained *sotto voce*. "But even in the nightshirt, I still think it's too hot to practice, don't you, Langley?"

Langley murmured that it certainly was hot and squinted curiously at Junior to see what he was practicing.

"Let us pray," said Junior solemnly, kneeling.

"How's Gus? Does she still have those pains?" Lucy asked.

"Mother," said Junior in an exasperated voice.

Lucy lowered her voice into a real church whisper. "I'd so hoped he'd be a surgeon instead. It would be so nice to have one in the family."

Junior began to sing the sevenfold amen. Lucy swayed ever so slightly in time to the "a-a-a-a-'s," and the buggy's rusted wheels squeaked. Her eyes softened. Lucy Shannon was back in the eighties riding to church with Charlie and the family.

"We had a lovely pair of bays," she murmured softly.

The amen was over and Junior strode toward Langley briskly, moaning that Lord, it was hot, and "Mother, why don't you get rid of that contraption? What will your nephew think of you?"

Lucy looked injured. "It's all I have left of Charlie. I think it's held up well all these years, don't you, Langley?"

Langley hadn't a chance to answer. "Been after them," Junior said, "to get an auto."

"Curt says a boat is the only way to travel. Now, Langley, you must read your essay. Come, sit down, Junior." She drew her skirts closer to her to make room for Junior on the buggy seat beside her.

Langley cleared his throat, glanced nervously toward the buggy, then drew the folded sheets of foolscap from his breast pocket.

" 'York claims special distinction,' " he began, " 'as the seat of the United States Government from September 30, 1777, to June 27, 1778, during the dark days of the revolution when Howe. . . .' "

"Think of it! Our own little York," Lucy murmured. "My, it's wonderful to think of all the scholars in our family—preachers and history students and all."

"Here's one scholar"—Junior pointed to himself—"you won't have in the family if you don't. . . ."

"Now, Junior," Lucy said softly. "Maybe Langley will have an idea," she mused. "Yes, Langley, I do need your advice."

Langley's jaw dropped a bit, but he caught it in time. It was a pleasant feeling, having your advice solicited.

"Mother, you know perfectly well what the Dean said."

"The Dean just doesn't understand, dear," Lucy murmured. "Really, it's asking too much. . . ."

Bewilderment traced its signs over Langley's face.

"Curt and I always intended to," she said, "but somehow we kept putting it off. And now that Mama Curtis is dead and the hotel business is hitting the worst slump in years, we simply can't afford it. But the Dean said he didn't see how Junior could get a church unless we did. It's not that I don't *want* to marry Curt," she went on. "After all, I've known him a long time. But it seems unnecessary at our age. And, Langley, Curt's so proud. Why, after Junior said what he said, Curt got down on his knees and asked me for my hand!"

Langley wondered if the Commodore's knees still had water on them.

"But I said 'No,'" Lucy announced, with drama, and the buggy gave a squeak. "All these years, Curt's taken care of me. And now, with Mama Curtis gone—well, it just wouldn't be fair to her memory to make her son penniless and wear shabby clothes and maybe not even have enough to eat." Her voice quavered. "After all that Mama Curtis did for me, do you imagine for a minute, Langley Utz, that I would stoop that low? And they're talking of prohibition, too. Think how terrible that would be."

Langley said politely that it certainly would be terrible.

"So," Lucy beseeched, "what do you think we should do?"

Langley shook his head. This was what his grandfather, Josh, would call a situation.

"Thunderation!" boomed a voice from the second-floor hall. "What in the world's going on? Hiya, Lu, you up there?"

"Yoohoo, Curt. It's Curt, boys. Down right away." She hoisted herself up from the buggy and stepped down, placing one patent-leather slipper daintily after the other on the iron steps. Langley helped her and for a moment couldn't keep himself from looking around for a hitching post.

"Come, Junior. Supper. I baked some cherry pie," she called.

Junior bounded toward the stairs. "Beatcha," he called to Langley, and the two of them raced down, all ecclesiastical problems eclipsed by the thought of cherry pie.

AFTER the family dinner on Langley's first night home, his mother said, "Now we'll all go into the parlor and hear about Langley's trip."

Josh settled his bulky self on the sitting-room sofa and dropped his feet heavily on a needlepoint footstool. "How's my Lucy? Haven't had a letter in a coon's age."

Langley twisted his fingers nervously.

Josh sat bolt upright. "There's trouble down there, sure as shootin'! Mighta known. Out with it."

Langley faltered often when he got to the heart of the story, because he never had gotten it straight, never could understand what objection the Dean could have to the way Aunt Lucy and the Commodore had been living all these years.

There was a long silence when his story was finished. And then, suddenly, everybody began talking at once.

"It's really not the thing for Junior to do at all—a son to insist that his mother. . . ."

"But Junior's Lucy's flesh and blood, papa," Gussie remonstrated. "And besides, he's been Called."

It was past ten o'clock when the phone rang. Augusta hurried to answer it.

"Why, Lucy! Lucy—it's Lucy, folks," she said. "What's happened, Lucy? Anything wrong?"

They could all hear Lucy's tinkling laugh.

"I just wanted to make sure Langley got there all right. Did he?"

"Oh, yes, Lucy. The train was on time, too."

"I'm glad, Gus. He's a sweet boy."

This too carried well and Langley reddened.

"Lucy," Augusta said, "he told us. . . ."

"Oh, my goodness. I almost forgot! Curt and I . . ." Lucy giggled. "We've set the date. Next year!"

"Next year!" Augusta gasped.

"Yes, on Junior's birthday. He'll come into his money then. Why, just today after we left Langley at Broad Street Station we went to a lawyer and he said Junior can sign his money over to me when he's twenty-one. I'll sign half of it back to him or whatever he needs, depending how things go, and then the codicil won't matter. I really think Charlie wouldn't have minded, if he knew how things are. . . ."

FOR ten years after Lucy's wedding and Junior's twenty-first birthday, there were no family sins to explain away into virtues or even into legal formalities. There was some sadness, though. Josh and Liza had both passed on, within a few months of each other. While the family mourned, there was comfort in the thought that their last years had been happy ones, and anyway, Augusta thought, they had had their grandsons.

Langley was "shooting up"—not, however, into a historian or recorder of anything. He went to Baltimore to medical school, then came back to York to marry his very first love, Esther Lookingbill.

Hank was selling automobiles in Indiana, and doing well, as Gussie reported to the ladies at the Woman's Club. "His connections," she said, "are of the best."

During this decade there emerged from York, R.D. 6, one of Dan's nephews named Richard P. Utz, the son of Dan's brother Richard, who'd stayed on the farm while Jake extended the family fortunes in town.

Richard P. Utz had proved himself remarkably good, almost a wizard, at mental arithmatic back in the little old red schoolhouse in R. D. 6, and when he went to Hellam High, he got hundreds in geometry and trigonometry. Word of his mathematical talents somehow reached Augusta's ears and she was impressed.

"The boy," she informed her husband, "must come to the city and find a position suitable to his talents. He can live here."

And so, as soon as he graduated, Richard P. Utz came to the city of York and, under Gussie's encouragement, studied to be a Certified Public Accountant. Gussie thought it was nice having a boy in the house again. She fussed over him, cooked for him, and found his fresh-air appetite gratifying.

Unfortunately, the First World War came along then and Richard P. Utz was drafted and sent to France; and in Paris he did one of the last things you'd have expected him to do. He got married.

Well! Gussie had plenty of explaining away to do over that, because the bride was French and Yorkers weren't quite so global as they are now. A Frenchwoman might be one of our allies, all right, but she was still a foreigner.

Marie LaFite Utz was her name, and she looked and acted very Frenchified. She was *petite*, almost birdlike in the way she moved. Her eyes were dark and snappy, and she had a tinkling laugh, which she used quite often.

Even before she arrived in York, Gussie championed her cause. She told her friends that Marie was a "gentlewoman," a term Gussie felt was more applicable to Europeans than to Americans.

Marie's English was not too fluent when she first came to York, but Gussie helped her and Marie in turn taught Gussie such phrases as *"eh, comment?"* and *"ca va bien,"* which Gussie bandied about quite frequently. It made her feel very high-toned.

Gussie installed the bride and groom in a wing of her house and told Marie that being with "kin" might help her "strangeness, *n'est-ce pas?*"

Dan helped, too. He put in a new bathroom and equipped it with a shower. Marie loved this shower and her frequent use of it removed the last remaining doubt in Gussie's mind. She had feared that the only bathing the French did was in eau de Cologne.

Gussie's final triumph was to get Marie into the Woman's Club. This meant that Marie LaFite Utz was accepted and Gussie could relax. And not too long after Marie achieved membership, a child was born. The child was me.

About the time I was five, mother had another child, a boy. We called him Bros and when he got older he hated it, but by then we were so in the habit it was hard to change.

When Bros was born, my father, Richard P. Utz, thought maybe we were outwearing Gussie's hospitality.

"Maybe," he suggested, "we should have a house for ourselves."

Aunt Augusta said, "The very idea—unless"—this in an injured tone—"you *want* to."

Mother and Dad assured her they didn't want to at all—it was just that we were growing.

"Dan," decided Aunt Gussie, "can add another room, back of the shower."

This happened, and Bros and I were glad we had the new room instead of a new house because to get to the new room you had to go down two steps. None of our friends had anything like it.

IT'S funny how when you're little you take your family entirely for granted. Bros and I never thought about ours at all, except that there were lots of it, especially on Sundays, when everybody came to dinner. So when we saw our family out of its element for the first time—well, it was a new feeling, a kind of shock.

It was in Evansville, Indiana, at the wedding of Hank Utz to Hazel Wheeler, the daughter of a vice-president of the Beacon Automobile and Tractor Corporation. Hank

wrote that the Wheelers were second only to the Beacons themselves and that consequently the wedding was to be the second biggest wedding Evansville had ever seen.

"We must," Aunt Augusta told us all, "try very hard to be a *credit* to the dear boy and Hazel."

She took me downtown and told the clerk that "the child must have the finest crepe de Chine," and she treated the clerk in a very uppity fashion, forgetting entirely that she'd been one herself. Then she had to arrange with Mr. Wilhelm, the secondhand-clothes man, to rent the necessary Tuxedos for the rehearsal dinner and white ties for the ceremony proper. She hated the renting idea, but it was cheaper, and when would our menfolk need dress clothes again? Uncle Dan joked about how he'd feel lots better in his furnace coat and Aunt Gussie took him seriously and almost cried.

Dr. Langley Utz had begun to practice in York by this time, and he and Esther had a daughter a year younger than I was. Her name was Little Augusta and she too was to wear "pure" crepe de Chine. Esther, herself, Aunt Gussie decided, "should wear a touch of red to brighten her skin."

My mother was to wear a short black dress, very cut-off-looking, as evening dresses were then.

But the prize of all was Aunt Gussie's own costume. It was of black tulle, "the finest," with panels, front, back and side, of black lace, Chantilly. The hem was to be "uneven" and not short enough to show the back of the knee. It would be "accented" with pearls and a black velvet choker.

Once this was decided, Aunt Gussie turned to the problem of What to Give.

"If we all chipped in," she planned practically, "we could give one really fine item. Perhaps something French."

"Haviland china," mother suggested. She had learned to keep in step with Aunt Gussie very well.

"The very thing," Aunt Gussie said and promptly appointed a committee to purchase certain set quantities of the stuff.

By the time the day for our departure arrived, we were all pretty nervous, especially because of the special-delivery letter from Hank that had arrived the day before. The letter said that Old Man Beacon himself would be there—the man who'd invented the Beacon tractor.

This communication made Aunt Gussie's frown deepen and she sighed to herself, "Old Man Beacon! Oh, dear." She gave us a worried appraisal and wondered if we'd do.

Hank and his best man met us at the Evansville station. Hank seemed glad to see us, but the best man looked doubtful. "Are all these your relations?" he asked Hank, rubbing his eyes as if we were a mirage.

We were herded to a fleet of Beacon cars and Aunt Augusta looked at them through her lorgnon and then asked if the "older" Beacon was still going to be present. Hank said he was and for God's sake be nice to him. He was Important. Gussie said "I know" in an imperial voice.

THINGS didn't begin at all well. For one thing, when we met Hazel at the gingerbread castle the Wheelers owned, Aunt Lucy rushed up to her and said, "Oh, my dear! You're not the one I expected at all. The girl Hank brought to Philadelphia that time—her name was Hazel too. . . ."

"Helen," corrected the Commodore, embarrassed.

It was an awkward moment.

We were just ready to leave for the church when it was discovered that the Commodore had bought himself white silk gloves instead of kid ones. Pulled taut on his large square hands they looked pale pink, almost mildewed. All the way to the church, Aunt Gussie scolded. But later the Commodore was vindicated. We met Hazel's father, Mr. Wheeler, in the church vestibule, and he was wearing silk gloves too.

The reception at the hotel was a "dinner for 400 at $4 a plate," as Aunt Gussie had explained to us. Afterward there was dancing. Gussie and Lucy sat out; so did Dan, but not the Commodore.

Hank, beaming but damp of face, appeared at Augusta's chair with Old Man Beacon himself. Aunt Augusta greeted him in the manner she reserved for dignitaries and commanded him to sit down beside her.

"Now tell me," she began after the pleasantries were over, "just what is the origin of the name 'Beacon'?"

Old Man Beacon said he hadn't the slightest notion.

"Oh," said Aunt Augusta. "Well, Shannon—that's my maiden name—is Irish, but of the higher classes. One of the first Shannons who came to this country, long before the Revolution, of course, married one of the Carrolls of Baltimore."

Old Man Beacon's eyes roamed the dance floor inattentively. "Thought your name was Utz," he said.

"That's my husband's name," Aunt Gussie said apologetically.

"Pennsylvania," said Old Man Beacon. "Farm stock. Best in the world. Farmed myself once."

Then, above the hum of the music and shuffling feet, the clinking of glasses and uncorking of champagne bottles, came a sound that seemed to freeze Aunt Gussie to the very bones.

"Yodooeleeedellllooooo," bellowed a voice from the opposite side of the ballroom, and we all knew without looking that it came from the musically trained throat of J.M.G., the husband of a Shannon cousin.

The jaws of the Evansville dowagers stopped; dancers and waiters poised like birds in flight.

Old Man Beacon's previously sour face was transformed into pure joy. From his lips came an answering yodel, every bit as loud as J.M.G.'s.

Augusta passed her hand over her eyes as though it couldn't be true. J.M.G. was rushing toward them calling, "Beaky, old boy! Beaky! For God's sake—in the flesh!"

"J.M.G.! You old sock!"

The two pumped hands and slapped each other's backs while a crowd gathered around, fawning over Old Man

Beacon's every move and mood and trying to guess the identity of his old friend.

It was a long time before the noise subsided and Gussie could ask in an aside, "J.M.G., how did *you* of all people happen to know Mr. . . ."

Old Man Beacon answered for him. "Told ya, Mrs. Utz, I was a farmer once, but not a land farmer like you Pennsylvanians." Augusta grew white to hear herself described thus. "Well, 'twas an Australian sheep farm,

and this man here, ladies and gentlemen, saved my flock one day, just by his yodel."

It was funny that Aunt Gussie shouldn't have felt triumphant, for obviously this had given us a very good credit. But she looked almost disappointed. I guess she either wanted to make the credit herself or at least supervise it.

A SHORT time after Hank's wedding, Uncle Dan received a postcard depicting the henna-colored United Brethren church of Hellam, Pennsylvania, flamboyant against a turquoise sky. On the other side a shaky hand had written: "Dear Dan. Coming to town Sunday to talk to you on a matter related to business. Until then, love to all, Sadie."

The next morning I came home from Sunday school, and Aunt Gussie steered me toward the parlor, where old Aunt Sadie Sheets was sitting in the big armchair. "This is our Rachel," Aunt Gussie said.

Great-great-aunt Sadie gave me a long look, then put her fingers to her mouth and murmured through them the single word, "Utz." She punctuated it with a jerky nod of her white head. I knew what she meant. Everybody said I was "pure Utz," and according to Aunt Gussie it was sad but true that there was "no LaFite in me."

Sadie Sheets had a small pixylike face, with a wrinkled, turned-up nose. At first glance she seemed all eyes, for her brows were heavy and had remained brunet while the hair on her head was snowy white. Her eyes were bright blue, like Uncle Dan's, and they twinkled merrily. She had been married twice. I knew at a glance I would like this new great-great-aunt.

Later, when she rose from her chair to make a tour of the garden with Aunt Gussie, I saw that she was short and round like a ball. When she walked she bounced like a ball, too, but lightly and noiselessly.

Mother smiled at me as if she knew what I was thinking. "So *petite*," she said lovingly.

"Does she always say just one word like that through her fingers—like 'Utz'?"

"Always has," Dan said. "The real reason she holds her hand over her mouth is on account of her plate. She's got it in today because she's visiting."

As usual on a Sunday, the whole tribe came for the two o'clock dinner. This day the talk was sporadic because everybody was anxious for Sadie to explain her "matter of business." Finally Dan asked for it.

Sadie settled herself into a more comfortable position on the not too comfortable Windsor chair. "I've decided to move, nephew," she told him. "Move to the Home."

There was a shocked silence while everybody's back stiffened. Then Aunt Augusta exploded, "The County Home! The almshouse!"

"The same," Sadie confirmed quietly.

Gussie gasped, "The very idea! Dan! Sadie must come live with us. By all means."

"You'd certainly be welcome, Aunt Sadie," Dan said softly.

The Commodore put in,—"Or, if you'd rather come to the Congress, we could give you a room with a nice view of the church."

Lucy coaxed, "That would be lovely. Oh, Aunt Sadie, do."

"No, she should be here," Aunt Gussie snapped. "She's Dan's aunt, not yours." Then her tone changed. "Did something happen to your insurance money?"

"I'm investing my insurance money—some of it," Sadie said mysteriously. "It's nice in you, Gus, to ask me here, and you too, Lucy. But you see, I *want* to go to the Home!" Sadie looked down at the carpet. "It's cheerful. And there are people my own age." Then she fastened her gaze directly on the family and chuckled, "Got a beau who went there last month."

This cleared the air and they knew Sadie was her old self. The Commodore roared and Lucy asked excitedly, "Who is it? Great-aunt Sadie, you're a one!"

"Don't you think," someone asked anxiously, "that following him to the Home is—well—chasing?"

"Too old to worry about them things," Sadie sniffed.

Dan asked firmly, "Now, look, Aunt Sadie, if it's a question of money and you're too ornery to say so. . . ."

"Told you. Ain't money. I'm investing some of my insurance, for a purpose. But I'll have some left. I ain't going as charity. I'm paying—well, so much a week! That'll give me a private room."

Relief spread over Gussie's face. "Oh, that's much better. Not to be in a ward—to be a *paying* guest."

"Like a hotel," the Commodore remarked, "in a manner of speakin'."

AND so it was. Mother and I used to go out there often to visit Aunt Sadie after she moved in. Aunt Sadie said she'd made a lot of new friends and all of her own age, though a few were "gettin' on, poor things."

"How about your beau?" mother asked.

Sadie laughed behind her fingers and said, "Some of the older girls here think I'm a fast one. Cyrus takes me for a stroll in the evenings and sometimes we get ice cream."

On one of our visits Sadie said, without any preliminaries, "Marie, remember my money, my $1,500?" Mother said she did. "Well," Sadie went on softly, "the time is ripe. I'm not gonna wait till I die. The money's going to you!"

Mother grew pale and looked frightened. "To—to me, Aunt Sadie?"

"Because you need it most. Homesick, girl, and won't admit it," she said softly. "You want to see your own country again. I know."

Mother twisted her hands together. "I don't know what to say—France again—how can I thank. . . ."

"Ain't thanks I want. Besides," she said confidentially, "I have a selfish reason for sending you. There's something I want you to find out for me. Promise you won't tell anyone right out?"

Mother promised.

Sadie chuckled. "Cats," she said simply. "All my life people have kept me from having cats. I'm too old to go to France myself. But I bet I could make it all the same. Still, must get a little sensible in my old age. You go, Marie. And tell me what it's like. And the cats, what they're like."

I've never heard such bedlam as when mother told the family about it.

The local sheets screamed the news and Aunt Gussie sent the clippings on to Westminster and to Evansville for all the Wheelers and the Beacons to see. Whatever face the Utzes lost by Aunt Sadie living in the Home was forgotten completely now. She had vindicated herself grandly and had sent an Utz abroad.

SCHOOL had started and the York County Fair was only two weeks away when mother finally came home. Great-aunt Sadie hurried in from the Home, especially to be a part of the greeting committee at the station.

Mother seemed to have more baggage than when she left. One unfamiliar hand piece was a flat-bottomed black suitcase with a window in it. One whole taxi was filled with nothing but bags.

Mother didn't stop talking one minute from the time she got off the train until she was in the house. Then she opened one of the suitcases and distributed presents to everybody. Parisian gloves for Augusta, Chanel perfume for Lucy, English tablespoons for Aunt Esther, Italian bedroom slippers for me, etc.

Then in an almost frightened voice she said, "And now, the present for Aunt Sadie. It's something she can't take to the Home. She'll have to come here to see it. That way we'll get her to visit us more often."

Mother rushed into the hall and returned with the wide-bottomed suitcase. She opened the window and out jumped a medium-sized kitten with shiny black fur and immaculate white paws and nose.

Aunt Sadie clapped her hands in delight. "A kitten! Oh, Marie!" Then, instinctively, her eyes, and mother's, too, turned fearfully toward Aunt Augusta, who had never tolerated a cat.

Aunt Augusta regarded the animal with interest. "An imported cat," she murmured. "Well! I wonder. While you were away, Marie, I read a book about Richelieu. He had cats. This one has a French look—one can tell the difference easily."

Mother swallowed hard. "But. . . ."

"Now, Marie," interposed Gussie, "what's this cat's name? French, I presume?"

Mother muttered that she'd thought of "Fifi."

"Dan," ordered Gussie. "There's cream in the icebox. Feed 'Fifi.'"

There was a moment of surprised silence. Dan took the cat to the kitchen, chuckling, "Cream! Well, I'll be dogged."

Mother told about "Pussy's Butcher" in London—a little red wagon that sold a pennyworth of meat, exclusively for cats. At precisely eleven o'clock any morning you could see the English cats waiting on their doorsteps, because that was when Pussy's Butcher came around. Parisian cats, mother said, were much more sophisticated and very proud.

This prompted Aunt Gussie to remark, "You can tell Fifi is well bred. Who knows but what she might be descended from Richelieu's cats."

While Aunt Gussie was fixing a bed for Fifi in the kitchen, Sadie leaned toward mother and whispered, "Marie. Ain't really imported, is it?" Sadie's round, fat body shook with silent mirth. Mother looked uncomfortable. "In a way, yes," she answered.

Sadie persisted. "From where?"

Mother hung her head sheepishly. "From Philadelphia."

Sadie pressed her fingers to her lips so hard you'd have thought her plate would be knocked askew. She giggled and her eyes shone merrily. Great-aunt Sadie loved a secret.

"I'M going to join the Daughters," Aunt Gussie confided to me one day, then added quickly, "not for myself, but for the children. It would be so nice if Hank and Langley could join the Sons of the American Revolution. They have a fine chapter in Indiana.

"And so," she went on, "I'm beginning the research today. Now, Rachel, whatever you do, don't tell Lucy. I want to surprise her on her birthday, in August, with her membership card and perhaps a genealogy. Maybe even a printed one." You could see she was envisioning an elaborately bound volume with gold letters.

She took me with her to Baltimore's State Historical Society. The man there seemed very obliging and when Aunt Gussie mentioned the name Carroll, he responded, to her gratification, with "Fine name—one all Maryland can be proud of. I'll certainly be interested in tracking this Sarah Carroll Shannon for you. Leave everything to me. I'll communicate with you in a week or so."

"At last!" Aunt Gussie cried, when the letter came.

Dear Mrs. Utz, [it began] we have located the birth date and death of Jeremiah Shannon and also those of his children, Josiah, Amanda, Annie and Millie, also those of his grandchildren, Josiah II. ["That's papa," Augusta explained in an aside.] I presume you have the data of the other descendants. [Aunt Gussie nodded impatiently.]

We have also located the resting place of Sarah Carroll Shannon, and it may be disheartening to you to learn that it is not in your native Maryland but in Virginia. The place of burial was determined by instructions in the will of Carroll's wife, who was not, it is my regrettable duty to inform you, the mother of Sarah Shannon.

Certain documents and diaries in our Carroll collection here at the Society, papers which we consider of too personal a nature to make available to the general public, indicate plainly that Sarah Carroll Shannon was the unlawful daughter of Jed Carroll and a certain Virginian, hence her obscure place of burial.

Though it is unfortunate that this information may prevent you from becoming a member of the Daughters of the American Revolution, you may rest assured, Madame, that it will remain entirely confidential.

If I can be of any further assistance, etc., etc.

Yours truly,

JOHN BLISS,
Research Secretary.

Augusta took to her bed with an acute migraine. She continued "poorly" for several days.

"Gus," said Aunt Lucy one day, "from what Net Vogle at the hotel tells me, I wouldn't want anything to do with the people who fought the Revolution. They weren't our kind of people at all. Papa certainly wouldn't like it if he knew. I don't remember the name of the book Net read it in, Gus, but I'll ask her and you can read it for yourself."

At the supper table several evenings later Aunt Augusta gave us a complete review of the volume. "Hardly an educated man in the lot," she said of the Continental Army. "The British were a finer type, actually—though of course," she hastened to add, "they were on the wrong side. Of course, Washington was an exception. The rest," she concluded emphatically, "rabble."

"Glad you see it that way, Gus," Dan said gently. "It's all turned out for the best, I'm sure."

The book was written by a man named Kenneth Roberts and its title was *Rabble in Arms.*

I GOT my first job because I was an Utz, and any success I made at it can be attributed entirely to my aunts, because they did most of the work. It was a newspaper job on York's morning paper, the *Bugle.*

"Anyone," the city editor hissed at me, "who comes from a clan the size of yours should be able to fill the personal-mention column every day, without," he hee-hawed, "even leaving the house."

Ostensibly, the aunts disapproved of my "working." Aunt Gussie thought reporting was undignified and it meant being "on the streets at all hours." Aunt Lucy wailed that it was all her fault because the last time she and I had played the Ouija board "her new phosphorescent one) it had said I'd have a career.

To hear them talk, you'd never dream they'd been working girls themselves.

Yet they loved to see their names in the paper, and I never took their "mortifications" seriously because their bewailings always ended with a tip on somebody's engagement or the hot news that Net Vogle was going to spend the week end in Ocean City.

One Friday afternoon I heard the city editor yell, "Hey, Harry! Don't bother showing up at the First Moravian bazaar tonight. We'll use the stock piece on Rachel's aunt."

The whole staff looked toward me and howled.

"What do you mean—my aunt? Which one?" I asked.

"Don'tcha ever read the paper?" the boss shrieked. "And isn't Commodore Curtis's wife your aunt?"

"Yes, she's Aunt Lucy, but. . . ."

"And isn't she an authority on Ouijas?"

I nodded my head miserably. So that was it. The staff had dropped everything now to listen.

"Well," the city editor went on, enjoying himself thoroughly, "we've got a stock piece about her Ouija demonstration, so we don't have to cover her every time."

It should be noted that I had one aunt who not only approved of my working on the newspaper but felt that my presence there amounted to a public service. This was Uncle Langley's wife, Aunt Esther, high up in W.C.T.U. circles. Aunt Esther championed the *Bugle* because it gave excellent space to the W.C.T.U. And refused to advertise beer or cigarettes.

Because the W.C.T.U. was such a pet of the *Bugle*, an assignment to cover one of its meetings really meant that you had arrived as a reporter. I was therefore thrilled to get the assignment.

I entered the church auditorium, a dismal place painted a bilious brown and carpeted in a moldy green. Only a gross or so of women huddled together in the front pews. Their heads were bowed in prayer, so I waited reverently in the rear and spotted Aunt Esther's hat with the red feather.

There was a pause after the president's "Amen." Then she held up her hand and said dramatically, "Ladies! A miracle has occurred. Already there has been an answer"—obviously she was much moved—"to our prayer."

I looked around me for something resembling a miracle. The hallway behind me was empty except for a pile of badly mimeographed church bulletins and an unclaimed umbrella.

The president spoke again, in a solemn voice. "A young person has just entered our midst, answering, like manna from heaven, our call for the lost generation, to youth, wayward youth, to enter our fold. Where one lily grows, there shall many grow also. . . . Please come forward, my child." I wanted to run to the nearest exit, but instead I walked up the aisle obediently. My knees shook. When I finally got abreast of the membership in the front seats, I saw tears in the women's eyes as they gazed on me. I felt like *Bernadette*.

The black eyes of my Aunt Esther, though, were quite dry. She had caught on and was gesturing frantically to the president.

"She's my niece," I heard her say out loud.

"Oh, certainly, an Utz would. . . ." The President extended a pledge card toward me. My first thought was that it would be a shame to sign, for I'd just learned to drink beer. My second thought was, should I sign on account of Aunt Esther? I looked in her direction for some hint and saw her rise to her feet. "She's from the *Bugle*," she explained. "Ladies, this is Rachel Utz."

I murmured, "How do you do?" to nobody in particular.

"Oh, the *Bugle*," the president said, regaining her composure. "She'd better see Mrs. Lentz, our publicity chairman."

My hand shook as I took notes on the publicity chairman's melancholy whisperings. Finally I had everything and rose to leave. Mrs. Lentz said, "Goodby," with a look of deep disappointment in her eyes.

As I walked down the church steps I reflected that the least I could have done out of appreciation for Aunt Esther was to sign the card. It would have pleased her, and how nice she had been not to force the issue!

To ease my conscience about her and the York County Chapter of the W.C.T.U., I wrote in the lead to the story that "A capacity audience filled St. Anthony's auditorium yesterday for the annual meeting. . . ."

THE Sunday before County Fair week, 424 East Queen Street was jammed to overflowing. Great-aunt Sadie came from the Home. Hank and Hazel came from Evansville. Uncle Langley's house was full, too, with his Little Gussie and her husband and several Lookingbills from Lebanon. Aunt Gussie threw a big Sunday dinner.

"Rachel's getting passes to all the shows," Aunt Lucy announced. "She's writing it up for the newspaper. Are the shows really *terrible* again this year?" she asked hopefully.

"Much worse than last," I replied authoritatively. "Mr. Eisenhart said—he's our managing editor—that we gotta rout them out." I told the family what the *Bugle* planned to do and felt very important to be listened to so attentively.

Only the day before I'd been called into the cubbyhole occupied by cigar-smoking Len Eisenhart.

"Gotta rout 'em out, Utz," he had ranted, his neck reddening with rage. "Here we have a town of eighty churches, nice clean folks going to them, children brought up on the Golden Rule. And what happens? Lot of outsiders come in and disrupt the morals of the community. You and Vernon tour the midway—keep a layout in mind. Get the preachers upset the next day. Call a special meeting of the Ministerial Association. Run 'em out of town!"

Vernon, the *Bugle* photographer, was from Lebanon and consequently held allegiance to his own home-town fair. "This won't be as good as up Leb'non-way," he grunted. "Jerkwater fair, this one."

"It is not, Vernon," I retorted patriotically. "Wait till you see the midway tonight."

We interviewed the midget. The midget was a former Yorker, and year after year the *Bugle* noted that fact with a feature story. The midget's eyes were weepy. "I love York," he moaned. "I wish I could settle down here. But what can a midget do in this town?"

It got dark and the strings of light bulbs were turned on all over the grounds. Barkers began to chant their wares along the midway.

The biggest, gaudiest tent of all, at the far end of the midway, advertised "a chorus from Broadway's fanciest, naughtiest, night club. Six gorgeous beauties—six of them, folks. Twelve lovely legs—twelve of them, folks—and other features. Here they come! A quick free look before you buy your tickets." A cymbal rang and a two-man orchestra struck up the old hootchy-kootchy dance. Six bored, tired, and anemic females nearly forty years old dragged themselves through the slit of the tent onto the platform. They stood there glassy-eyed, wiggling tiredly.

"Mob scenes," Vernon muttered. "Old Eisenhart said he wanted mob scenes to prove how many souls are being lost tonight."

NEXT morning I hurried downstairs breathlessly, a little late for breakfast. I attributed the babble of voices below as meaning excited anticipation of yet another day at the Fair. Little did I know.

The only strange note was a whispered, "Here she comes." Then there was silence. I entered the dining-room door and pale, strained faces of the family confronted me. No good mornings or anything.

"What's happened?" I asked worriedly.

All of them looked toward Gussie to make the first move. She did. She moaned, "Oh, Rachel. How could you?"

Then I saw. The *Bugle* lay at the end of the table, open to the split-page spread on the fair. A banner headline screamed "Sideshow Shockers Defile Our Town." Underneath there were pictures.

I stared hard at the largest of the pictures, but I wasn't dreaming. There it was, what Vernon would point to proudly and call a "good, clear print."

In the background was the canvas advertising the Broadway Beauties. The picture was taken from an angle that put the thigh of one of the Beauties in the mural in a most grotesque position. And silhouetted against the curve of her thigh was the crowd pouring out from the tent with happy, satisfied expressions on their faces.

"Yorkers paid 25 cents to see this bawdy display," grieved the caption.

Directly above the caption, for all the town to see, were Aunt Lucy and Great-aunt Sadie, smiling broadly at each other. Behind them was Aunt Augusta, peering at the mural through her lorgnon.

"Dan," Gussie ordered, "you must ask the *Bugle* to run an apology."

Uncle Dan said that that would only make it worse.

Aunt Lucy bent over the picture closely. "Oh," she said regretfully, "if I'd only worn the blue felt!"

Just then the phone rang and Gussie answered it with an "I-told-you-the-whole-town-would-talk" look in her eye. "Yes, Esther. Oh, we're all mortified of course. . . . Why, what do you mean? Why, Esther, the very idea!"

We sat around the table in silence while the sharp buzz

of Aunt Esther's voice chirped through the receiver. "All your own fault. The guilt's on your heads, not Rachel's. The child was only doing her duty, and a fine civic duty it was, too. She can be proud of her role in this fine crusade. I'm attending the Ministerial meeting this morning. A group of us lay-women. . . ."

Augusta left the phone wearing a meek look. "Yes," she said slowly, "we certainly can't blame Rachel. All of us, we went to the show at our own risk."

Aunt Lucy murmured, "Poor Rachel."

To be forgiven and pitied only made me feel worse. That I'd done this to my own aunts—my aunts who'd given me tips on meetings, weddings, and strawberry festivals.

Then and there I made a decision. I must get away, on my own. I felt martyrish about it, as if I'd been run out of town.

WHEN I told the aunts I was going to New York, they raised no objections; in fact, they urged no delay. "Things begin humming in the fall," Aunt Gussie said. "If you wait much longer, all the positions will be taken." Aunt Lucy hoped I wouldn't miss the New York October weather. "The air," she said, "is like wine then."

"Only two more weeks with the *Bugle,*" I told them the day I gave Len Eisenhart my notice.

Aunt Augusta fairly clapped her hands. "Two weeks from today, then, Lu."

"I believe it will be cool enough for my fur piece, then, Gus," Lucy said excitedly.

For a fleeting instant I thought maybe she was bequeathing it to me for a farewell present. Then I knew. "You're going, too," I said flatly.

"Of course." Aunt Gussie's tone was decisive. "To get you settled. Lu knows all about hotels—goodness, Lu, how many different ones do you suppose you and the Commodore have lived in?"

"Heavens, Gussie! Hundreds."

The day finally came when I, or rather we, left York. A lot of the family gathered at the station to see us off. The aunts stole the limelight and I was more or less ignored.

Once on the train, Aunt Gussie began to plan our itinerary. She produced a clipping from the *New York Times.* "Lu and I," she announced, "have found just the place for you to live." She handed me the clipping. It advertised the Armstrong Houses—five of them, two on the "fashionable East side," two downtown, and one, exclusively for women, uptown. All were near the public ultilities. "It's always nice," Lucy said, "to be near the public utilities."

I was crestfallen. "But I thought maybe I could get an apartment." I'd read about Greenwich Village and red front doors.

"A young girl alone in the city in an apartment! Oh, dear, no."

"The Armstrongs are more sociable," Aunt Lucy said. "See, the clipping says 'club atmosphere.' They have game nights and movies and dances, all supervised."

"And, Rachel," Aunt Gussie said, "rooms with a view. Each with its own individual color scheme."

Aunt Lucy murmured that "Rachel looks so well in red."

I watched the peaceful Pennsylvania red barns whisk by while Lucy and Augusta planned my life.

As soon as we had unpacked our bags at the Murray Hill Hotel, we set off to look at the Armstrong Houses. First we went to the uptown one, the one exclusively for ladies.

"First," said Aunt Gussie, as we entered the lobby, "we'll just sit down and assimilate the atmosphere." The three of us sat on a slippery leather sofa and assimilated. The atmosphere had a chill about it, I thought. Several old women hobbled about with canes or sat stiffly at writing tables. One voluble talker held a knot of women at bay in a corner. The air was pungent with Yardley's lavender. It was sickening and I decided to counteract it with a little cigarette smoke.

No sooner had I exhaled the first drag than the talking in the corner ceased. One old lady looked up from her notepaper to frown disapprovingly, and one with the cane stopped hobbling and stared. From me and my cigarette, their frowns turned to the aunts as though they were partly responsible for this unseemly behavior.

Aunt Augusta rose. "The very idea! Come."

Aunt Lucy and I followed in her wake, through the revolving door and out onto the street. With Aunt Gussie still a few steps ahead of us, we hurried to a drugstore on the corner. She piloted us to a booth and settled herself. "Now you can have your cigarette in peace, Rachel. Of all things. What narrow-minded women!"

"And so *old,*" Aunt Lucy lamented. "I wonder what a rainbow soda is? Oh, waitress," she called prettily.

Again the *Times* "ad" emerged from Aunt Gussie's large, black purse. She studied it through her lorgnon. "We'll try the coeducational Armstrong next."

The manager of this institution muttered that the place was jam packed—no vacancies except 515 and 632 and, well, they were among the higher priced rooms.

"Expense," Aunt Gussie said firmly, "is no object. My niece must have the best."

"My niece, too," Aunt Lucy smiled charmingly at the manager. We squeezed into the tiny elevator, and, as it jerked upward Aunt Lucy asked, "Where are the men?"

"Floors six to eleven. We have five floors of each."

We surveyed room 515. It was of about the same dimensions as the elevator, so it was difficult for all of us to get into it at once. The manager said it had a bath, semi-private.

"The idea!" Aunt Gussie glared, bearing in mind, no doubt, that she was a plumber's wife. "We want a totally private bath."

I began to worry about how much a totally private bath would cost. Suppose I didn't get a high-paying job or any job. How would I live? Better to eat than to wash. I tugged at Aunt Gussie's sleeve and whispered that a private bath would cost a lot. "Nonsense," she replied. "You're going to have a *career.* Didn't Lucy's Ouija say so? A career isn't like an ordinary job; a career is a position and positions pay more."

We took the room with the totally private bath.

"And now for naps," Aunt Gussie said. "We must be fresh for tonight." She smiled at her sister. "We're going to Mr. Rose's."

Aunt Lucy clapped her hands softly.

I was proud of the aunts that evening. They made an

impressive entrance at the Diamond Horseshoe. Aunt Gussie wore a feather hat of royal blue with a long veil and Aunt Lucy looked sweeter than ever with a nosegay of imitation violets nestled in her gray fur piece. Both wore spotless white gloves and both carried themselves as Shannons should.

Aunt Lucy whispered something to the head waiter and he smiled and ushered us to a prominent table up front. There the aunts had quite a discussion on what to order and finally decided upon "a small quantity of Scotch whisky, served in a wineglass, if you please. Rachel, don't tell anybody." They both giggled like little girls.

The floor show began.

The spotlight played over the crowd, then stopped at our table and shone brightly on our wineglasses of Scotch. The glare was blinding. The poet began a new verse:

Three ladies are with us from York.
Where sauerkraut's eaten with pork.
On a trip to this city
We'd think it a pity
If they spurned us and went to the Stork.

"Gus," Aunt Lucy breathed, "wasn't that just lovely?"

Gussie said it certainly was a surprise. "But how," she asked, "did he know we were from York?"

Lucy chuckled and said she'd told the head waiter who we were and had given him fifty cents.

"Imagine," exclaimed Gussie. "But fifty cents, Lu. That's a lot. Still the song was right clever, and it's true enough about the sauerkraut. Everywhere else besides York they serve it with frankfurters. Ugh!" She raised the wineglass to her lips to take the taste out of her mouth.

Two hectic days later, the aunts pulled out from Pennsylvania Station after much farewell advice. I was on my own at last.

ONE evening during my first week at the Armstrong House, I wandered into what the manager had called the "get-together room." A harassed, well-tailored woman of indeterminable age but great vitality rushed up to me and boomed a "welcome to the Armstrong" speech.

"Tonight is Thursday, tournament Thursday. Bridge. I'm the hostess, Miss Chapman. But everybody," she giggled, "calls me Chappie. What fun we all have here! And now *you* are going to join us.

"First, a partner. Young man," she called, "young man, come here. This is your partner for tonight," Miss Chapman beamed. "This," she said to a man with a pipe, "is Miss Utz."

I must admit having a kindly feeling toward aunts as I regarded this man. He looked nice. He was slim and lithe with friendly hazel eyes.

In my next letter home I told the family I'd met a man named Ralph who looked tweedy like an editor and Aunt Gussie wrote back that her high hopes of the Armstrong's clientele had been confirmed. "I'm so glad," she went on, "that you're mixing. But who is this young man? *Who* are his people?"

I was a little worried about her getting the wrong idea of Ralph's occupation. He wasn't an editor. He wrote copy for ads—beer, bras, and bassinets.

We made a date for the following week and I made a mental note to ask him Gussie's questions then, who he was, and who were his people. I was curious myself.

Considering it was my first real date in the big city, it was pretty disappointing to have to break it. But there was nothing else to do, not after the telegram.

ARRIVING TOMORROW (it said) MEET ME FOR DINNER AT SEVEN HOTEL MCALPIN. ATTENDING NATIONAL CONVENTION W.C.T.U. LOVINGLY, AUNT ESTHER.

It was a good thing I didn't tell Ralph exactly why I had to break the date, because in the months that followed I learned about his phobia.

He said he was an "orphan by choice," that he had very definite ideas about families hindering one's creative instincts. He explained how he had been tied to some apron strings in his time; apron strings thick as bull ropes. He had been forced to use a figurative hatchet to cut himself loose.

I murmured that independence was wonderful, but that you did have to fight for it.

"Not if you make a clean break," he repeated vehemently and went on with a fiery speech in which he cursed all families in general, thank God he didn't have any, and added that he certainly hoped none of his would turn up in the end as they always did in children's books about orphans.

I kept it quiet when Bros and Priscilla came to New York on their honeymoon. I couldn't believe Ralph would be antagonistic toward brothers too, but I felt it was safest not to mention it.

At last I got a "position" and took the liberty of renting myself an apartment. I took Ralph to see it at once. En route from the Armstrong House, I told him excitedly of my plans to buy modernistic furniture and a semicircular couch and lots of chromium ashtrays. "I hate antiques," I snarled.

Ralph said that he agreed heartily about the modernistic furniture and that I was a woman after his own heart

when it came to decoration. That set me up and I opened the door of A 16 with pride and a happy heart.

The key made a nice sound clicking in the lock. I groped for the light switch. As I did so, I stumbled over something with hard, rough edges which dug into my shins. My first thought was that I was in the wrong apartment.

Ralph found the light switch, and the circular globe in the ceiling shone on a weird and ghostly sight. The place looked like the service entrance of a furniture store after hours. Crates of various sizes and shapes littered the floor. All were addressed, in large, black-crayon letters, to "Miss Rachel Utz." And all of them had the same return address: "424 East Queen Street, York, Pa."

Through the slats the contents were all too apparent: there were the rickety parlor chairs, the old pine chest which had been in the Utz family for years and which was gaudily decorated in Pennsylvania Dutch hearts and tulips. There was a spindly gate-legged table which had belonged to Aunt Sadie, and a bureau that had been in the back hall, mahogany, inlaid with cherry and with hideous, bulbous, white-china knobs.

I could have wept. One look at Ralph's face and I knew the cat was out of the bag. It didn't take a genius to guess who had sent me the antiques. "I guess I haven't made," I said shakily, "a very clean break."

Ralph said resignedly that it was never too late. "Tell me about it," he said. "It would do you good to talk."

When the story was over, Ralph puffed on his pipe for a while in silence. Then his lips settled into a determined line, and his jaw became belligerent.

"We'll show the old girls," he grunted determinedly. "But first," he said, "will you marry me?"

GOING home for Christmas I was nervous. What would the family think of Ralph and what would Ralph think of the family? Would he "show the old girls" as he'd threatened? I hoped not, yet I hoped he would, all at the same time. It was nice having a champion, but it wouldn't be nice of him to ruin the aunts' Christmas. Here it was the day before, and he was making his first appearance. We'd been married only a month.

The front hall of Aunt Gussie's was dim and deserted and the only sounds were faint thuds of the stove lids in the kitchen. I was glad nobody met us at the door. I wanted to get a breath before introducing my new husband to the clan.

My father directed us to our room but told us to go quietly because Aunt Gussie was taking a nap.

We had barely unpacked when the peace of the house

was broken abruptly. A lusty "What ho?" was called from downstairs. It was Uncle Hank. Whenever Hank entered a house, things began to function briskly. Orders were shrieked to Mrs. Albaugh, the cleaning lady who shared cooking honors on state occasions. She hurried to supply the Christmas oysters to Augusta's youngest son. These oysters, which Aunt Gussie never served except at Christmas, appeared in sherbet glasses and were eaten with oversized forks. We helped ourselves from the sideboard, while Hank's children romped around and Hank slapped Ralph on the back. It was very gay.

More of the family arrived, including Langley, and music began in the parlor.

At a pause in the singing we heard a soft "Well, everybody," and there on the stair landing was Aunt Augusta in her black velvet. She stood there a full moment as though waiting to be announced, then she descended, slowly and gracefully.

"And *where,*" she asked after she kissed me, "is the young man?"

"Here," I said shakily. "Aunt Augusta, this is Ralph."

She considered him silently while everybody looked on. "So you're the one who's taken our Rachel away." Ralph murmured something unintelligible, then Augusta said graciously that she was glad to have him with us. Turning to Hank she said in a mournful tone, "He has no people—no people at all."

JUST then the front door opened and into the vestibule came an excited, pink-cheeked Aunt Lucy, followed by a slow-moving Commodore.

All faces lit up as they always do when Aunt Lucy enters a room. She greeted everybody and said, "Curt's knee is bad today, the day before Christmas. Isn't it a shame? There's Rachel. Where is he, Rachel, where is he? Curt, Rachel married a writer, you know. Well, young man, how do you do and what do you think of our town? I'm so concerned about Bros, poor boy. Rachel, you're looking well at any rate, and you, too, Ralph."

Considering this was the first time Aunt Lucy had laid eyes on Ralph, it was odd that she thought he looked well, but Ralph grinned pleasantly and took her outstretched hand in his big brown one. "So you're Aunt Lucy, the one with the hats. Mighty pretty one you have on now."

Aunt Lucy tittered and patted her back hair. "It's really last year's brush felt. I tacked on the plumes."

Aunt Esther and Great-aunt Sadie were the next arrivals. Aunt Esther had on her Christmas dress—a red and green print she'd bought one spring and had worn every Christmas since I could remember. She greeted Ralph briskly and said she wanted to talk to him later about the quantity of drinking in "those New York bars."

Great-aunt Sadie regarded Ralph quizzically, then lifted her hand to her lips, and Ralph, because I'd told him about her teeth, bent down close to hear.

"Married in a hurry, ain't?" she whispered.

Ralph laughed as if he really meant it and said that was the only way he could have gotten me, which made me feel very pleased. Sadie smiled, "Gotta beau myself."

After dinner—served in the buffet style Aunt Gussie considered so stylish—Uncle Dan rose and called for order. "In the parlor, everybody," he said shyly. "I have an announcement to make."

"First," began Uncle Dan, "I want to thank our hostess for the good dinner—best chicken pie yet." We clapped. "And our hostess never looked lovelier."

Gussie murmured, "Oh, Dan," in a pleased tone.

"And now," Dan said, "to get down to business." He fished in his breast pocket for a sheaf of legal-looking papers. Sadie murmured sadly. "Dan's drawn his will, I do declare."

"Several of our family aren't with us tonight," Dan said while mother sniffed, "Poor Bros," and Aunt Lucy whispered that Junior was two weeks late in arriving.

"And there's a new member of our family with us tonight. Welcome to you, Ralph," Dan said. The family beamed on my new husband and I knew he'd made the grade. It was a shame to think he'd ruin it all by "showing the old girls."

"I have in mind," Dan said, "a joint Christmas present. I'm giving it to you tonight, though it isn't quite Christmas yet. Gus, what I'm giving you is nothing you can touch. It's just," his voice faltered, "something you can get a pleasure out of."

There was a pause laden with question marks.

"As of this minute," Dan said, "all our children, Gussie's and mine, and our grandchildren and our nieces and nephews—all of 'em—are hereby enrolled in the Daughters of the American Revolution, the Sons of the Revolution, or the Children of the American Revolution, depending on their age and—well, you know."

There was a puzzled frown between Gussie's eyes.

"I had a fellow do some research," Dan explained, "and what do you think he found out? An Utz," Dan drew himself up a little, "fought in the Revolution."

Augusta gasped, "Well," and Hank stopped himself in time from slapping his thigh hilariously.

"To prove it," Dan went on, "I have here," and he opened the sheaf of papers, "certificates for every one of Gussie's children and grandchildren and nieces and nephews of the Utz side. Soon as they're signed, they're in. And for life, too. Dues all paid up. That's yer Christmas present." He sat down abruptly.

It was almost too much for Aunt Gussie. She began to cry and in between sniffs she sighed, "Oh, Dan. How lovely!"

Somebody said, "To think an Utz. . . ." then stopped. Yes, that was the amazing part of it, an Utz being in the Revolution. We Utzes were suddenly blue-blooded. It was a new feeling for an Utz, especialy after hearing about the Shannon blue blood all these years.

Dan pushed the marble-topped table from the hall into the parlor and asked Langley for his fountain pen. "Now, as I call your names, come up here and sign."

When we had finished Dan held up two blank certificates. "One for Bros," he explained, "and one for the new little Utz. Naturally we can't fill it in till we know the baby's name."

"To think," Aunt Gussie gasped, " a C.A.R. member at birth!" She looked on us quite differently. I can't recall her ever regarding so many Utzes with so much approval in my life.

THE solemn moment was over and things became gay again. We were singing carols when the vestibule door burst open again, this time to admit Bros and a blast of damp wind. He stood between the portieres.

"Hey, I'm a father," he said surprisedly, as though it had just dawned on him. "I," he said slowly, "have a daughter."

"Just what Priscilla wanted," mother said. The women began crying for details but didn't get them because the Commodore began handing out cigars. Everybody congratulated everybody.

Finally Dan signaled for order. "Another ceremony. Bros is going to sign his child's name to this blank certificate. This will make the new little girl a life member of the C.A.R."

Bros signed and Dan blotted the paper carefully. "Now Bros, read the name."

"It's a girl, just as I said, and her name," Bros peered down at the certificate as if he didn't know it by heart, "her name—is Shannon Utz."

"Shannon Utz," the family repeated after him.

The name seemed to me a symbol of something. Peace had been declared between the Irish and the Dutch. Oh, it was going to be a merry Christmas.

Someone struck up "Joy to the World" and the family sang it with exceptional fervor. Gussie's voice was strong and proud; her descendants had become aristocrats at last. Dan's name had been cleared. The Utzes were no longer the underdogs. And I was happy because I was an Utz. But Ralph, what about him?

At the "Let Heaven and angels sing" part of the carol, I beckoned him into the sitting room. "Are you still going through with it?" I asked anxiously.

"Can't very well now," he said. "The idea was to come here and complain about aunts, wasn't it?"

Then I caught myself putting my hand to my mouth just like Great-aunt Sadie. Of course!

I, of all people, had become an aunt myself.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Helen Greenwood

THE DOOR OPENS, by **Ernst Lothar,** is one of the most charming records of childhood that has ever been written. Lothar, writing about his two daughters, Agathe and Hanni, reveals tremendous insight and tenderness.

The first story, The Examination, tells of Agathe's initial experience with Duty. The child passed her examination but not without difficulty. On the way home—"Suddenly Agathe stood still.

Ernst Lothar

"'Is "trees" the way I wrote it a terrible mistake?' she asked, remembering, frightened.

"'Well, rather,' I answered. 'Only they're not as green any more when you know their spelling.'

"'Really?'

"I said I couldn't prove it, but I thought so.

"'That's funny,' said Agathe."

And there was the children's first experience with grief—when Fräulein left. Fräulein waited to go until the children were asleep. "Once more she looked around the room that had been her home for such a long time. . . . That polar bear was a little out of line. Quietly she pushed him into his proper place, put on her hat without a mirror, opened the door, and tiptoed out. But while she stood outside with me, and I was groping for words of farewell, Agathe appeared suddenly, barefoot, in her nightgown, white with fear that she might be too late. She clutched something in her hands. 'Fräulein,' she said, 'so you'll have something from us too!' Quickly she handed her her new red silk hair ribbon and Hanni's amber bracelet and then hurried back because she had to cry. . . . Outside she could hear voices, but she couldn't understand all the words. Only 'promise' and 'thanks' and 'goodbye.' Twice good-by. Then the sound of the apartment door closing. Then silence.

"Agathe lay with eyes wide open. Suddenly she knew the saddest word on earth. Good-by."

The New Hair-do tells of the time that Agathe decided she was old enough for a more grown-up hair style and was taken to Herr Preuschl. The younger Hanni was denied one. "When the mailman came the next morning Hanni didn't open the door for him. During the night—I don't know how—she had cut her hair in a page-boy bob. The left side was much shorter than the right . . . and the bangs on her forehead were crooked and ragged. She looked very funny.

"After two weeks her haircut had grown similar to that of her sister, with one difference. It made her look even younger than before.

"'Herr Preuschl is wonderful,' said Agathe.

"I thought so too. It was wonderful that even an expert could not change nature."

Published by Doubleday & Co., Inc., N. Y. Price $2.

LUKE BARNETT, the professional ribber, has collaborated with **George E. Kelly** on **Between the Ribs,** an account of Barnett's experiences insulting the great and near great.

Luke Barnett

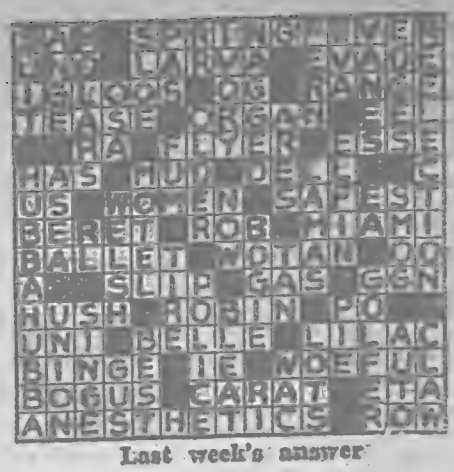
Mr. Barnett's usual disguise was that of a waiter—a waiter who criticized the guests' table manners and generally made dining a trial.

A profession like Mr. Barnett's is full of hazards, but pictures of the gentleman would indicate that he is still miraculously intact, although innumerable outraged people have attempted to assault him.

Published by Dorrance & Co., Philadelphia. Price $3.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane



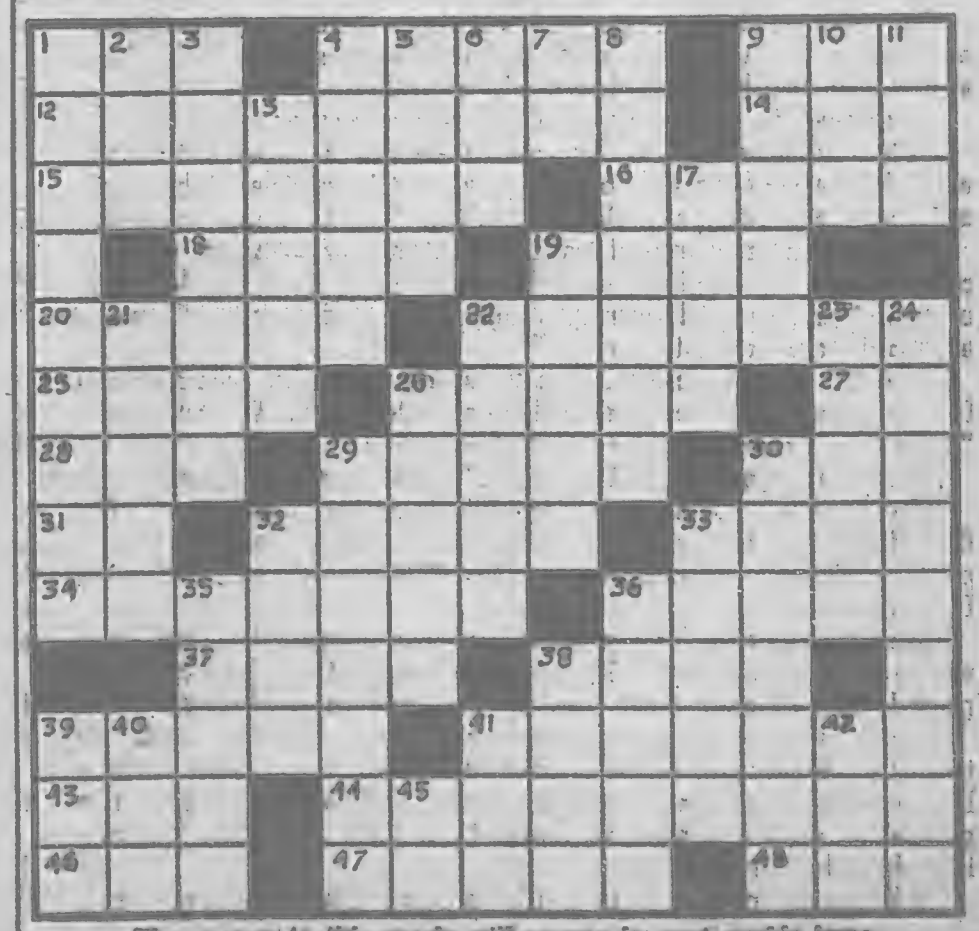
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

1 Ballet calls a dance by two a *what de deux?*
4 Excalibur's the name of King Arthur's what?
9 Mother's What was the name of a best seller?
12 You'd measure your height in a plane with a what?
14 What word's often seen with 9 Horizontal?
15 Stalin prides himself on being a what?
16 Complete: Fold their tents, like the ——, and as silently steal away
18 Phony precious metal
19 Bent
20 Name the present Mayor of Jersey City
22 Police apply a hose to make a suspect do what?
25 Kindergartenish (abbr.)
26 What great American poet died during the war?
27 Editorial collectivism
28 Modern form of nother
29 Heartier and healthier
30 What article makes a poor baby food?
31 Preposition
32 What have sailing and freight ships in common?
33 What blowhards are always going around in circles?
34 Name the goddess of vengeance. (Gr.)
36 What nautical word is slang for crash in?
37 What fraternal things are next in size to meece?
38 Swing a ship around
39 If Beethoven wanted you to lean into it, he marked it what?
41 When you think of Paul, you think of what?
43 Name a famed minor baseball league
44 The science of moving an army is called what?
46 Name a great Chicago columnist (inits.)
47 Jerk fliers
48 Abbreviate lots of cents

VERTICAL

1 Name the Queen of the Acropolis
2 What's that brown October burpy stuff again?
3 Traffic lights that operate progressively are said to what?
4 A mere flash in the pan
5 Which direction from Greenwich, England, does the time get earlier?
6 Who runs a collection of Giants that go out on strikes?
7 Dick Duden played what (abbr.)
8 A colander is also a what?
9 Colonel Stoopnagle's real name's F. What Taylor? (Big mouth that I am!)
10 Apply the garment to the washboard and give it elbow grease
11 Jerome Kern wrote She Couldn't Say What?
13 Troy used to be called what?
17 Who will produce and play in a movie about Congressgal Luce?
19 In summertime you are advised to remove your skin and sit around in your whats?
21 Irv Berlin wrote a song called All What?
22 Bretons, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh are whats?
23 Name a veteran radio commentator whose surname sounds musical
24 Complete: You blocks, you stones, you worse than —— things! (from Julius Caesar)
26 What foundation's not worn by a woman?
29 Name the "Indian College"
30 Pertaining to partial paralysis
32 What do brass monkeys do around the equator?
33 Who sold his soul to the Hot Shot of the Underworld?
35 The civil service operates on the what system?
36 What would you find in the seventh heaven of ecstasy?
38 Short automotive excursion
39 Small distortion of the truth
40 What are imperialistic wars now fought over?
41 The I's have it
42 Type of naval craft (abbr.)
45 A pair of washouts



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

ELSA MAXWELL *says* "To Enrich Your Happy Hours at Home Share the Golden Goodness of ROMA Muscatel"

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Smart hostesses like Elsa Maxwell know the gracious, taste-tempting hospitality of ROMA Muscatel... a pleasing partner with any dessert... a praise-winning, easy-to-serve treat for "drop-in" guests.

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THE LIFE AND WIFE OF JOHN EYRE

Continued from Page 29

"She's going back and tell Americans how we behave—and she flew!" Rose explained.

"And how are we behaving?" Eyre asked Kate Lowry.

"I wouldn't know yet," she said.

"She's seeing England from Claridge's," Rose said significantly.

Kate looked at Rose steadily and said, "I'm not in Claridge's now, am I? Isn't this England?"

"A small part," Eyre said. "It's quite different from Norwich, or Bestwick, where I live. . . . Tell me what America is doing in the way of letters? Is anything significant being written over there?"

"Nothing particularly significant," Kate Lowry said. "Is anyone turning out masterpieces here?"

He gave a small shrug with his big shoulders, then talked a little about Faulkner and Traven, Wolfe and Walt Whitman. He was a little shocked that she had never heard of Traven.

SHE left before the blackout came on. He found himself saying, "But really, Miss Lowry, Claridge's isn't a good place from which to see England. Why don't you come up our way? Mrs. Eyre and I would be delighted to put you up for a few days, and I could show you a little of Norfolk. You could travel up with me when I go tomorrow."

"That's very kind of you," Kate Lowry said. "I'd like it very much—but are you sure your wife would, what with the rationing still going on and all?"

"Oh, of course! I'll ring her up and warn her, but she'd be delighted. Let's call it settled, shall we? Meet me at the station at ten, say, by the bookstall."

Kate Lowry met him the next morning and they got onto the crowded train together. There wasn't much chance for conversation, jammed as they were in the corridor.

When Eyre led his guest into the house it seemed empty. Eyre called out, "Penny!" and his wife came hurrying from the scullery, her cheeks a little pink.

"Oh, you're early!" Penny said.

Eyre introduced his guest.

"I hope you won't let me be a nuisance," Kate Lowry said. "It was terribly kind of you to let me come. It seems almost as if I were coming home, for I was brought up in a rectory myself."

"We're happy to have you," Penny said. "I'll show you your room."

She led the way up the curving staircase into a big room at the head of the stairs. There were roses on the old-fashioned dresser. Kate Lowry bent her head to the flowers.

"How lovely!" she said. She walked to the window. The garden below was bright with flowers, the grass of the tennis court very green.

"Meg picked them," Penny said. "I'll show you where the bathroom is, Miss Lowry."

She led the way down the hall to a somewhat primitive bathroom at the end. "You have to use buckets of water for the toilet," she explained. "If you'll just let us know when you want a bath—we can't keep the heater on all the time these days. Now, if you'll excuse me, I'll see about luncheon." Her round face was anxious.

Kate Lowry put on a fresh blouse, then went down the stairway. Penny came to the dining-room door and said that luncheon wasn't quite ready. John Eyre came to the drawing-room door and exclaimed, "Oh, here you are! Come in!" The drawing room was a good room, with rather fine prints and etchings and a big piano, a sofa drawn near the hearth. "Sit down," Eyre said. Then he said: "It seems Penny didn't expect us till after lunch, so there's no telling what we'll have to eat. But bread and butter will do, I tell her. You Americans might as well get used to our rations. . . . Tell me what you know about Babbitt—the writer, I mean, not the Sinclair Lewis character."

"I know very little about him," Kate Lowry told him. "I'm not too well informed on politics."

"I don't see how you can go back and tell Americans anything about us unless you know something of the political scene," he insisted.

"I live in a very circumscribed woman's world," Kate Lowry admitted, "and I haven't explored all its vistas yet, Mr. Eyre."

"You still think it important what women wear and eat and think?"

"Yes, I do," Kate Lowry said.

"Forgive me, then, but I think you're wasting your time here, Miss Lowry. We've got past that stage in England."

"You still have women, don't you?"

A little girl with straight brown hair and brown intelligent eyes and a brown odd square little face came and said that luncheon was ready.

"This is my Meg," Mr. Eyre said. "This is Miss Lowry, Meg."

Meg's eyes were shy yet intensely interested. "Hello," she said.

"Hello, Meg," Kate Lowry answered.

THEY went out to the dining room. And there was Betty, who was fair and looked like Penny, and little Alice, and Phillip playing on the rug. Penny was pouring the tea. There was rarebit and a watercress salad and homemade bread and honey and a plain cake.

There was talk of parish affairs. A little anxious line went up and down in Penny's childish forehead. Eyre described some war paintings he had seen in London. He thanked Betty for mowing the lawn.

"The mower was so dull—it isn't very smooth," Betty said. She asked them to excuse her.

"Betty is picking berries for Mr. Loomis, the farmer next us," Eyre explained. "She earns a bit of pocket money that way."

"She must be almost college age," Kate Lowry said.

"I'm afraid you overestimate the resources of the English clergy, Miss Lowry," Eyre said. "Phillip'll get an education, but I fear the girls won't. Four hundred pounds doesn't stretch too far, you know."

"Four hundred pounds—that's two thousand dollars, in good times," Kate Lowry said consideringly. "It sounds quite good to me. My father was a minister, too, you know. There were five of us and he made about a thousand a year—a thousand dollars,

HARDTACK

LIBERTY

that is, two hundred pounds—and all five of us went to college."

"But college doesn't mean quite the same thing in America, does it?" Eyre asked patiently. "As I understand it, your colleges are about equivalent to our public schools."

"I don't know," Kate Lowry answered mildly. "But it costs money to go to them. But perhaps there aren't so many opportunities for the young to work while they are in school over here. We girls took care of babies and washed dishes for professors' wives. There might not be those chances here, I don't know."

She looked up from the good bread and butter and little Meg sat with an elbow on the table, chin in palm, and her brown eyes were upon the guest with such intensity of understanding that Kate was startled.

"How good this bread and butter is!" she said. "You do make such good bread here. It's what I remember best about England, somehow—the good bread."

"You see, Penny?" Eyre said. "I told you the extras didn't matter, so long as there was bread and butter and tea."

Penny flushed and did not answer.

Then Eyre said, "Do you want to see your present now?"

Meg looked quickly at her father.

"Is it blue?" she asked.

"Blue? No, not blue. It's red."

HE went to the hall where his big bag still stood, opened it and took out a package. Then he drew out a big red book, with the words Modern Paintings across the front.

Penny turned the pages slowly.

"I didn't know whether you'd like this or the Picasso book better," he said.

"It's very nice," Penny said somewhat flatly.

He brought out a small toy for Alice. "The book's for you and Betty, too, Meg," Eyre said. "I thought it was better to get something really good in one lump than to try for three cheap prints."

Meg looked at the pages of the book which were being turned so slowly. Then she suddenly began to clear the table. Something was wrong, but it was hard to say just what. It *was* a nice book, a beautiful book, and yet the response was not enthusiastic.

Kate turned and began to help Meg carry the plates out. The scullery was dark, a little damp, with only a tiny high window, a stone floor, and a wooden drainboard by a dreary deep iron sink. Meg lifted the heavy old teakettle from the fire and poured water into the big pan. She stood on a little stool to wash the dishes. Kate wiped them for her.

After the dishes were done and put away, Kate Lowry went into the drawing room. Eyre was sitting at the piano, playing softly. He played very well. He looked up and smiled at her. Then he said, "I'm afraid my present to the family wasn't too suc-

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"WEAREVER" LEADS

cessful. But in the long run, it will be, you know. Food for the soul, to use an old trite phrase, is very important. I'm afraid the immediate desires loomed more important to them at the moment, however." Then he began to talk about poetry. He brought a book by Auden, sat down near the hearth and read it to her. Penny didn't come in, nor Meg. Intricate and lovely lines flowed out into the pleasant room. It was peaceful, after London. But once Kate looked out of the window and saw little Meg, with Phillip in a perambulator where she could keep an eye on him, weeding.

"What an excitingly interesting face your Meg has!" she said.

He gave his pleasant smile and said, "That was an interesting association of ideas." He had been reading Lawrence's poem about the brown bird. "Meg *is* like a small brown bird. Only perhaps more intense and stubborn than that. She's a very silent, secretive child."

"She looks as if all the secrets were good ones," Kate Lowry said.

IN the evening, Downing, the neighboring vicar, and his wife came in. Again there was talk of books and politics. The talk turned to the installation of the new bishop in Norwich. Downing, it seemed, hadn't been invited to the reception and the fact nettled him a little.

"A case where being Dean Eyre's son has its advantage," he said a little tartly.

"It doesn't mean anything," Eyre said patiently. "If I go, it will only be to please my father. He'll expect it of me."

"It means something to your mother," Penny put in unexpectedly. "She's had a new permanent and used *all* her points up for a new dress!"

"Oh, but mother believes in bishops!" he said tolerantly. "And new dresses, too! Poor mother," he explained indulgently to Kate Lowry. "She's one of the reactionaries, you know."

Penny walked in front of the sofa where Kate Lowry was sitting with Eyre and bent down to the hearth, lit the small fire laid in the grate.

"In August?" Eyre said.

"Yes, in August," Penny said with some defiance. "We haven't had a fire in six months and I'm cold."

"It isn't much of a sacrifice, saving on fuel," Eyre said carefully. "We aren't like you Americans, you know, Miss Lowry. We aren't used to steam-heated apartments."

"It feels wonderful," Kate Lowry said, leaning toward the blaze a little. "You're right—we're not as tough as you. I shiver all the time."

"Perhaps in America you can still afford such gestures. In England we can't."

After Kate had gone upstairs, Penny came to see if the lights and curtains were all right, to give her a flashlight for her trip down the hall to the bathroom.

"I just hope the bank appreciates the extra work you take home every night."
LIBERTY

"You're so kind to let me come here," Kate Lowry said. "It's what I wanted, you know—to stay in a real home. I know it's something of a problem, having guests right now, and it troubles me—still, I'm glad to be here. . . . And thanks for the fire."

Penny looked at her for an instant. There was something strange about her look. It was too intense. It might have seemed desperate in one inclined toward desperation.

"The fire was for myself," she said at last. Then she smiled. "We're very glad to have you here."

KATE LOWRY was awakened by a small knock on her door and she sat up quickly in bed. It was morning. Little Meg came in carrying a tray with a sweet air of pride.

"Oh, how sweet of you!" Kate Lowry said.

There were raspberries, looking as if the dew were still on them, an egg in an old delicate eggcup covered with tiny brown crisscrossed vines, jam, and thin bread, and tea.

"Sit down and visit with me while I eat," Kate Lowry said. Meg looked shy. But she sat down.

"Do you write books?" Meg said. Excitement broke through her shyness for an instant.

"Yes, I do," Kate Lowry told her. "Do you?"

"Yes," Meg answered.

"What fun! It's hard work, though, isn't it? What is your last book about?"

"About the library. Grandfather Dunn's library—at Cambridge," Meg said. "He's a professor. Mother loved the library best of all, because there was a window seat there. It's a good place for a book, because you can see everything that happens out of the library window."

"Wonderful!" Kate Lowry said.

"Some day mother's going to take us all there. Betty's been, but I haven't. I know how it looks, though."

"Yes, of course. A writer always knows."

"Betty's going to be a hairdresser."

"A *hairdresser?*"

"Yes. You can earn a lot of money. . . . She draws pictures of women's hair all the time. Would you like to see them? I don't think she'll mind. She's taking flowers over to the church."

"I'd like it very much," Kate Lowry said.

Meg went out, came swiftly back with a tablet in her hand.

Kate Lowry turned the pages slowly.

"But she's an artist," she said. For the faces under the modish coiffeurs were not just any faces, they were the faces of people, different people with separate characters.

"You have to go to Paris to be an artist," Meg said.

"Oh, no, I wouldn't say so. You see, being an artist is something that comes out of the inside of *you,* the same as books do. . . . Did she like the book your father brought?"

"Yes. Only, we thought he would bring mother a dress for the reception."

"Oh," Kate Lowry said only.

"It's very special," Meg told her.

"Yes, of course—it would be, for a bishop!" Kate said.

She had finished her breakfast now and Meg took the tray and went out.

Kate Lowry got up, went down the hall to the bathroom. The hot water was waiting in the tub. A pail stood by the tub, and suddenly Kate knew that this water had all been carried by hand up the steep back stairs.

She bathed, dressed, went downstairs, out into the bright garden. She could see Betty going through the door of the old church, her arms full of flowers. Presently Eyre came out, called out a good morning, and said, "Church in a half hour. It's the children's service this morning—perhaps you won't care to come."

"I'd like to come," she said.

AT the last minute Penny came running out, prayer book in hand. She looked flushed, as if she had stayed in the kitchen till the last minute. Kate Lowry walked across the lawn with her. "It seems so peaceful," she said. Penny gave a small laugh. There were perhaps a dozen children and three adults in the church. Eyre stood there in robes that made him much more clerical in appearance. The altar boys came down the aisle; there was the smell of incense. There was no music. Eyre chanted the service in his beautiful grave voice.

On the way back to the house Kate Lowry said, "Your husband would be a great success in America—with that voice!"

"Yes, he always talks about going," Penny said, "but he never will."

Late in the afternoon a group of young people gathered before the

(*Continued on page 56*)

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(*Continued from page 54*)

fireless hearth in the dining room for tea. There was a bowl into which all put twopence for the tea. They asked Kate Lowry to join them and she did so, hesitantly, feeling inadequate as a representative of America. But they were eager, if shy; boys and girls of Betty's age, and they asked intelligent questions. Betty was plainly the leader.

After she left the young people, she paused in the hall by the door a moment. Eyre and his wife were in the drawing room.

"You'll have to, John. You'll have to," Penny said. "I can manage supper but I can't manage lunch. Your mother always has something."

"We'll see," Eyre said with amusement. "You don't need to worry. It's good for her to realize we don't have luxuries."

"But you have to have *something*," Penny insisted almost desperately.

Kate Lowry went quietly out and walked in the garden.

IN the morning Betty brought the tray.

"I liked your discussion group," Kate Lowry said to her. "Awfully good minds, you young people have! But I especially liked the way you led them—drew them out."

Betty flushed.

"I was afraid they'd be shy with a stranger," she said.

"Meg showed me some of your drawings—I hope you don't mind. They were remarkably good. Have you had lessons in art?"

"No. No, I haven't," Betty said. "Everybody in our family draws. I'm not really good." Then she moved toward the door. "If you'll excuse me—I have to go to Loomis's now," she murmured.

Kate Lowry got up and dressed. John Eyre was waiting in the hall. "I wondered if you wouldn't like to visit one of our schools—it's one of my duties to inspect the church schools. Then we might drop in on my mother for lunch," he said.

She turned to Penny standing in the dining-room doorway. "Couldn't you come too?" she asked.

"Oh, no. I have things to see to here, and I must look after Philip."

The school was dreary, inadequately furnished, and with an ugly cement play yard outside. But the teachers did make Kate Lowry welcome, and the children sang The Star-Spangled Banner for her.

As they left, Kate tried to tell Eyre something of the schools at home.

He laughed.

"Oh, yes, we know all about the swimming pools and the gymnasiums and the like," he said indulgently. "But, after all, what really counts is what is learned there, isn't it?"

She fell silent.

The deanery was a gracious and lovely place, with sweeping lawns and great gardens, and the dean's wife, Eyre's mother, was a Dresden-china figure in the midst of the loveliness. She made them welcome, gave them a good luncheon, and then they sat in the garden for a time, talking. Kate Lowry was startled to learn that this fine elegant little woman took care of the big gardens all alone. The dean was too frail to help much. "Oh, and John—I've picked some of the walnuts and you must take a bag home to Penny for pickling. And tell Penny to be sure to be ready when we stop on Thursday, won't you? She'll forget all about the reception if you don't remind her!"

"No, she won't forget it. At this late date she's worrying about a dress to wear," Eyre said.

"I blame you, John—I do," Mrs. Eyre said, with a smile toward Kate Lowry. "You're so careless yourself. He always looks rumpled, Miss Lowry, but he oughtn't to encourage Penny to be careless, and he does. It matters what a clergyman's wife wears!"

When John Eyre tossed the bag of walnuts down on the scullery table, he said briefly, "From mother—for pickling," and then went to wash up for tea. Penny stood there by the table—just stood there, staring at the bag. Then she became aware of Kate Lowry and smiled, "I'm not efficient, like John's mother," she confessed. "I just don't know when I'll find time to do them. They take forever. But she'll ask me—I'll have to."

"You seem marvelously efficient to me. And you have four children to look after—that makes a difference," Kate Lowry said.

"No. It's just that I don't manage my time right. There's never enough of it," Penny said.

THEY had bread and honey for tea, and then Eyre played the piano till dinnertime, pausing now and then to talk about music in general.

Right after dinner Eyre went off to call on a bereaved family. "I hope you won't be too bored for an evening," he said to Kate Lowry.

"Of course I won't be bored!"

"I left the Powys book on the piano—perhaps you'd like to dip into that!"

She walked into the drawing room and picked up the book, but she felt a sudden distaste for it, and wandered back to the scullery, where Meg was standing on her stool washing the dishes and Penny sat at the table cracking walnuts.

"I could do that," Kate said, "while you get the baby to bed."

So she sat there and cracked walnuts and talked with Meg.

"When you get your book finished, I wish you could let me read it," she said. "Suppose I give you enough for the postage. Would you send it to me? I'd take good care of it and send it right back."

"All right," Meg said. Then she smiled. "I know I'm not old enough—not *truly* old enough to write a real book. I'm just learning how, you see."

"I understand that. I wrote a good many stories before I wrote the *real* one. But I'd like to see it, all the same."

"I haven't told anyone but mother about it."

"I won't tell anyone," Kate Lowry promised gravely. "It's better not to. Keep it very private, very secret. I'm quite safe, because I know how hard it is."

She went to bed early, but she lay awake a long time, thinking of this household. She wished there were something she could do for them, but what? She was just someone passing by. Their lives would of necessity follow their predestined courses. She couldn't take Betty away and put her in an art school—she couldn't even suggest such a thing, because it was beyond any possibility of fulfillment and might only make unhappiness and frustration. She couldn't put a new kitchen in place of the dark old scullery. She couldn't put in a pump that would stop those tedious climbs with pails of water. And why should she even think they might like these changes? She had often heard it said that the British thrived on discomforts and perhaps it was true. Perhaps it had been their salvation during the awful months of the war. Why should she want to soften these sturdy people? She could get some notebooks for Meg, perhaps, some drawing paper for Betty, toys for Alice and Phillip. For Eyre, what? No, there was nothing she could think of to do for John Eyre.

SHE suddenly decided that she would go tomorrow. There was a train right after tea. She would take that if she could get to it without inconveniencing them too much. She simply must not stay here eating their precious food, making work.

Eyre protested when she told them she would have to get back.

"But Downing has to go to Nor-

"People throw crumbs at me!!"
LIBERTY

wich for an hour this morning—I thought we might visit the hospital."

"I could still do that," she said slowly. But when they reached Norwich she begged off from the hospital. Eyre had told her on the way what was being done in the way of hospitalization in England. "Yes, you are ahead of us as far as socialized medicine goes," she admitted. But she didn't go to the hospital. She went shopping. Norwich touched and shocked her, it was so battered. It was not tidied up, like London. She found a notebook at last, however, a red leather book that cost a pound.

"The best is none too good for an author," she said to herself.

At the same shop she got two drawing pads and pencils. Then she found a doll for Alice and a small toy for Phillip. She saw cheese in a shop and bought some of that. She wanted to get a dress for Penny, a blue silk dress, but she could find nothing at all suitable for a bishop's reception. At last she found a white blouse, delicate and good, and she bought that.

She didn't present the gifts. She left them on her bed with a little note. The family bade her good-by warmly.

"I hope I haven't been too much trouble," she said.

"No indeed!" Penny said. "We've loved having you. It's been a great pleasure."

"To me, too. It's meant a great deal to me."

THAT night, after Penny had put Phillip to bed, John Eyre sat down at his desk and began to write.

"Miss Lowry was really an extr'ordinarily ignorant woman," he said at last impatiently. "I said I'd make out a list of books she ought to read, but one hardly knows where to begin. I did give her a taste of Auden and Spender—quite an eye-opener to her, I fancy."

"But she must have known Auden—she was quoting from him at dinner last night, wasn't she?" Penny said, knitting very fast.

"Oh, I imagine that was something I'd read to her. Ridiculous idea, anyway, trying to see England in a few weeks. Just the kind of thing an American would do. I suppose she'll go back and write articles about us without remotely understanding us!"

Penny Eyre looked down at her knitting. Her round face was curiously happy, as if she were enjoying something all alone.

"I think she understands us," she said with a certain stubbornness.

"How could she? She doesn't know our literature, anything about our schools, what we've done in medicine —*anything*. To tell the truth, I was disappointed in her. I thought her a little dull. I don't know why I bother with this list—she'll probably never read any of the books."

Penny said in that same stubborn voice, "I liked her. I liked her very much."

THE END

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A GENTLEMAN OF TASTE

Continued from Page 33

for the sixth step, the one which would put him on the veranda. Perhaps he thought the place was deserted! I ran across the parlor, and flung open the door. There he stood, not two feet in front of me, his walking stick poised to tap the doorframe. Evidently he had tiptoed across the veranda.

"The dining room won't be open until twelve thirty, sir," I blurted.

"How very awkward," he said. "May I come in and wait?"

He stepped across the threshold, I hung his hat on the hat tree and placed his stick in the umbrella stand.

"What a cozy fire!" he said, advancing toward the hearth. "I won't mind waiting here at all. Tell me, lad. Do you have many guests at this season of the year?" I felt my cheeks turn hot.

"Not very many—right now, sir."

"Well, well," he said briskly. "Such a charming place. Life's full of enchantment, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir," I answered.

I BUSIED myself about the parlor, dusting and pretending to put things in order. When a sudden draft of cold air told me that Ernst had made his escape, I put fresh towels in the men's room and went out into the kitchen. Ernst came in a moment later from his cabin. I hardly knew him. Not only had he shaved his three-day growth of beard, but he had put on a clean stiff shirt with a low white collar and a black bow tie, his black tuxedo coat, and he had laced his shoes. He had solved the problem of his shabby trousers by using a snowy white tablecloth as an apron.

"The Continental touch," he smiled. "I have been inspecting the gentleman through the keyhole of the dining-room door. That gentleman in the parlor and myself have much in common; another world. You will see, Billy. We will understand each other perfectly. He is a gourmet, I can see that. He is accustomed to the finest foods prepared by the very best of chefs and served—phttt!—just so!"

I looked up at the almost empty shelves and back at Ernst. For the past week we had been living on stew and fried eggs. Professor Adams had eaten the last of the eggs, but there was still a little stew in a saucepan on the stove. Also some cooked prunes, of which we had a great abundance.

Ernst cast a critical eye at the stew.

"Maybe a ragout. Or, better, Cassolette of Beef Toulouse." He sniffed at it. "Or better we do not try to sell it at all." He looked at the clock.

"We have just twenty minutes now before we throw open the doors of the dining room, Billy. We must hurry. I want you to set up all nine of the tables. Complete service. Remember the napkins and the water glasses. And flowers! Run out now—it's stopped raining again—and cut some lilacs. On the way back, stop at my cabin. Bring me that cardboard box on the shelf, and mind you don't get a drop of water on it."

Ernst had the cloths on the tables when I returned. He seized the box and began sorting out its papers. While I was stuffing flowers into vases and water pitchers I could hear him muttering to himself. He was inspecting several hotel menus, mementos of the places where he had worked.

Finally he selected a stiff peach-colored one. On its cover was a pen sketch of a large hotel with automobiles in front and a park with palm trees. Beneath the sketch were the words: LOS ANGELES-BILTMORE. Ernst glued a colored post card of Sycamore Inn smack over the whole design.

Then he began to read aloud to himself:

"'Blue Points, 70; Littleneck Clams, 70; Cotuits, 70; Cherrystone Clams, 70; Cocktail Sauce 10¢ extra.'

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Flattery: A commodity that makes everybody sick except those who swallow it.
—*Quote.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

H'm, no business there. All we have is the cocktail sauce, if we have that.

"'Fresh Beluga Caviar Biltmore, 2.50; Suprême of Fruits Valencia, 85; Radishes, 30; Stuffed Tomatoes Biltmore, 90; Canapé of Anchovies, 90; Sardines, 85.' That's enough of that. If I can sell him radishes and sardines, that will start off.

"'Consommé Mille Fanto, 50; Cream of String Beans, 45; Chicken Giblet, English Style, 45; Chicken Gumbo Creole, 45; Clear Green Turtle, 60; Jellied Bortsch in Cup, 35'—stay away from the turtle and the bortsch.

"'Aiguillette of Mackerel Bonnefoy, 90; Diamondback Terrapin Maryland, 1.80'—this is very discouraging now. But wait, I have an idea! Billy, get me a paper clip from the cash drawer. Then light the candles and open the doors. It is twelve thirty!"

Five minutes later he was bowing our solitary guest into the dining room and showing him to a table beside a window. With a flourish he placed the menu before him, stepped back two paces, and waited respectfully. The gentleman studied the post card with interest, opened the menu, and straightened up, agreeably surprised.

"This looks just too enchanting!" I heard him say. Ernst hurried into the kitchen, elated.

"I sold them!"

"Sold what?"

He pointed with pride to a slip of paper clipped to the menu.

"Frogs' legs!" He paused and gave me a sly look. "You had better leave your white coat here, Billy. You will want to wear it again when you come back."

BLUE smoke curled lazily from Sycamore Inn's rock chimney, and sitting in the window before his brightly blazing candle was our solitary guest. I ducked lest he should see me as I sloshed down the ridge trail, a prize bullfrog gripped triumphantly in my hat.

Ernst had just placed our *pièce de résistance*, piping hot, on a paper to drain when the flame in the stove quietly expired. We looked at each other in alarm.

"Sauce Meunière!" he hissed. Seizing a small skillet, he trowled a lump of butter on its edge and thrust it at me. "Take it into the fireplace. When it is melted, drop this pinch of parsley in it. Then hold it over the charcoal until it is the color of a hazelnut."

I rushed off, taking a circuitous route to avoid the dining-room door. Twice I brought it back to the kitchen, and twice I returned to burn my fingers over the charcoal. Ernst was covering a plate of honey-colored corn bread with a crisp white napkin when I returned.

"That gas," he muttered. "Such luck that it did not go off sooner." He snatched the skillet from me and peered into it. "*Ja.* You got it right this time. Now put the coffeepot on the coals."

I could sense that his spirits were rising as he poured the sauce into a warm cream pitcher. Then he stepped back quickly and gazed upon his handiwork: the platter of frog's legs garnished with paper-thin paprika-spangled slices of lemon and a border of pale green leaves of lettuce; the oval dish of crisp French fried potatoes; the side order of tiny green peas, and another of four stalks of asparagus, so slender that they must have come up overnight; the plate of corn bread.

"It was better we had some covers for the dishes," he muttered. "But I will nest each dish in my napkin and show it to him before I serve. Just like at the Fairmont. You hear him and me talking about the Fairmont, Billy? We both know those places together—maybe I have served him before, many years ago."

Ernst placed a napkin carefully over his left arm. He swung the big tray into the air, the palm of his right hand under it. "Zupp!" he called and, with a triumphant glance at me, kicked open the swinging door and entered.

I fixed the coffee pot, got the water pitcher, and went into the dining room. Our guest was eating quietly and Ernst was hovering over him like an eagle hovering over its eggs. He flagged me off with his napkin. As I went out I heard the gentleman say, "By George, I haven't tasted anything so delicious since I was on the Riviera!"

Out in the kitchen I discovered that Ernst had already made out the dinner check:

Grapefruit Suprême	.85
Sardines Roney-Plaza	.40
Leaves Suédoise	1.10
Cream of String Bean Soup	.45
Frog's Legs, Sauce Meunière	1.95
Fresh Asparagus Maraschino	.90
Petit Pois du Jardin	.70
French Fried Potatoes	.40
Chicory Salad Mexicaine	.60
Calif. Prunes, Sirop Naturel	.45
Pot of Coffee	.35
	$8.15
Cigars	.50
Total	$8.65

I knew that the grapefruit came from our own tree and eighty-five cents was more than we had got for the whole crop. Empty cans in the sink told me where the Sardines Roney-Plaza and the Cream of String Bean Soup had come from. Leaves Suédoise, 1.10, had been something drenched in oil and must have been very tasty, for our guest had licked his plate clean. A dollar and ninety-five cents for my cold plunge made it seem more than worth it, while the asparagus, peas, and chicory were the season's first from our garden. The cigars, however, must have come from Ernst's own treasured stock.

It was nearly four o'clock when Ernst came out into the kitchen with the last of the empty dishes. Our guest had been sitting at his table for more than three solid hours. Twice in this time I had renewed his candle and had filled his water glass five times. Now Ernst sent me out to put yet another candle in the stick before he should present the bill.

The gentleman beamed at me when I replaced the sputtering candle.

"Thank you, laddie," he said kindly, and pushing back his chair, he reached into his trousers pocket. A misty look came into his eyes as he slowly withdrew his hand.

Ernst came in with the dinner check face down on a bread-and-butter plate. Our guest picked it up at once and glanced through it.

"Well, well," he said pleasantly. "Do you have a pencil?"

I hastened forward with one, unmindful of Ernst's warning signal, and he began to put down some figures on the bill. "Ten per cent of $8.65 is—oh, let's call it an even dollar. $9.65. Mind if I sign the chit for the whole of it?" And with a bold flourish he signed his name across the bottom.

"One moment, if you please, sir," said Ernst in a panic. I caught his eye and got out into the kitchen ahead of him.

"Is that it?" he hissed, shoving the dinner check at me. I read the neat, aristocratic handwriting: W. Babson Humphrey."

"That's it, Ernst! I swear it is! From Detroit. Millionaire."

He gave me a look of mingled hope and despair. Then his eyes went bright in triumph.

At the hat tree Ernst asked the guest if he did not wish to wait by the fire while we telephoned for a car. He finally said no, he should enjoy a walk after that splendid dinner.

"A REAL gentlemen," Ernst said as we finished washing the dishes. "I was not taken by surprise when he signed the check, and the ten per cent I expected. Now that we have him on the books we will get more business from him.

"Not once did he object to the price of anything. Not even to the prunes." We both tried to smile, but made sorry jobs of it.

My heart leaped as I saw the bus come in sight. It careened around the curve, muddy water spraying from its spinning tires, and passed the inn without even slowing down. What had happened to mother? Had she taken the job at the State Hospital? Would I have to go out there and live among those poor unfortunate people?

"So," said Ernst softly. "He is coming now to take the tank."

It was Mr. Tilly, the gas man, and his red truck all right. He came around the curve and swung off into our road. Alex and Honor came along in back of him in the patrol car and kept on going up the highway. Mr. Tilly drove around to the back and I started for the door, followed by Ernst.

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Mr. Tilly got out and opened the other door of the red cab and helped someone out. It was mother. I ran to meet her.

"Thank you very much, Mr. Tilly," she said. "It was so stupid of me to miss the bus. Won't you come in for a nice hot cup of coffee before you take down the tank?"

"Don't mind if I do," he said.

"Why, Ernst!" mother exclaimed. "How nice you look—all dressed up!"

We exchanged furtive glances as she went to the sink and picked up the coffeepot, then took the can of coffee from the shelf.

"Mother," I croaked. "Mother—no gas."

"But we can make it on the coals," said Ernst anxiously.

I saw my mother's shoulders droop for an instant and then she rallied and said with a faint smile:

"I thought perhaps there might be a little gas left. But that's a good idea. Let's all go by the fire in the parlor."

"I'll start unhooking that tank," said Mr. Tilly.

When mother returned to the parlor after taking off her hat and coat, Ernst and I were sitting in front of the fireplace, glumly watching the coffeepot.

"I waited for hours at the State Hospital and then didn't get a chance to see the party I was looking for, there was so much excitement out there," she said at last. "Why are you two so dressed up?"

"We had a guest," I said. "He just came in for lunch. Ernst cooked it. It was a wonderful meal. He said so himself."

"We charged him eight sixty-five," said Ernst timidly. "But then he charged, too."

I WENT to the cash drawer and got the dinner check and showed it to her. She studied it, perplexed.

"What on earth! Leaves Suédoise, a dollar ten. Frog's Legs, Sauce Meunière, a dollar ninety-five—"

"The leaves were spinach," said Ernst sadly.

"And I caught the frog up at the pond. We had a hard time making it come out eight sixty-five. Ernst had to use two of his own cigars—"

"But why eight sixty-five?"

"That's what you said a new tank of gas costs, wasn't it, mother?"

She looked at me and Ernst and then at the bill again.

"Who is W. Babson Humphrey?"

"The new owner of the Crampton Ranch! Don't you remember this morning when Alex and Honor were telling us—"

Mr. Tilly came in and stood in front of the fire.

"Isn't the new owner of the Crampton Ranch named Dixon, Mr. Tilly?" asked mother.

"Dixon, L. W. That's right, Mrs. Armstrong."

The grandfather clock ticked loudly and the coffeepot began to bubble and shake. Finally my mother spoke.

"Mr. Tilly," she said, "do you have another tank of gas on your truck?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, I've changed my mind about something. We'll take it and I'll pay you for it right now."

Then I remembered the ten-dollar bill that mother had hidden away. Her emergency money that—until today—we hadn't had to use.

A familiar horn sounded outside. Mother jumped and went to the window. "It's Alex and Honor!" She flung open the door. Honor was standing on the steps. "You're just in time for coffee, boys!"

"Thanks, Missus Armstrong. But—you see—we found him—up the road a piece—and he probably hasn't had a bite to eat since breakfast, and it's such a long ride over the grade to Camarillo that we was jest sort of wonderin'—he's harmless, you understand—"

"Why, of course! Bring him right in! We'll all have coffee together, the poor man. He must be just starving—"

HAD W. Babson Humphrey been gone half a year, instead of half an hour, his greeting could not have been more cordial.

While Honor used the telephone, Ernst brewed more coffee and even found some cupcakes which mother had brought home. Honor smacked his lips over them.

"Sure taste good," he said. "I guess you'ns will be feedin' us out in the kitchen when that movie company comes up here next week, Missus Armstrong. They'll probably take over the whole shebang. Allus do."

Our guest held the center of the stage, the soul of wit and merriment. When at last Honor took out his watch and said it was time to go, W. Babson Humphrey exclaimed: "I do insist upon standing treat for the whole party!"

Ernst disappeared into the kitchen, to return in a few moments with the bill.

We have it yet, pinned to the other one, in a corner of the cash drawer at Sycamore Inn. It reads:

It is signed in pencil. "W. Babson Humphrey."

To Tea	March 15, 1934
Petit Fours Glacé for 7 @ .60	$4.20
Five Pots of Coffee @ .35	1.75
	5.95
10% Gratuity	.60
Total	$6.55

He borrowed the pencil from State Highway Patrolman Alex Cobb to sign the chit. And then he walked to the door and bowed to us all, reserving a special salute for Ernst.

"Permit me," he said. And pulling the other cigar from his coat pocket he graciously presented it to Ernst.

Ernst stood rigid, his hand upon the knob of the door, until Alex had started the engine of the black-and-white sedan. Then he gently closed us in from the night and the rain.

THE END

MY HOUSE IS YOUR HOUSE

Continued from Page 31

"I'm a textile designer. Come here and I'll show you."

He followed her to the other end of the room, and she said, "I started out as a portrait painter, but I'm doing something new for me. I study a person and make a design to fit that person. Then it's woven into a dress length by a firm in the city, and the woman has a completely original dress."

"That's pretty interesting," he said.

She pointed to a gray background covered with posturing pink elephants and bubbles. "Look at this one," she said. "It's for a wealthy woman who lives down the peninsula. Champagne is her weakness. Here's another—this speaks for itself." It was a charming design in rose, green, and black of a nymph chasing a satyr through the trees.

He grinned. "It's funny people don't get annoyed."

"Most people have to have their egos fed," she said. "Flaunting their sins is one way to do it."

"Say, maybe I could get you to make a design for Paula."

"Paula?"

"My fiancée. She works for Amalgamated too, and she's being transferred out here in two weeks. I think it was the house that finally made her say yes."

"You don't say!" said Miss Stewart. "What some people will do for a roof over their heads!"

"Could you do a design for her in the next two weeks?"

"I certainly can't do it until I meet her."

"Well—she's beautiful and sort of exotic-looking—and terribly efficient—she can do anything she puts her mind to and—"

"Bring her out as soon as she arrives and I'll go to work on her."

Bill nodded, said, "Say, I've got a dinner engagement with some of the company officials. But isn't there any way I can persuade you to let me have the house, seeing that I'm going to be married soon and—"

"Maybe I'll get married myself," said Miss Stewart dreamily.

The grandfather clock in the hall chimed six. "If you dash down the hill," she said, "you can catch the next car. But do drop in any time. 'My house is your house,' as the Spanish say."

Bill headed for the door and, as he flung it open, barked over his shoulder, "There's nothing so unreasonable as a woman."

"Unless it's a man," said Miss Stewart sweetly behind him.

AT ten o'clock that same night Ann Stewart was reading in front of the fire when the telephone rang.

Central said, "Long distance—here is your party."

(*Continued on page 62*)

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BOOKLET devoted to your fashion problems. Sent FREE on request.

(*Continued from page 60*)

Then a voice said, "I'd like to speak to Bill Adams."

Ann didn't like the voice at all. It was too affected, too arrogant, too efficient. "Who's calling?" she asked.

"Paula Connors. Will you *please* put Mr. Adams on right away? This is costing me money."

"Bill isn't in now."

"Isn't this his house?"

"Yes, only—"

"But he said he'd be there. If it's his house, who are you and what are you doing there?"

"I'm a friend and I'm spending the night here. It gets cold on a park bench, even in San Francisco."

"Where *is* Bill now?" The voice was getting slightly two-edged.

"He's gone out to dinner, but I'll tell him you called as soon as he comes back."

"You mean *he's* coming back there to spend the night too?"

Ann laughed merrily. "You never know *where* Bill'll decide to spend the night, do you? Well, so long, Paula. Nice to have talked to you." And she hung up and walked back to the fire and threw herself down in front of it on the lovely old Bokhara. So! she thought. Marrying him just for a house!

She looked around the long room filled with the treasures Bill Adams' Aunt Kate had collected on her junketings around the world. Ann knew how it must have been. After every trip she would settle down cozily in her hillside house with her latest acquisitions. Months would pass, and then one clear day when she looked out the big window the sea would be blue and sparkling out beyond the Golden Gate, and suddenly she would be reminded of a temple she had visited in China, or the sacred white bulls she had once seen in India. And she would lock up her house, hurry down to the Embarcadero, and sail off again. And now some efficient female named Paula would come in and sweep out all her lovely old things and replace them with chromium and plastics.

"The heck she will!" Ann said.

AT the end of five days Bill Adams was unceremoniously put out of his hotel room, as was the custom in crowded San Francisco. Then, filled with ulterior motives, he went to see Ann Stewart with a florist's long box tucked under his arm. He planned to arrive at teatime again and try to persuade her to give up the house right away. But he got caught in the rush hour, clinging to the outside of a cable car just as the famous fog turned to a driving rain, and it was nearly six when he arrived, sodden and dispirited.

Ann came to the door in jade-green Chinese pajamas. Her brown eyes widened. She said, "Why, Mr. Adams, come right in! For a minute I thought you were Jack the Dripper." She took his sodden hat, led him into the living room where a driftwood fire crackled in the fireplace, and said, "You'd better get those wet shoes off, and I'll see if I can't get you something dry to put on."

He heard her running upstairs. He sat back in a big chair with his damp stocking feet close to the fire. It was warm and cozy here and the drumming of the rain on the windows almost lulled him to sleep. He'd been too long without a home and he'd be glad when he and Paula were settled down here in Aunt Kate's house. . . .

A voice beside him said, "Wake up, sleepyhead. I've brought you a ceremonial robe to put on."

Ann held out a long blue richly embroidered mandarin robe, and dropped some black Chinese scuffs on the floor beside him.

"Here," she said, "you'd better get that damp suit off and put this on."

Bill got up and took the robe, looking a little foolish as he did so.

"Don't be silly," she said. "It's yours. There are chests of wonderful things like it up in the attic. Don't worry. Your lawyer has everything inventoried, but I couldn't help looking at the things one day. I was just about to eat supper when you came. You're in luck—it's pretty good potluck tonight."

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The Friendship Vitamin? But of course it's B[1].—*Good Business.*

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

She ran out to the kitchen, and Bill took off his sodden suit and, still feeling pretty foolish, put on the mandarin robe and scuffs.

A few minutes later Ann called, "Ready or not, here comes supper."

He said, "It's funny how I always arrive just in time to eat."

She pulled chairs up to the table. "Psychic, I'd call it."

"Oh, say, I forgot something!" he exclaimed and picked up the long damp box and handed it to her.

She took out a sheaf of tall purple Spanish Iris and dewy yellow roses. "How lovely!" she cried. "I have just the vase in the hall." She ran out and came back a minute later with the vase and a handful of envelopes, which she gave him.

"Am *I* embarrassed!" she said. "I forgot all about these."

He took the five air-mail envelopes and the telegram. And she said, while she arranged the flowers, "You didn't tell me where you were staying, so I couldn't forward them. And last Monday night Paula Connors phoned. She seemed to think you'd be staying here."

"We were both dumb enough to think I could have the house right away," he said. He ripped open the telegram. "She wants me to write. I guess she hasn't gotten my letters yet." He put the mail on a chair and sat down. "I can read them later. The smell of this food is driving me mad."

There was a salad bowl, veal scallopini, crisp paper-thin corn dodgers, strong hot coffee, and a cake rich with ground almonds and raspberry jam. "Gosh," Bill said, looking at his empty plate, "where'd you ever learn to cook like this?"

"Oh, I just picked it up, I guess," Ann said.

The long silver spears of the rain crashed against the windows now, but inside the warm room, fragrant with wood smoke and yellow roses and delectable food, the fire purred on the hearth. Bill thought, If marriage is going to be like this, why have I waited all this time? He hoped Paula could cook as well as Ann could, and then he realized that he didn't even know whether she could cook at all. They'd only known each other a couple of months, and they'd never talked about such things as cooking.

SUPPER was finished with much laughter and talk. Bill was so warm and well fed that he completely forgot he'd come to try and wangle the house away from Ann at once. By ten o'clock they were sitting on the hearthrug toasting marshmallows over the coals on long forks when the doorbell rang.

Ann jumped up and said, as she went out to the hall, "I wonder who *that* could be?"

She switched on the hall light and opened the door, and there on the rain-swept porch stood a dark-haired girl surrounded with smart luggage. Her glance swept coldly over Ann.

"Is Mr. Adams in?" she asked.

Ann gulped, said, "Why—uh—yes."

The girl, who was definitely the most beautiful girl Ann had ever seen, swept into the living room.

Ann, following behind, heard her sharp little intake of breath as she saw Bill in the blue mandarin robe sitting on the hearthrug.

"Well, very cozy, Bill," she said in a voice like dry ice.

Bill scrambled to his feet.

"Paula!" he exclaimed, going to her and kissing her. "What in the *world* are you doing here? I thought you weren't coming for two weeks! I would have met you—I—"

"When you didn't answer my telegram or letters, or phone me, I thought something was terribly wrong, so I flew out."

"But I only got the mail tonight," he said. "I—"

Ann switched on a light.

"But I see I needn't have worried," Paula said. "I see you've even got yourself a native girl. Cosmopolitan San Francisco really lives up to its name, doesn't it?"

Ann said, "Why, you—!"

Bill said, "But I—"

Paula interrupted, "Bill, my bags are on the porch. Will you get them, please?"

"All right, but you know you can't stay here, Paula."

She was still letting that one sink in when Bill came back with her bags and dumped them in the hall.

If he hadn't been so bowled over by Paula's unexpected appearance, Bill would have seen at once how it

was with Paula and Ann. From the first moment their glances had met it was pistols for two and never mind waiting till dawn.

Ann saw Paula's black eyes dart around the room, missing nothing. They flicked over Bill's suit on the back of a chair. Flicked over the sheaf of flowers and the florist's box.

They came to rest on her own unopened letters lying carelessly on a chair.

She turned to Bill as he came back in the room and said pointedly, "There're a few things I'd like to talk over with you, Bill—alone."

Bill said, "Oh, say, I'm forgetting my manners. This is Ann Stewart—Paula Connors."

"We had quite a chat over the phone the other night," Ann said.

PAULA was having a hard time controlling herself. Her head with the long black hair and black bangs seemed to sway slightly, and Ann suddenly had the impression of a cobra getting ready to strike.

Paula said, "Would it be asking too much for you to leave now, Miss Stewart? Bill and I have things to discuss."

Bill said suddenly, "Hey, wait a minute, Paula, and we'll go downtown and see if we can find you a hotel room."

He went to the phone and called for a taxi.

"Find me a—!" Paula looked almost wildly around the room. "I'm not going to budge from here!" she said, and sat down suddenly.

"Look, Paula," Bill said. "I explained everything to you in my first letter—but I guess you didn't get it. Miss Stewart's renting this house. It's the law out here that you can't evict a tenant for six months."

"Bill Adams!" Paula said furiously. "You deliberately lured me out here under false pretenses!"

"Why, Paula," he said mildly, "I did nothing of the kind. I wrote you it might be better if you waited till I found something temporary for us."

He grabbed up his suit and his shoes and went out in the hall. He came back a minute later in his own clothes and laid the mandarin robe on a chair.

"Thanks for saving me from pneumonia," he said to Ann.

The taxi arrived and he said, "Come on, Paula, let's go."

Paula swept out into the hall with her beautiful head high, and Bill followed and picked up her bags.

As Paula went out on the porch, Ann said quietly to him, "I may get that design done sooner than I thought—I was able to study Miss Connors quite a bit tonight."

"Fine," he said. "I'll call you tomorrow. Thanks for the swell dinner."

Ann watched them drive away in the rain, then she went inside, locked the door, and ran to her drawing board. Five minutes later she was making long angry pencil strokes on

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From all parts of the country these letters arrive at B&O headquarters, bringing commendation from the many people who have especially enjoyed B&O service.

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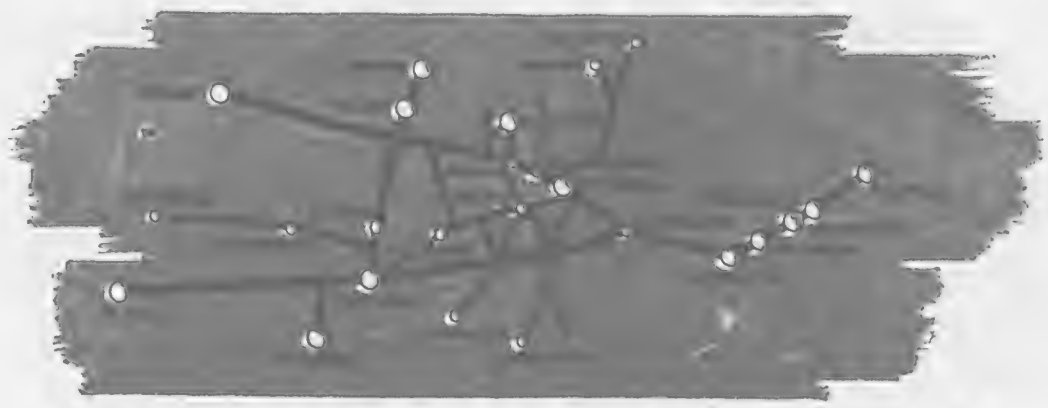

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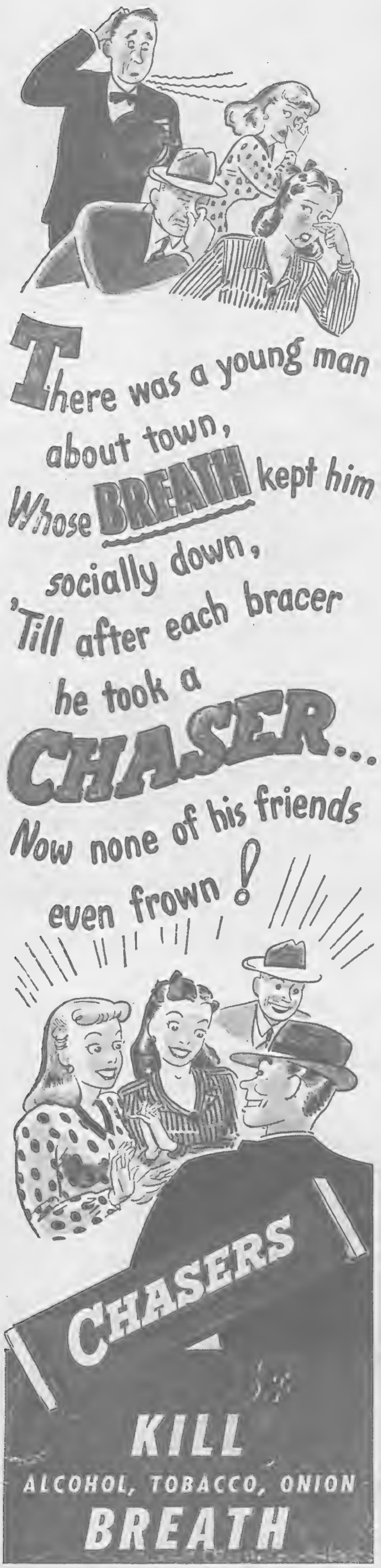


her drawing paper, and she didn't stop until a red dawn spread across the sky.

THREE nights later Bill and Paula came to see the finished design. Paula was beautiful in a dove-gray suit, and she was being very charming to Ann.

Ann said, "Please sit down over here—you'll get a better idea of the design that way."

While Ann was getting it out, Paula said, "Well, I'm really excited to see what you've done for me. It's rather like the unveiling of one's portrait."

"Yet, isn't it?" said Ann. And to herself: You aren't kidding, sister. She arranged the design on an easel, then switched on a light above it.

For a minute there was silence as the two gazed at the jungle scene in varying shades of green with flecks of scarlet and gold repeated in the plumage of birds.

"Why—why, it's really lovely!" Paula said, surprised. "But I don't quite see how it represents me."

"Well, *I* do," Bill said. "It's beautiful and exotic and sort of jungly—just like you. That's pretty nice, Ann."

Ann's brown eyes danced as Paula got up from her chair, looking very pleased, and with panther grace moved over to the easel. With one hand on her hip, she bent and studied the design for a moment.

Suddenly she reared back and turned around with a strangled sound. "There's a snake down there in the grass!" she said, outraged.

Bill got up and went over to the easel. "Sure enough there is," he said, bending to look at the hooded greenish-brown snake with tiny yellow markings on its back. The snake was repeated dozens of times in the design.

Paula whirled to Ann, who was standing, quietly watching. "So you think I'm a snake in the grass!" she said.

"Why, what could have put that idea in your head?" Ann said.

"I won't have it!" Paula snapped. "It—it's revolting!"

"You might as well take it," Ann said. "Bill's already paid for it. And the silk mills will have it made up for you in two weeks."

"Besides," Bill added, "it's really beautiful. Ann usually makes these designs for rich socialites."

"Well, if you've already paid for it," Paula said. "In that case I'll have it made up and wear it." She began looking around the room. Suddenly she turned and said, "Miss Stewart, I know I haven't any right to ask it when the place is yours for six months longer, but *would* it be possible for me to see the rest of the house?"

Bill, a little troubled, looked from one to the other of them, half expecting an outburst of some kind.

He looked terribly relieved when Ann said, "Why, of course."

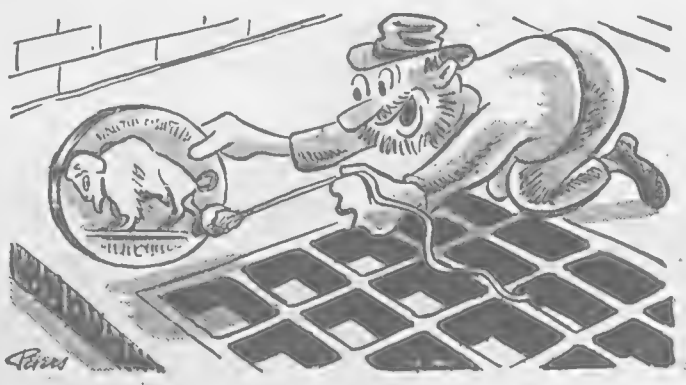
He took Paula's arm, and as Ann showed them over the house, he kept pointing out things he liked.

When they came to the gay yellow kitchen with its gorgeous view from the window over the sink, Ann said, "This is one of the nicest rooms in the house. The view makes even dishwashing a pleasure."

"It wouldn't to me," Paula said. "I don't cook, and I think kitchens are sordid. We'll be eating most of our meals out."

"Why, Paula," Bill said, "I thought—"

"Never mind, dear, I've got a wonderful idea about the house." She said very gaily to Ann, "Thank you *so* much, Miss Stewart. You've been awfully kind, and Bill and I appreciate it. Come on, Bill. Good-by, Miss Stewart, and thank you again."



COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

BUFF-HELLO: Hi! Bison!

BANANAVERSARY: Chiquita's birthday.

TESTYMONY: By a petulant witness.

AMOURTIZATION: Gradual extinction of a love affair before maturity.

RAGALIA: Tattered finery.

SCABDRIVER: Strikebreaker in a taxi.

GONE-TLET: Lost glove.

TWRIST: A twist of the wrist.

ILL-USTRATOR: Chicago artist.

MURKURY: Greek god in a fog.

THEY left, and Ann had the feeling that something had been put over on her, but she didn't know what it was.

She found out, though, the next afternoon, when Bill Adams phoned and asked if he could come out and see her for a few minutes.

Ann's hand shook a little as she replaced the receiver. It made her furious that just the sound of Bill Adams' voice, being very business-like too, could make her feel like this. She decided she had time to put on the new dress she'd been saving for something big, and dashed to her bedroom. But standing in front of the mirror, it seemed as if Paula Connors' beautiful taunting face was looking over her shoulder as she thought, What's the use? I could wear cloth-of-gold and he'd never notice me! So she kept on her well-worn sweater and skirt, put on a dash of lipstick, brushed her hair, and went back to the living-room fire to wait.

She heard the taxi and opened the door as Bill came up the steps.

As he followed her into the living roon. he seemed embarrassed.

They sat down and Ann said, "Now what *is* this big business that's making you look so glum?"

"I—hardly know how to begin," he said, "but—well, Paula's given me an ultimatum."

She would, thought Ann. Aloud she said, "But how does that affect me?"

He blurted out suddenly, like a small boy, "She says unless I get you to give up the house within a week, she won't marry me."

Ann felt her face grow hot. "Oh, *she* does?" she said. She got up and began to pace around the room. "Throwing it in *my* face!" she said. "Making *me* responsible for everything! Well, you can just tell her I won't get out for six months! And if you let a woman push you around the way she's doing, you're not the man I thought you were!"

Bill got up, his face a little white. "I didn't think you'd do it," he said, "and I don't blame you at all. It was crude of me to ask you again. Well, I won't bother you any more. You can notify the lawyer when you're leaving."

Ann looked at him standing there in front of her fire, with his hat crumpled in his hand. She would have given anything to make him stay. She would have given anything to keep him from marrying Paula Connors. But she was being just as malicious, just as—*snakish* as Paula. She watched as he walked slowly out to the hall.

"Bill," she said, running after him, "wait. I certainly won't find any happiness staying here now. Look. I'll get out next week. You can tell her that."

He turned around and gazed down at her as if he couldn't believe his ears.

"Why, Ann!" he said. "Why, you—that's wonderful of you!"

"It is for a fact," Ann said.

There was the sound of a car stopping outside, and Bill said, "That's probably Paula now. She said she'd meet me here to learn the verdict." He hesitated. Then he said, "I'll go out and tell her now." He gripped her arm hard, said, "You've been swell, Ann."

He ran down the steps, and at the bottom turned around, looked up at her and waved.

Ann saw Paula Connors and a strange man get out of a taxi and hurry across the sidewalk to Bill. And then she shut the door and went into the living room.

She heard the sound of voices very faintly from outside. A few minutes later she heard the taxi go grinding down the hill. She dabbed at her eyes with a wet ball of a handkerchief and went outside to get the evening paper, to see if by any miracle there was an apartment or a room for rent.

MURKY purple dusk had settled over the city as she went down the front steps—the lonely hour when people hurry home to warm lighted houses and other people.

Tears blurred her eyes again, and as she started to stoop and fumble blindly for the paper she bumped into a figure standing at the foot of the steps.

Bill Adams' voice said, "Whoa there," and he put his hands on her shoulders to steady her.

"Bill! I thought I heard you leave."

"No, that was Paula. And the architect."

"The *architect?*"

"She'd brought him to see about making the house over into modern apartments. She'd decided it would be a gold mine in this crowded city. But anyway, when I told her, she was furious. She took her architect and went back to the city. She broke our engagement."

"You told her I'd give up the house in a week, and she did *that?*"

"Oh, I didn't tell her that," Bill said. "When I looked back and saw you standing in the doorway—well, I realized that the house wouldn't mean a thing to me without you in it. Remember you said, 'your house is my house' the first day we met? So I told Paula you wouldn't give the place up for six months."

Ann's only answer was a gasp.

"You won't *mind* my moving in with you, will you?" Bill asked as they went up the steps together.

"Why—why—I—"

"Oh, of course we'll get married first."

"Oh!" Ann said in a small voice.

Bill shut the door behind them and bent and kissed her. Golden firelight washed over them. It was the twilight hour, when people hurry home to warm lighted houses and other people.

Ann lifted her face and looked up at Bill and said, "What some people will do for a roof over their heads!"

THE END

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VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

THE other day this Department chatted at length with a young man whose name will be cropping up again and again in veterans' movements and organizations. His name is a famous one, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Jr., and he is, of course, the son and striking image of the late President.

Young Roosevelt is concerned at the moment with the number one problem of homecoming veterans—where to find a home. As Chairman of Housing of the American Veterans' Committee, he has been parking outside—and getting into—the offices of President Truman, Wilson Wyatt, his Expediter of Housing, and National Housing Administrator John Blandford, in an effort to impress on them the desperate situation the veteran is up against.

It wasn't easy for Roosevelt to get in to see the big guns of the housing picture, despite his name. It was a tough fight even to see Fiorello H. LaGuardia, then Mayor of New York, and to contact the Empire State's politically ambitious Governor Thomas Dewey. But F. D. R., Jr., persisted and got in to speak his piece.

When the only living quarters a veteran and his family can find is emergency accommodation in a railroad terminal and then under the roof of a jail, as was the case recently in Newark, Mr. Roosevelt thinks it is high time something was done.

The point he makes is that housing is not something which calls for mere temporary emergency measures. It calls for *immediate* long-term planning on the part of federal, state, and local agencies.

"The need for homes," he says, flashing the famous Roosevelt grin, "is not only for the present emergency, but will grow and continue to grow for years. Veterans are willing, if necessary, to settle for a temporary set-up. But they want reassurance that a foundation is being established right now for permanent housing."

Mr. Roosevelt is himself, of course, a veteran in excellent standing, having commanded a destroyer in the Mediterranean and later the Pacific. Now a lawyer, he is spending the greater part of his time promoting the interests of veterans.

Has he any political aspirations? Is he on the same road his father took when he started local politics years ago?

"First," smiles Mr. Roosevelt, "I have to learn a little bit more about law. Then we'll see."

* * *

Fifty New York City Vets. Darned if I know why the Flushing Meadows area isn't being considered as a temporary housing site for veterans—or why Van Cortlandt Park isn't, for that matter. The Canarsie (Brooklyn) and Fox Hills (Staten Island) areas certainly aren't half as central. (Have you ever been to Canarsie? Oh, brother!) I agree with you that if Flushing Meadows and

Why not?

Van Cortlandt Park were good enough sites for UNO headquarters consideration, they are unquestionably good enough for us vets. *But* our opinion in the matter hasn't been solicited. Why don't you fellows get your vets' organization behind you and find the answer to this one?

NOTE: The spots I've mentioned are in New York City—but this prompting goes for all of you vets who *need homes now.* Don't wonder why this or that is being done—get on the ball and find out! Search your community for what you think might be a likely spot and report it to your vets' outfit. They'll find out in short order whether or not it's feasible for a vets' community. The main thing is to show an *active* interest and let your congressmen know you're awake, instead of just griping to the four winds.

VETERANS: The Bulletin Board is *your* department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

FLASH AT THE PAN

Continued from Page 22

Cuccinello had been around a long time, mostly in the National League. As far back as 1932, Cincinnati had traded him to Brooklyn on the well-founded suspicion that he was slowing up so alarmingly that he had trouble stretching a double into a single. Tony played so seldom after midseason last year that he had to get off the bench on the final Saturday to put into the records the four hundredth time at bat he needed to make his impending championship official. Tony is a splendid fellow and everyone was willing to make concessions for the wartime drain on playing talent, but accepting a gaffer discarded by the National League as their batting leader was a bit too thick for American League partisans.

Stirnweiss was coming fast down the stretch, but he started so far back that his chances of overhauling Cuccinello to save the honor of the league—and to earn a nice salary boost for himself—appeared hopeless. On the next to last day the Yankee kid collected three hits in five attempts, pulling up within two points of Cuccinello. Mathematical wizards in press boxes shook their heads lugubriously.

EVERY literate American knew the score on Sunday morning, the last day. Stirnweiss needed another three-for-five game in the wind-up against Boston to nip Cuccinello. That was necessary in the likely event that Tony did not play in a double-header with Cleveland, in line with Jimmy Dykes' strategy of trying to wet-nurse his man into the title. The elements conspired to save Cuccinello and Dykes the possible trouble of outsmarting themselves. Rain washed out the double-header. The day was clear in New York. It was up to Stirnweiss.

He did it, the hard way. Going into the ninth he had two hits in four times at bat. It was not a spot for hesitation or second-guessing; he had to grab a bat with a base-knock in it. Stirnweiss promptly belted a clean hit to left. That broke it off. When the boys finished computing, they agreed Stirnweiss, with .3088, had shaded Cuccinello's .3076.

It wasn't a performance up to the DiMaggio or Williams standard. It was, in fact, the second lowest winning average in the history of the league, just three points better than the .306 Cleveland's Elmer Flick posted in 1905. Nobody ever claimed, though, that Stirnweiss was a powerhouse hitter, least of all Stirnweiss himself.

"This is a cockeyed business," he says with a wry grin. "I fall off ten points from my 1944 average, when I wasn't even close to the title, and win the thing. Me the batting champion, and I'm still trying to learn how to hit big-league pitching! Say, when all those real good hitters get out of the service, they'll think I'm funnier than Abbott and Costello."

The only pretensions ever made for Stirnweiss were that he was a good competitor, a competent second baseman, and able to run like a frightened fawn. He proved he was all of that last year when, for the second successive season, he led the league in hits, triples, and stolen bases.

Most experts agree that if it were not the foolish hidebound custom to give the Most Valuable Player award to a member of the pennant-winning team, Stirnweiss would have walked off with that, too. Apparently that's the way the New York Chapter of the Baseball Writers' Association felt about it, for it recently voted him the Player of the Year for 1945.

STIRNWEISS' explosive speed was emphasized during the war by the over-age heavy cruisers cluttering up the ball parks. But it was not an optical illusion. The fellow can run—faster, perhaps, than anyone in the trade, with the possible exception of George Washington Case, the Senators' champion base burglar for five straight years until he ate Stirnweiss' dust. It is strictly an academic question, but some veteran observers say Case, recently traded to Cleveland, is the fastest man baseball ever has seen, certainly the fastest in the last fifteen years. The Yankees concede that Case may get down to first base a shade faster than Stirnweiss, but they insist he will not beat their swiftie circling the bases.

Four years ago Stirnweiss, in an official trial at Jersey City, tore around the bases in 13.6 seconds. The accepted record is 13.4 seconds, established a quarter of a century ago by Maurice Archdeacon from a running start. Stirnweiss was clocked from a standing start, which probably took more than two tenths of a second off his elapsed time.

Speed is a strong recommendation for the major leagues, but the basic requisite cannot be measured in time or distance. It is competitive spirit, the ability to play best when the pressure is most severe. That's where Galloping George comes in at the head of the class. Stirnweiss, in action, appearance, and attitude, has been compared with Frank Frisch, a money player without too many peers in baseball, and there is no danger of a fractured imagination in extending the analogy.

Like Frisch, Stirnweiss is a New York City boy, was graduated from Fordham Prep, attended the university and achieved early prominence in football. Both are short, chunky, slightly bowlegged, and the rookie's head-first slide is a carbon copy of the Old Flash's daredevil stunt. All these coincidences merely high-light the most significant feature of the parallel—their aptitude for rising to the occasion with an extra-special effort.

As they say in the dugouts, Stirn-

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weiss is good in the clutch. It is a habit he has been cultivating for fifteen years, and he needed it when he went up to the big leagues in 1943, confronted by the toughest psychological problem ever to stare a rookie in the face.

A shortstop or second baseman by trade, our hero found both positions occupied by the acknowledged masters of the craft who still were in their twenties. The Yankees only had Joe Gordon on second and Phil Rizzuto at short. In that first season Stirnweiss was used chiefly as a pinch runner or a stand-in for the regulars. Sitting on the bench rusted his fielding; he hit only .219, and the Yankees' long-ball hitters made his speed—he had stolen seventy-three bases at Newark the previous season—as unnecessary as another neck. Even his speed, his chief asset, began to suffer. Despite his trick stomach, Stirnweiss' bizarre appetite and fondness for miniature ball bats of cigars wage a winning fight against his will power. Inactivity was creating a pretty serious put-and-take situation for the kid. It was putting weight on him and taking away the razor edge of his speed.

When the draft riddled the Yankees after the 1943 World Series, George Stirnweiss suddenly emerged as the mainstay of the champions' infield. He was getting his big chance on a silver platter, but he tried to trade it in for a tin mess kit. He applied for admission to the Navy Preflight School at North Carolina, his alma mater.

"I knew everybody in Chapel Hill," he says, "and I thought it would be easy to pull some wires. But the doctors threw me out as soon as they discovered those ulcers."

THE 1944 season demonstrated that George needed only a finger hold on opportunity to choke it to death. His hitting improved a cool 100 points. He played second base as though he'd written the authoritative textbook on the subject. With all the long-distance sluggers gone, Joe McCarthy had to resort to guile and master-minding to get runs, and he gave the green light for Stirnweiss to run. George responded by swiping fifty-five bases with firebrand base running that was reminiscent of Ty Cobb.

During his three years of football at North Carolina, from 1937 through 1939, the team won twenty-one games, lost four and tied three playing in an extremely tough league. Stirnweiss handled the passing, kicking, accounted for most of the spectacular running, and called the signals. He never had a bad day and he invariably came through with a brilliant exhibition in the games against Fordham and N. Y. U. He had a personal incentive for putting out against them.

After graduating from prep school in February, 1936, George entered Fordham, but quit after four weeks. That fact, coupled with his impersonations of a riot squad in New York while playing for the Tarheels, led to a good deal of misinformation, most of it unfavorable to Fordham. It was believed that Stirnweiss was waging a vendetta against his quondam college because (1) he had been refused a scholarship by the authorities, who thought he was too light for big-time football; (2) Jim Crowley, the coach, had given him a brush-off because he was not a hand-picked prospect.

"It doesn't make any difference now, but I'd like to get a few things straight," Stirnweiss says. "First of all, I did have a scholarship at Fordham. Crowley didn't snub me. I wasn't there long enough to meet him. I would've liked Fordham fine if I hadn't gotten an offer to go to North Carolina. You know how it is with kids: the idea of going away to college appeals to them. When I played against Fordham and N. Y. U., I naturally wanted to look good, because those were the only times my folks and friends saw me."

DURING the six months he was out of school George worked as a runner in the Wall Street brokerage firm of William Carmichael, a North Carolina alumnus who made the necessary diplomatic arrangements when the boy matriculated at Chapel Hill in September, 1936. It was the most fortuitous piece of free-lance scouting ever done on behalf of the university. Stirnweiss was the first athlete to captain two major sports—baseball and football—in the same year, and he brought the Tarheels national recognition.

All that was right up George's alley. Born on October 26, 1918, he was a boy wonder who made every baseball, football, and basketball team for which he was a candidate. He won tennis and handball championships at Fordham Prep without any preparation or prior knowledge of either game. Although baseball prevented him from competing in track, he had spectacular possibilities as a sprinter. In 1938 he entered the intramural track meet at North Carolina, just for a gag, and won the 60- and 100-yard dashes and finished second in the low hurdles. In football at Fordham Prep he was captain and all-scholastic back as a senior.

Competing against boys of his own age was a push-over for George, who at sixteen was doing extra-curricular study in baseball with the Bronx Giants, a ranking "heavy" semi-pro team composed of former college and minor-league players. He did a man's job at second base for three dollars a game.

The four weeks at Fordham barred Stirnweiss from freshman sports at North Carolina, and when he was eligible for the varsity, circumstances combined to gang up on him. The coaches had no gauge of his ability to deliver in competition, he was a Yankee at a Southern school, and, to complicate matters, he was a 160-pound candidate for quarterback. That position belonged to Crowell Little, the captain of the team and a native of Asheville, North Carolina. By midseason Little was forced to move over and alternate with the newcomer.

Basketball to Stirnweiss was just another diversion between football and baseball, but he made the varsity at North Carolina as a forward on sheer natural skill. After playing ten games, however, he had to report for winter football practice. He never went back to basketball or, for that matter, to off-season football after his sophomore year in North Carolina. By that time he was signed and wrapped up for future delivery to the Yankees.

OF his football career, he recalls the most enjoyable game he ever played was the East-West affair at San Francisco on New Year's Day, 1940. Not because he scored the East's only touchdown on a thirty-yard run, but because he satisfied a whim to try a wacky experiment. George's nickname at college was "Snuffy," bestowed upon him because he neglected to use snuff between interminable tobacco chewing and cigar smoking.

"I always wanted to chew during a football game just to see what would happen," he says. "Ray Wolf, our coach, would throw a fit when he saw me chewing in practice, but I was on my own in the East-West game and I loaded up just before I went in. Just as I thought, nothing happened. I was belted hard a couple of times, but I didn't swallow the cud."

The National Professional Football League placed George Stirnweiss No. 11 on the 1940 draft list, and the Chicago Cardinals were so eager to get him that he was offered a contract calling for $4,000 the first year. George's father, a New York City policeman, had died a month earlier of cancer of the stomach, and George, the sole support of his mother and younger brother, had splendid use for $4,000. But the Yankees, who had followed his football goings-on with misgivings and crossed fingers, persuaded him to concentrate on the richer rewards of baseball. His last association with football was as coach of the Norfolk team in the Dixie pro league in 1942, when his club won the championship. He will resume his contact with the game next fall, having been signed as assistant football and baseball coach at North Carolina during the off season.

Stirnweiss' debut as a Yankee farm hand was marked by rapid progress. He broke in as shortstop for Norfolk, of the Piedmont League, in 1940. Promoted to Newark in 1941, he completed his higher education for the Yankees, recommended as a can't-miss prospect—with one reservation: if he could hit major-league pitching. His batting averages in the International League were

only .264 and .270. It was no trade secret that Stirnweiss could drive a high, fast ball out of sight and mind, but that a low curve gave him conniption fits. George Weiss, overseer of the Yankee farm system, was singularly undisturbed, however. He made a prediction which demonstrates why he is regarded as a very smart bloke with young talent on the hoof.

"Joe Gordon hit only .280 at Newark," Weiss remarked. "Stirnweiss will look better on curves when he sees more of them—and, anyway, he's bound to have a respectable average. He's so fast that he can turn an infield grounder on two hops into a base hit. He's got power and spirit. That's been enough for a lot of .300 hitters."

Stirnweiss already has made Weiss look like a genuine swami with .300 averages for his two full-time seasons, and there is reason to believe his hitting was not the product of wartime pitching. Of course the muscle men who really can powder the ball are coming out of the service and will take charge of the hitting department this year, but Stirnweiss will continue to do better than all right because he has absorbed quickly the lesson all speed boys eventually learn: unusual speed can be a handicap to a hitter. It gives a rookie a bunt-and-tap psychology. Instead of taking a toe hold at the plate and tearing into the ball, they look for infield scratch hits they can beat out. It's a pretty good trick, but a poor substitute for a blast that knocks down the fence.

WHERE and for whom Stirnweiss will play this season is one of the interesting questions agitating the fans. With Gordon and Rizzuto out of the service, the Yankees have an embarrassment of riches all other clubs would be ecstatic to inherit. There is some talk of selling or shifting Gordon to third base; other rumors of a major deal involving Stirnweiss, stoutly denied by Larry MacPhail.

But this much is certain: Stirnweiss will be an important cog on somebody's ball club. A young fellow who gets 200 hits a year, can steal fifty bases when the spirit moves him, covers the ground at second base like the dew covers Dixie, and pivots on a double play as well as anyone in the trade, is bound to find regular employment at a fancy figure.

Babe Ruth made the best commentary on Stirnweiss last year. He happened to catch the Yankees on one of those very bad days. "Those bums oughta be arrested for takin' their pay checks," the Babe bellowed. "They couldn't get into the clubhouse to pick up our dirty towels in the old days." He paused. "All except that sawed-off runt playin' second base. He's the only ballplayer who could've gotten a suit when the Yankees really had a ball club."

THE END

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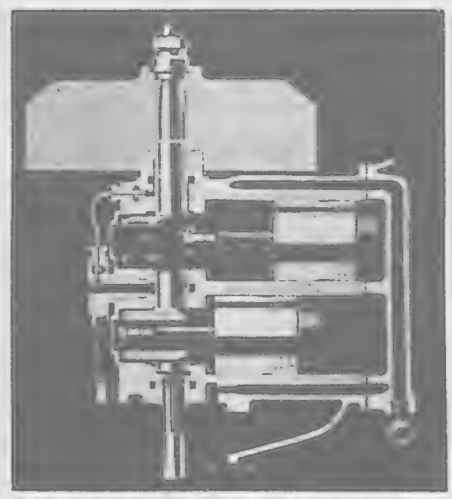

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Garson's cold shoulder is only a feint.

ADVENTURE

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
Clark Gable, Greer Garson, Joan Blondell, Thomas Mitchell

ADVENTURE is *full* of it, and is a good example of what happens when a movie company tries to translate all the excitement of historical romance into modern idiom. However, the pretentiousness of the writing and directing will undoubtedly get lost in the flurry over the return to the screen of Clark Gable, Major, U.S.A.A.F.

Yep, he's back, and he still calls forth all those adjectives—two-fisted, virile, red-blooded, etc. As a bosun in the merchant marine who pretends to scorn all spiritual values and goes roaring around ports with a girl on one arm and a bottle on the other, he has ample opportunity to Gableize the atmosphere.

For his foil and eventual nemesis, M-G-M has picked another greatly magnified star, Greer Garson. She's a brainy librarian (spectacles, incidentally, are about the best device for mugging) who meets the infidel sailor through happenstance, feels challenged by his love-'em-and-leave-'em mannerisms, plays two very good trump cards—marriage and a baby—and finally proves to him that it's worth his while to take up the home-and-fireside role.

Above and below this plane there are a lot of unusual things going on. Chiefly there's Thomas Mitchell as Mudgin, a sailor with a fixation that he's lost his "tremblin' immortal soul" in a brawl in San Francisco. How he gets it back, as you'll see, is less an affair of God's than of the photographer's—but it certainly is a relief when it's replaced.

Of all the other muttering mummers, the one most clearly understood is Joan Blondell, who plays a fresh, fun-loving citizen with an admirable vivacity. To her falls one of the more naturally funny lines of the film: When Garson announces she's married to Gable, Joan retorts, "Him married? Why, he wouldn't marry his own mother!"

Because of its heavy plot and characterizations, Adventure as a picture has all of the lightness of a barrel of crude oil.

In attempting to emulate such dramatists as Sean O'Casey and William Saroyan, it becomes club-footed instead of the hot-footed film it should have been.

How not to get your house painted.

Judy as the star has an informal little interview.

ZIEGFELD FOLLIES OF 1946

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
Cast: Everybody who is anybody at M-G-M

WHO is there that dares to say that vaudeville is dead? If the above fancy line-up doesn't disprove it, the ghost of Ziegfeld will have to be reconsulted. These particular Follies are represented as being directed from Flo's (William Powell's) special corner of heaven, and the opening scene, where some remarkable puppets are made use of, is cleverly contrived.

Of the entire revue, top billing belongs to Judy Garland, who does a lovely lampooning of a great star being interviewed by the gentlemen of the press. Second choice, for my dough, would be the dancing and singing of Gene Kelly and Fred Astaire.

Keenan Wynn will please you *and* his father with his telephone sketch; Victor Moore and Edward Arnold make the most of an old Weber and Fields routine; Fanny Brice and a sweepstakes ticket create some high comedy. Then of course there are girls, girls, girls, a veritable Venusberg of voluptuous vamps.

SHOCK

(Fox) Vincent Price, Lynn Bari, Frank Latimore, Anabel Shaw

SHOCK has a neat story twist and with a little more care and devotion could have been a compelling drama. Take a young girl who is brought into a state of shock by witnessing a murder, and put her into the hands of a psychiatrist who turns out to be the murderer—and you've got a lot of possibilities.

Vincent Price, a beautiful and highly polished actor who is a master at superciliousness, is somehow wrong as the "mad" doctor who kills his wife and almost kills his patient, all for the sake of a brown-haired fluff of a nurse (Lynn Bari).

The most real people in Shock are Anabel Shaw and Frank Latimore as the patient and her soldier husband, but their parts are more or less shoved into a corner.

Spellbound cast a long shadow before it, and it is extremely likely that Shock will be obscured in that shadow. 'Tis a pity—they did have a good plot.

Vincent Price will be horrified at his own diagnosis.

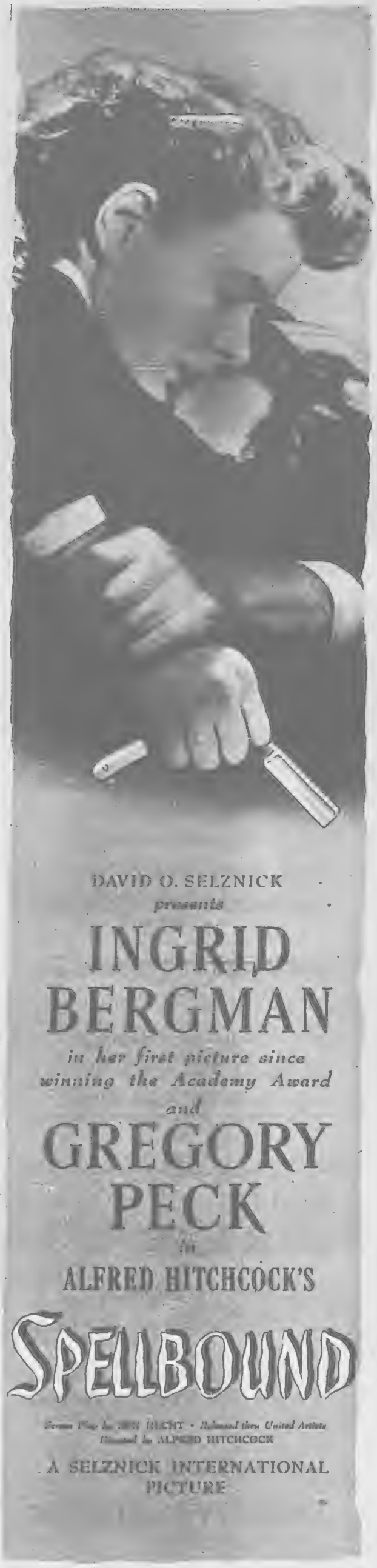
RECOMMENDED PICTURES

THE SEVENTH VEIL (Universal). James Mason, Ann Todd. British psycho-thriller.

THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE (RKO). Dorothy McGuire, Ethel Barrymore. Fine suspense.

SCARLET STREET (Univ.) Edw. G. Robinson, Joan Bennett, Dan Duryea. Art and Murder.

CORNERED (RKO). Dick Powell, Walter Slezak, Nina Vale. Anti-Fascist drama.



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LIBERTY MAGAZINE

FULL EMPLOYMENT—FOR BUSINESS, TOO!

Continued from Page 21

to show just how large this increase was.

Every business man in America knows what that rise in purchasing power meant. It meant that business could sell rapidly almost anything it could offer for sale, and it meant that despite higher taxes, business made more profit than ever before.

Thus, from the point of view of business itself, management has a responsibility to the nation for increasing real wages and salaries as much as is possible without endangering sound business practice. I believe it is possible for business as a whole to increase real wages substantially in the near future. During the years 1941-44, corporations in this country averaged over nine billion dollars a year in profits after deducting taxes. Elimination of the excess profits tax and the provision for carry-back credits have placed business in a position to continue making large profits.

Moreover, in many industries, productive efficiency has advanced, or will very soon advance, so that a much greater volume of output can be achieved with the same number of workers.

SINCE the ability to pay higher wages depends upon such things as increases in productive efficiency, volume of production, and margin of profit, some businesses are better able to increase wages than others. But in general, it is undoubtedly possible for American firms to make substantial pay increases even if the present price levels are maintained.

One thing is certain. If full employment is to be reached and maintained during the next few years, there must be a general increase in the total wage income of the country. All of us share in the responsibility for achieving this basic goal. If business men will look upon this responsibility as an opportunity to provide an adequate demand for what they produce and sell, they may come to look upon wage increases with more favor.

High wages and high employment are not opposed to, but are the basis of, high production and high profits on a sustained basis.

3. *Maintaining steady growth and improvement in our productive facilities.*

Many people think of capitalism as a "profit system," without going one step further and asking themselves what happens to the profits. Some of the profits of business are spent on personal luxuries, but this could never account for all the profits made in a prosperous country. Profits are used to make a country grow, to enable it to build more factories, produce new and improved goods, more and better railroads, telephones, laundries, theaters, and hospitals. Some profits are taken by the government to provide new schools, better roads, and other essential public services. Throughout the economy, profits are meant to be used productively.

"Your wife used to do ten of these in an hour, Bogart!"

LIBERTY

Capitalism has shown a remarkable capacity to expand and grow over the years. This capacity is due not only to the opportunities it affords business men to make profit in a going concern, but to the opportunities it extends to those with the profit in their pockets to risk it in creating new ways of offering goods and services to the people. It is this feature of the capitalistic system that has enabled it to develop the continents and utilize so effectively the marvels of modern technology. It is this feature, too, that will make it possible for us in America to create new industries and expand our existing facilities so that we can provide continuing full employment for those willing and able to work, and more goods and services for everyone.

I HAVE often thought that there is a kind of unspoken understanding between the ordinary citizens of a capitalistic democracy and the business community. The citizens agree that profit making is good, because it creates initiative and incentive for the conduct of good business. They also agree that business should have its profits, on condition that the profits which are not spent for personal enjoyment as a reward for merit must be plowed back in the creation of more and better means of production and service to the whole community.

Business once had a geographical frontier in the American West that offered almost unlimited opportunities for risking its profits in order to make even greater profits. When the limits of that frontier had been reached, there were some who said

the economy had matured and that we could not hope for the same volume of investment as in the past. But the investment went on, and for the first quarter of this century we continued to risk our capital and expand the quantity of goods and services available to our people. During the depression, and even when we began to prepare for war, there was a tendency for business to be hesitant about risking its profits in the expansion of productive facilities. It took an all-out war and huge government spending to make us realize how tremendous our capacity for production really was.

We still have frontiers. The people of this country and the people of every other country in the world want the goods we can produce and distribute. The people of this country have money to buy those goods, and they will continue to have money to buy if they are paid good wages. New industries, based on the technological discoveries made during the depression and during the war, are waiting to be developed. Various sections of the country are ready with manpower, resources, and markets for the building of new industries.

It is the responsibility—*yes, the exciting opportunity*—of business to risk its profits and the borrowed savings of the people in the exploration and development of these new frontiers just as fast as the increased purchasing power of the people can buy the growing output.

THE END

OLD MAN RIVER GOES STRAIGHT

Continued from Page 17

down the Mississippi to the Gulf. For the largest of them the shallowness of the channel in the dry season posed a ticklish problem, particularly at the shallowest point of all, the Chain of Rocks passage near St. Louis. A beautiful job of timing gave these vessels enough water to float them over the dangerous reach.

The schedule for their arrival at Chain of Rocks was calculated to the hour, and word was passed to the lock keepers at Fort Peck. At the proper moment great quantities of water were released through the dam locks. And *five weeks later* the miniature artificial flood reached Chain of Rocks just as the ships from Chicago hove into sight. It lifted them safely over the shoal waters and carried them to deeper channels.

There are four great installations for drawing water out of the River channel if worst comes to worst and the levees are assaulted by a burden which threatens to breach or overtop them. The first is the floodway at New Madrid, Missouri, across the River from Cairo. Here a rich low-lying area of 130,000 acres has been set aside for deliberate inundation in the event of emergency. The region is populated by about 9,000 people and three fourths of its soil is under cultivation. Still, it is a better sacrifice, if sacrifice must be made, than Cairo with urban thousands and highly developed industrial plants.

In return for a payment of about thirty-five dollars an acre of land, the farmers give the government perpetual easement for damage caused by deliberate flooding. The people of New Madrid were driven from their homes in the flood of 1937. When flood stages reached a threatening peak that year, four 1,000-foot fuse plugs were opened in the levees protecting the New Madrid area. Millions of tons of water flooded the land to a depth of about thirty feet. But the people and their livestock were safely out. Their land was hurt but not ruined. Their domestic possessions were damaged but not destroyed, and the Red Cross lent them a hand to re-establish themselves.

A LITTLE farther down the River, on the same west bank as New Madrid, there is an even greater emergency floodway. It is divided by name into two sections—the Morganza Floodway and the West Atchafalaya. The countryside which will be flooded here if the fuse plugs are ever opened is chiefly swamp and timberland, inhabited by trappers and woodsmen. Floodwaters poured into this region, if the need ever arises, will flow directly through the Wax Lake outlet into the Gulf of Mexico itself, far west of New Orleans.

A further protection for New Orleans is the Bonnet Carré Spillway on the east bank of the River, only thirty-eight miles above the city itself. Here a channel six miles long and nearly two miles wide has been dug from the Mississippi to the great basin of Lake Pontchartrain. If all the 350 locks of this channel are opened, 250,000 cubic feet of water are drawn away from the River every second. From the lake, this water quickly finds outlet to the Gulf. That project cost more than $13,000,000.

The work goes on. For even though the engineers are confident that they have the River beaten—"cabined, cribbed, confined"—the job has not yet been brought to final perfection. About $200,000,000 must still be spent. And thousands of men still toil in the struggle against the River—8,000 of them permanent employees of the River Commission, and about 10,000 more on the payrolls of private contractors whose great machines gnaw and pat the banks of the great stream to smooth the final bed in which it will be forced to lie.

THE END

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

If we don't stand for something, we will fall for anything.

—Irene Dunne.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

NOBODY LOVES A
SNOW MAN *
* NOBODY LIKES DANDRUFF
HE NEEDS JERIS
FOR FIVE-IN-ONE HAIR CARE
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• Gives antiseptic protection
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• Cleanses the scalp
• Keeps hair in place
Ask for Jeris today at barber shops or drug counters.
JERIS Antiseptic HAIR TONIC
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Modern Protection Provides Great Comfort and Holding Security

Without Torturous Truss Wearing

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- Made *on a face cream base.* Yodora is *actually soothing* to normal skins.
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"I wouldn't be without CHAP STICK," says this locomotive fireman. Leave it to a railroad man—he knows all kinds of weather . . . CHAP STICK is the specially medicated, specially soothing lip balm *for sore, cracked, chapped lips. Price 25¢*

"Keeps Lips Fit"

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

COMES THE DAWN: As shortages ease, and electric toasters, washing machines, mixers, pressure cookers, refrigerators, radios, and stoves trickle back into the stores, it occurs to me we owe a long, loving salute to all the miraculous old mechanical equipment that has never faltered, despite years of daily service. The American machine has stamina that I wouldn't believe in if I hadn't actually lived with some of its manifestations. Our venerable toaster was given to us more than ten years ago, and has never had a day off, nor ever

needed the doctor. Our mixer has mixed waffles and Daiquiris impartially through the war years with unfailing equanimity. The most our mechanical icebox has ever asked since we moved in with it, back in 1941, was an occasional new light bulb. A small radio, for desk or bedside, dates back to 1939 and has been unmercifully punched, poked, and prodded by our four-year-old ever since he could amble. Yet it continues to play; all the co-operation it demands is that it be plugged in. The only reason our aged radiophonograph is taking time out is because our young music lover picked off all the station letters and detached a strategic knob altogether, while visiting painters ripped the plug off the end of the electric cord.

ALL AROUND THE NECK: Mary Margaret McBride, the well-known radio girl, was in superlative form as fashion commentator at a breakfast given in New York's Commodore Hotel to introduce novel neckwear accessories for spring. Introduced as the "original collar-and-cuff girl," Mary Margaret was her own wonderful, droll, homespun self, as with tongue very much in cheek, she reminisced of her recent visit to Paris, where she sat at "Schiaparelli's and some of those birds, and saw *them* copying *me.*" By *copying me* she meant they were utilizing, with variations, the collar-and-cuff vogue adopted as a uniform by Mary Margaret. In a dark dress, whose V neck was adorned with a delicate lacy collar, Miss McBride was a fine fashion plate for the collar, cuff, gilet, dickey, and topper industry. Diminutive models minced in, demonstrating the versatile uses of collars and cuffs, ribbony jabots and ruffled aprons, flowery toppers and dolman dickeys. Batiste, lace, taffeta, ribbon, piqué, organdy, eyelet embroidery, and crepe all figured handsomely in a show that demonstrated conclusively that one dress can look like a dozen different ones with the use of ingenuity and "neckwear."

MEAT EATERS: In experiments conducted by Thelma J. McMillan and Ruth M. Leverton of the Nebraska Agricultural Experiment Station at Lincoln, eleven pregnant women were given an extra five-ounce serving of lean meat daily to supplement their self-chosen diets; eleven were given a vitamin-B-complex supplement; and eleven others got no supplement at all. The women who received the extra meat had consistently better hemoglobin and red cells, and were the only group free from swelling of the tissues. Hurrah for meat!

MOB SCENE: One small sign stating that nylons were on sale on Macy's fifth floor sent thousands of militant women swarming up the escalators. Within three hours more than 25,000 frenzied females had

struggled through the specially constructed maze, each aisle of which was marked by sizes. By 12.45 the day's quota of 12,000 pairs was gone, but the women who didn't manage to get any refused to leave till long after they saw a placard put in place reading, "No more nylons today." After taking a look at the long lines stretching all the way through the adjacent Barnyard Department and on into sporting goods and shoes, I decided to wait to buy nylons until they're plentiful.

MISGUIDED THRIFT

There's no embellishment drabber
or dafter
Than orchids worn on the morning
after.

THAT ACHING BACK

Continued from Page 23

Poor breathing, caused perhaps by enlarged tonsils or adenoids, can force your chest out of normal position, throwing strain on your spine. At the other end, your feet can cause similar trouble. Shoes without heels or, in the case of women, extreme high heels, can bring on lame back. So can fallen arches.

The "week-end athlete" who ends a period of inaction by getting in seven sets of tennis the first warm spring day is asking for backache. So is the fellow who exercises just twice a year—putting up and taking down the storm windows. So is the woman who tackles her spring housecleaning in a do-or-die spirit, pulling and pushing and lifting to get the job over with in a hurry. She may repent at leisure.

IN spite of all this there is a more cheering note, for along with the figure that four out of five get backaches, at least four out of five can be cured by simple treatment without surgery. In one hospital in the South it was found that 90 per cent of backache cases were definitely helped by treatment, and 7 per cent got a fair amount of relief. Only one patient in a hundred failed to show improvement. In the light of a general tendency to think of backache as something most often afflicting women, it is interesting that 70 per cent of these cases were men.

And while the dozens of possible causes for one little backache make the whole matter sound pretty confusing, it isn't so complicated once you know how your spine is put together and what makes it behave the way it does.

The wag who first said a spine is what your head sits on one end of and you sit on the other, wasn't such a bad anatomist. More precisely, your spine is a flexible rod on top of which your head sits and to which your arms and legs are indirectly attached. It is in the form of a long, compressed S, made up of thirty-three vertebrae. There is a curve for each of the regions: neck, back chest, loin, and hip. These curves are there for the same reason you find an arch in a bridge or in your foot: weight is better supported that way. The bones are separated by cartilages and held together by muscles, ligaments, and connective tissue.

But there is more to the spinal column than this. From it come the ribs to form the chest and the muscles that make the abdominal wall. The organs in the chest and abdomen are suspended from the backbone, so it is no wonder that they are frequently involved in backaches. You might think of the spine as the central structure of the body, the element without which you would collapse into a subhuman heap.

The lower part of our S curve forms the hollow of the back, the site of low back pain, which used to be called lumbago. This part of the spine rests on a sort of triangular table, called the sacrum, which is fastened to the hipbones; in this fact is the key to a great deal of backache.

For the sacrum is tilted so that the upper part of your body would slide right off if it were not fastened in place. What holds you together there are the powerful muscles and ligaments of the lower back. As long as they can easily handle their job, your back may feel fine.

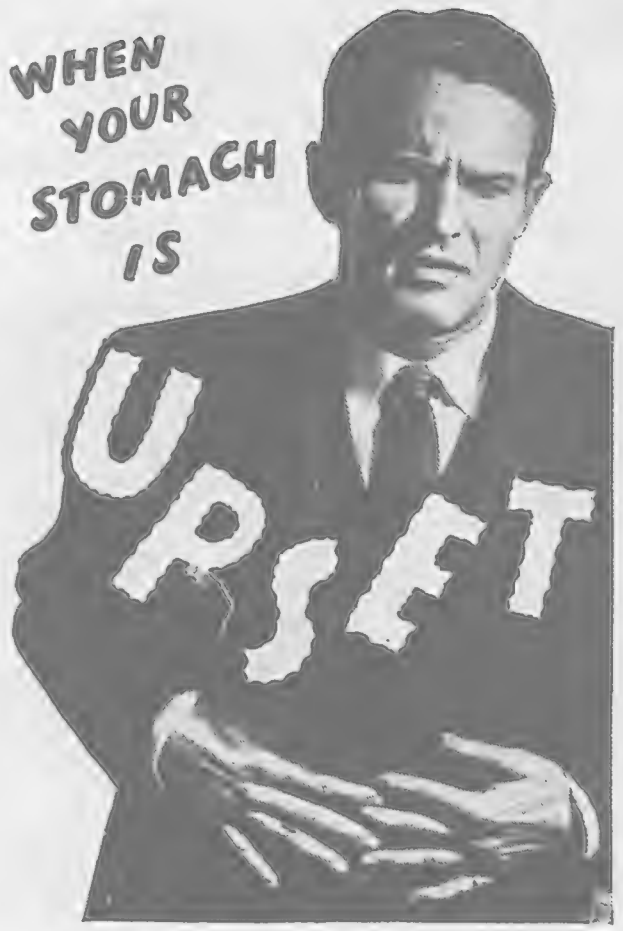
But when anything happens to reduce their power and these muscles begin to operate under strain, they go into spasm. This happens in old people as their muscles lose their flexibility. Infections can weaken muscles. So can long disuse, particularly common with bedridden invalids. Lifting a heavy weight carelessly, even using the back muscles suddenly in opening a window, can tear the muscles and weaken them. And your back begins to ache.

IF your back is weak, you had better try to avoid occupations requiring lifting. Even if it is strong, you'll save yourself the likelihood of later misery if you learn to do your lifting scientifically. Use your shoulder and leg muscles rather than those of abdomen and back.

The way your spine is put together is responsible for some kinds of back pain. You may have too many spinal bones, or you may have too few. Some of the bones may be misshapen, or the spine may be partially dislocated. The lowest vertebra of your spine may project farther forward and downward than the other vertebrae. Your muscles and ligaments then must work harder than they are able to hold the spine in place. The result is low back pain.

"Ahhhh, shaddup!"

LIBERTY



Your stomach needs coddling when it's upset. Don't aggravate it with overdoses of antacids or drastic purges! Take pleasant PEPTO-BISMOL to help calm its distress, and soothe irritated intestinal walls.

Pepto-Bismol isn't an antacid — isn't a laxative. It works in a *different* way to help relieve stomach upsets caused by over-indulgence, change of diet, nervous, hasty eating, or bad combinations of food. Get a bottle today! *At all druggists.*

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GET QUICK relief with Dent's Tooth Gum or Dent's Tooth Drops! "Cavity Toothache" frequently strikes at night. Be prepared. Buy either package from your druggist today. Keep it handy for children and adults. Follow easy directions.

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Lemon Juice Recipe Checks Rheumatic Pain Quickly

If you suffer from rheumatic, arthritis or neuritis pain, try this simple inexpensive home recipe that thousands are using. Get a package of Ru-Ex Compound, a two-week supply, today. Mix it with a quart of water, add the juice of 4 lemons. It's easy. No trouble at all and pleasant. You need only 3 tablespoonfuls two times a day. Often within 48 hours—sometimes overnight—splendid results are obtained. If the pains do not quickly leave and if you do not feel better, return the empty package and Ru-Ex will cost you nothing to try as it is sold by your druggist under an absolute money-back guarantee. Ru-Ex Compound is for sale and recommended by druggists everywhere.

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THE HOME FRONT

"You now have $680,000, Mr. Gribble. Do you want to try one more question and put the sponsor out of business?"

LIBERTY

There is a cartilage buffer separating the bones of the spine. Inside each of these is something called the nucleus pulposus, which seems to act as ball bearing, giving more freedom to movements of the spine. When this body ruptures through its cartilage disk, a mass is formed which may press on the spinal cord or on a nerve root. This is painful, and it may be disabling. It may call for surgery; frequently, strapping the area with adhesive is all that is called for.

If your low back pain is combined with pain around the abdomen radiating down into your thigh and perhaps leg, another kind of defect may be responsible. The spurs of bone on the vertebrae may be pushing into the spaces through which spinal nerves pass.

ANOTHER cause of backache so severe that some patients cannot even turn over in bed has recently been discovered. A small tumor of fat may bulge like a hernia through the bands of tissue covering the muscles in the lower back. Pressure on this tumor causes pain that often radiates down the leg. Injections of anesthetic solution bring prompt relief, but this is temporary. The remedy is an operation to remove the tumor. Two Army doctors who operated on ten such cases reported that all the patients had striking relief after the tumors were removed.

And there is that popular sewing-circle catchword — sacroiliac. Although it is often mistaken to mean any backache, it refers to a special part of your anatomy. The sacroiliac region is the one where the triangular sacrum—that's the table on which the spine rests so restlessly—joins the large bones of the pelvic girdle.

When the sacrum is more horizontal than normal, the sacroiliac ligaments have to work harder than they are supposed to, because the whole body is pressing downward. The result may be strain or sprain. If one leg is a little shorter than the other, it throws painful strain on the sacroiliac, because the pelvis tilts and the spine is curved to one side.

Differences between the male and the female spine constitute one of the reasons women so often have sacroiliac trouble. The angle between the loin spinal bones and the hollow of the back is greater in women. In the pregnant woman this joint is relaxed, and after childbirth it may fail to tighten again. Sacroiliac pain often follows.

Backache may be merely one symptom of serious disease. It is common in the early stages of such infections as polio, tonsillitis or smallpox. It usually goes away when the infection subsides. Arthritis of the spine is one of the commonest of all causes of suffering and disablement. It is an inflammation of the joints in the small of the back, and may come from an earlier infection or simply from the wear and tear of living—the reason older people are so prone to it.

The old tendency to charge most female backaches up to specifically female organs has pretty much died out. Doctors are much less likely now to place blame on a displaced uterus, unless the degree of displacement is great.

MOST misleading of all are the "referred pains" that occur when some organ is affected. Stomach ulcer often seems to be backache. The pain in prostate troubles, severe hemorrhoids, bladder infections, and female pelvic organs may fool you into feeling it in the lower back.

All this makes backache a difficult problem for your doctor. You can help him by searching your mind

for the facts he'll need. He will want to know what sort of pain you have. A sharp pain, for example, is more likely to be of the referred type than a dull pain. If coughing or sneezing greatly increases your pain, the doctor is likely to suspect some defect in the spine itself. A dull pain is a hint that the trouble is in the back muscles.

The doctor will want to know just where you feel the back pain—whether in neck, thoracic, small-of-the-back, or pelvic regions, or in the coccygeal area (where your tail would be if you had one). Along with this geography, the doctor will also want some history. Under questioning you may recall some seemingly unimportant thing. For instance, a sudden violent sneeze while lying in bed can injure a muscle just as surely as lifting heavy objects. If the doctor can find no physical basis, he may probe into your worries and emotional disturbances.

IF your trouble is of long standing, the chances are that an X-ray examination will be required. The remedy, of course, will depend on the cause. Frequently rest in bed is called for and the doctor will insist that you have a firm bed. It seems doubtful that soft beds cause backaches, but they often make them hurt worse. Bed boards inserted between springs and mattress are of great help in supporting a sagging bed. A bed that is too soft increases your discomfort by permitting your back to curve downward, pulling on the muscles that are already in spasm.

A pair of New York doctors have designed a relaxing frame to give backache sufferers a good night's sleep. They say that ordinary bed boards do a valuable service, but often make hips and shoulders sore. Their frame is shaped to fit and support the back and has hills and valleys resembling the lateral curves of the body. It fits over the ordinary coil springs or inner-spring mattress and is covered with foam rubber or other thin, firmly yielding substance.

You may need a support while your muscles are strengthening. Most often this is a corset which must be fitted to you. Massage is frequently used, and it may be combined with heat treatment.

ONCE your muscles have eased up and your back has stopped hurting, it will be time to strengthen the weakened muscles. This you will do by exercise prescribed by the doctor to fit your own condition. Next will come more general exercises designed to improve your posture so that your trouble won't recur. In the comparatively few cases that cannot be handled by such a series of treatments, some kind of surgery may be necessary. There may be a ruptured spinal disk or a tumor to be removed.

Doctors have learned, however, that most lame backs will get well if treated by rest, support, and exercise, without more drastic measures. They also know that backache deserves more consideration than it gets from patients. It can be serious, and it should be treated early.

Although backaches often spring directly out of carelessness and neglect, it would appear they became the common lot of man after our ancestors decided to walk erect. As long as ancient man stuck to the four-footed gait, his backbone was well supported by his four legs. But he insisted on the new way. There were advantages to walking upright; the first man to do so very likely became a leader vastly respected among his fellows—and quickly imitated. But the penalty of backache is with us still.

THE END

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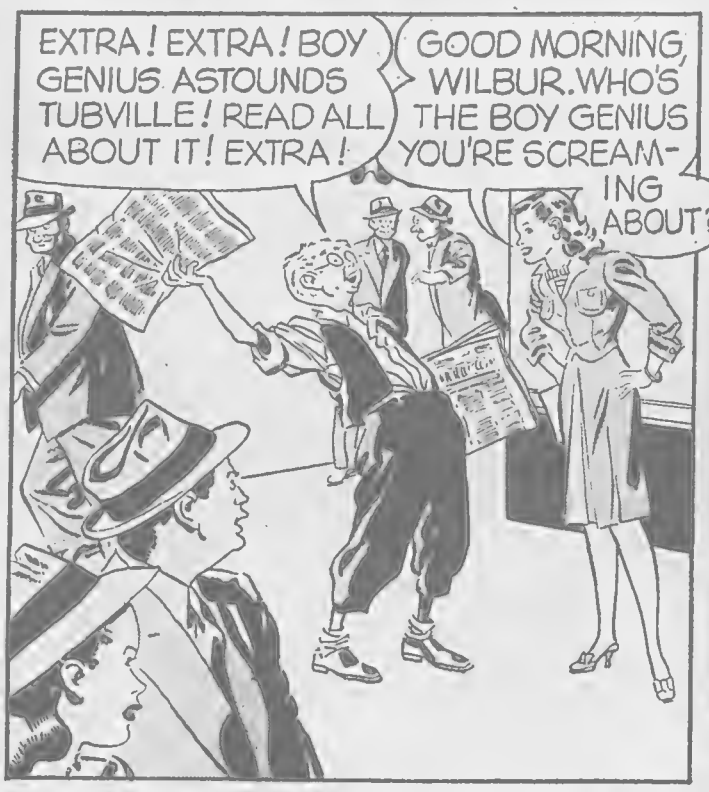
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BOY'S "FASHION ... HUGE CROWD AT SITE OF NEW THROPP SODA FOUNTAIN!

Crowd Gathers in Street for Hours to View Funny Stunt

Yesterday afternoon, Oswald Thropp, twelve-year-old son of Herman Thropp, attracted a gay crowd before the Thropp Drugstore window on Main Street. The youthful press agent advertised his show by placing a huge sign in the window promising the public a showing of "brassieres and panties."

On a specially constructed stage in the store window, Ozzie later panicked the crowd by revealing a store dummy attired in feminine lingerie. Undoubtedly nobody in Tubville will now forget the fact that the new Thropp soda fountain will soon open.

Ozzie Thropp is the same lad who, not too long ago, showed great skill in detection by tracking down the phony Prince Ben-Day of Shannifors and exposing him as a kleptomaniac and a swindler. For this he received $2,500 in reward money from Mayor Quimby and Mr. Hippleby, the head of the Hippleby Department Store.

Fact Panel Seen The company has refused to re... bargaining. This wou... new them until guaranteed a price ... precedent established ... increase by the Office of Price Ad... Truman's fact-finding ... ministration to compensate for any ... the General Motors dispu... increase. ... now is preparing its offici... President Truman has instructed ... mendations. ... investigate whether ... Philip Murray, preside... "proper." ... C. I. O., who also heads ... workers, has declined co... ...-finding board. ... over t...

...the nation... historic decision, ... parently found the ... alarming rumors" to c... Grol's opinions with ... disagreed or allegatio... could not prove.

One final extra-l... necessary to put D... out of business com... was easy, with ... party dominating ... printers.

On Nov. 15 a ... "Politika" said ... had voted not ... racy" any long... attacking thei... next day, at ... Marshal Tito ... plete approv... action.

"The prin... said, "and ... are permis... striking b... newspaper ... cates. Tr... and we ... affairs. ... moral r... the par... dent n... exert ... thing...

GREETINGS, CHARMING PEOPLE!
I OWN THE RITZ MEN'S SHOP. HOW'S ABOUT DISPLAYING MY CLOTHES IN YOUR WINDOW?
NONSENSE! OZZIE'D PREFER TO SHOW MY DRESSES!

HELLO, LUCY. HOW DO YOU LIKE OZZIE'S DISPLAY?
OZZIE'S DISPLAY? THAT LITTLE BRAT STOLE MY PANTIES AND BRA!
OH, OH! NOW COMES MORE CRAZINESS!

FAMILY

Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**

NAW! I HATE SELLING PAPERS! BUT OZZIE'S GIVING ME A BONUS OF FIVE CENTS FOR EVERY PAPER I SELL!
I MIGHT HAVE GUESSED IT!
YOU WIN, LUCY! OZZIE IS SHARP AS A TACK! JUST TAKE A PEEK AT TODAY'S PAPER!
I TOLD YOU SO, MARY. LET'S SEE
FOR EMPLOYEES ONLY
APPLEBY DEPT STORE
SODA FOUNTAIN
WHAT'S UP NOW?
THAT OZZIE THROPP IS A WISE LITTLE APPLE. THEY'RE STILL LAUGHING AT HIS FASHION SHOW
CONGRATULATIONS, HERMAN. THE STORY'S TERRIFIC!
WHERE'S OZZIE? I'VE GOT A DEAL FOR HIM
I'D LIKE TO SEE HIM, TOO!
HERE COMES OZZIE NOW!
RELAX, LUCY! I'LL REPAY YOU FOR YOUR UNDERGARMENTS!
I'LL MURDER YOU FIRST, YOU LITTLE BEAST!
HOLD UP, OZZIE! I'LL PAY YOU $50 A WEEK FOR SPACE IN THAT WINDOW!
I'LL MAKE IT $75!
WHEN DOES STUPIDNESS STOP AND WE BUILD SODA FOUNTAIN?
A GOOD QUESTION, OLAF!

Continued next week

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IT FRIES

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Invert Broilmaster on its own removable base and you have a handy, dandy electric grill for making coffee, for frying eggs, and many other uses. Indispensable for homes, apartments, summer cabins.

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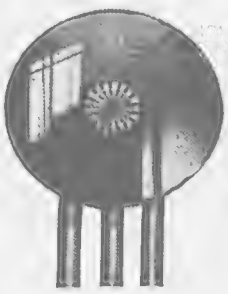

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THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A WESTERN

Continued from Page 19

actors are versatile men. They first play the hero's helpers; then put on false whiskers and smear catsup blood over their faces and reappear as the crooked villain's henchmen. There isn't much of a story: the round-up, false branding of cattle, quarrels between ranchers, the tenderfoot that makes good. Such pictures please only the nation's small fry and the undiscriminating customers in faraway countries.

The other extreme is the million-dollar epic, complete with new-fangled camera angles, ingenious story twists, impressive costumes and expensive disasters, great-name casts and armies of extras. In a class by itself are the musical Westerns, which first were made by Republic for Gene Autry. Old-timers still view with suspicion the appearance of night-club scenes, dude girls, and orchestras in a Western; they don't trust a cowboy who sits on a fence and croons, and they maintain that musicals, no matter how well they may be doing now, are just a fad.

In group three are the real he-man Westerns, such as Harry "Pop" Sherman's Hopalong Cassidy pictures, which were voted "best typical Westerns" by the exhibitors. Pop Sherman made his first six Hoppies in 1934, at a cost of $382,116.75. They still bring rentals from Central and South America, Australia and New Zealand, and to date have grossed about $1,500,000. In the past ten years Sherman has made fifty-four Hopalong Cassidy pictures on 3,000,000 feet of film, covered 50,000 miles on location trips, used 20,000 extras and 5,000 horses. No Hoppy cost more than $100,000 or grossed less than a quarter of a million. William Boyd recently purchased from Sherman the rights to Clarence Mulford's Hopalong characters. He will star again in future Hoppy pictures, but will produce them himself. According to the Hollywood Reporter, the deal "will involve the transfer of many millions of dollars and run indefinitely." In addition to producing the series and starring in it, Boyd will also appear in a nation-wide weekly radio show.

Hoppy titles—Timberwolves, Secret of the Wastelands, False Colors, Riders of the Deadline—breathe the hot air of the range. Here is the synopsis of a typical Hoppy entitled Colt Comrades:

"Wildcat Willy, a double-dealing vigilante leader, cleverly starves the cattle of his rivals, making competitors pay heavily for water rights which he owns, and doing some rustling on the side. Hopalong Cassidy gets on his trail, accompanied by his faithful side-kick, California. Wildcat ruins friends of Hoppy financially—one of his friends is Lucy Whitlock, a lovely, lonely girl—and frames Hoppy on a rustling charge. Hoppy puts up a strong offensive, gets the telltale evidence on the rascals, and brings the false vigilantes to justice."

Pop Sherman, who hails from Boston, brought Zane Grey to the screen. "I paid him five hundred bucks for each of his books. Boy, he was happy!" Sherman, among other things, has been a rodeo champion, cattle wrangler, rancher, film salesman, and owned an interest in Griffith's Birth of a Nation that made him a millionaire. He got a kick out of playing bits in his own pictures. Sherman's recipe for a good Western is clear plot, fast action, little dialogue, superlative outdoors photography, historical accuracy.

Authenticity is the keynote of Sherman's pictures. He knows it doesn't pay to fool your audiences. If the story calls for Indians, he goes on a location trip to Utah. Among his bit players have been Harry Willingham (one-time foreman of the Palomas Land and Cattle Company in Mexico, 100,000 cattle on 2,500,000 acres of land), ex-champion bulldogger Frank McCarell, and Sid Jordan, former deputy under the sheriff father of Tom Mix. Everybody on the set is a technical adviser and an expert. Boyd, who plays Hopalong Cassidy, has virtually become his *alter* ego. He goes about in faded dark blue "menacing" dungarees ("Hell," Sherman said, "cowboys don't own a wardrobe.") and has received and answered thousands of letters from parents and educators who praise his good influence on their boys. Police chiefs use his name in safety campaigns. On personal-appearance tours Boyd addresses schools and orphanages.

ALL Western pictures cling to the unwritten sagebrush code. The hero is gallant to the ladies, but he never makes love to a girl; never hugs or kisses her unless it is "part of a plot to ensnare the criminal." Western fans are very strict about that. The gal may fall for the hero, but never vice versa. In a straight, run-of-the-mill Western the hero never swears, never loses his temper, never smokes, never drinks. When he steps into a saloon, he's sure to ask for a soft drink or a glass of milk. The villain (who drinks all he wants) may serve him hard liquor, but the hero pours it away and no foolin'. In a de luxe Western these taboos don't exist. John Wayne, Gary Cooper, or Jimmy Cagney are welcome to smoke, drink, hug and kiss the gals as the script prescribes.

The hero is kind to children. He doesn't take unfair advantage of the villain, often gives him a break on the draw. Once he draws, he means business. He is a dead shot and never misses. He is accompanied by his faithful side-kick—the good-hearted but not-too-bright comedian who forever gets the hero into trouble. "Smiley" Burnette, "Gabby" Hayes, and "California" Carlson are as dear to their fans as their masters.

The hero is good to his horse. If the story calls for a horse to fall, it will fall down on a mattress which is concealed by leaves and sawdust. Many Western stars agree that it's good business to have your horse save you at least once in every picture. Great horses in the past shared the hero's star billing: Tom Mix and Tony, Bill Hart and Fritz, Fred Thompson and Silver, Ken Maynard and Tarzan. And now there's Gene

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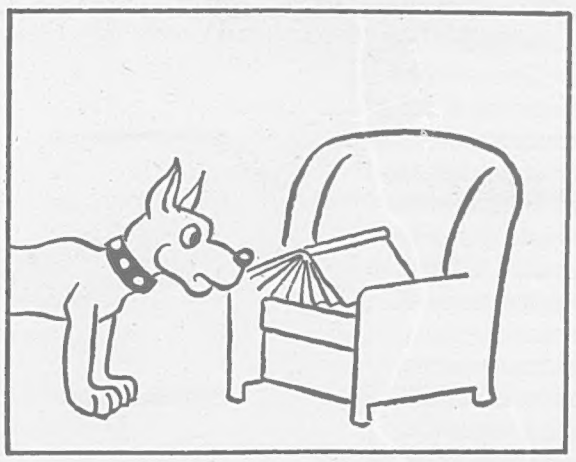

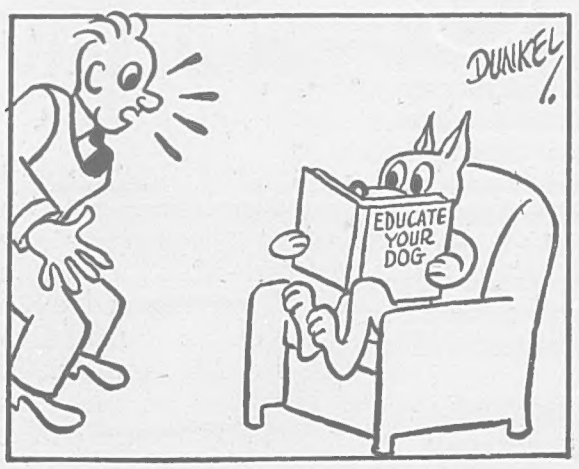

LIBERTY

Autry and Champ, Hopalong Cassidy and Topper, and Roy Rogers and Trigger. Trigger can count to ten, close and open doors, pick up a gun from a holster, roll a barrel with his nose. When Rogers goes to a rodeo in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden, Trigger is entertained at a cocktail party in a hotel ballroom.

THE villain has become quite a headache of late. The old-fashioned "half-breed" from south of the border and other "furriners" have been ruled out by the Johnston (Hays) office in the interest of the good-neighbor policy. Minority groups also have become touchy about being cast as villains. The ideal heavy of 1946 should be white, U. S.-born of Anglo-Saxon stock, and what is vaguely called a "profiteer." Cattle rustlers, desperadoes, and horse thieves are replaced by the more topical politicos, big-deal operators, and shady promoters. Lately, politicians have also protested, so the Robin Hoods of 1946 are mostly fighting against the rotten capitalism on the range.

Western stars have little to worry about. They will be on the screen when today's screen idols are long forgotten. "A cowboy is good until fifty if he doesn't let his public down," Autry said. Each of the leading Western stars has his faithful following. According to the 1945 Box Office Poll of the country's exhibitors, the leading six Westerners were: Roy Rogers, Autry, Boyd, "Gabby" Hayes, "Wild Bill" Elliott, and Johnny Mack Brown. They make six to eight pictures a year. They dress in Western style and wear ten-gallon hats, and rarely, if ever, go to a night club. They live on their ranches in San Fernando Valley, and live almost the life of the characters whom they portray on the screen.

Most of the Western stars had colorful careers before they were discovered for the screen. Autry was a telegrapher before he crooned himself into fame. Boyd worked in a sawmill, picked oranges, drilled oil wells, played featured parts in De Mille's King of Kings and The Volga Boatman. Rogers drove gravel trucks, sang in mining towns, had his own cowboy band, Sons of the Pioneers. Bill Elliott appeared at rodeo events.

Strangely enough, the first Westerns were not made in the West or even in America, but in southern France, forty years ago. A few enterprising Frenchmen had a hunch that the Golden West would make an excellent background for the flickering one-reelers. Their ideas of the prairie were strictly fantastic. The cowboys wore flashy satin blouses and silk trousers; the heroines were musical-comedy queens in high black silk stockings.

IN 1903 Thomas Alva Edison made the first American moving picture, The Great Train Robbery, a Western. But it was a member of the Train Robbery cast, Max "Bronco Billy" Anderson, who discovered the real West. He produced hundreds of one-reelers in 1908 and so did Colonel William Selig of Chicago, who shot Westerns in what today is Los Angeles' downtown business district. His star was Tom Mix, then a cowboy from Miller's 101 Ranch.

Mix was a great Western hero, silent and strong, wearing white corduroys and twenty-five-gallon hats. They were all great men—Bill Hart, William Farnum, Jack Holt, Dustin Farnum, Harry Carey, Buck Jones, William Russell, and Colonel Tim McCoy. Some of you who were brought up on Hoppy and Roy Rogers won't remember the old-timers, but your dads will. Because there isn't a boy in this country between seven and seventy-seven who at one time didn't secretly want to be the strong, silent, hard-fightin' and fast-shootin' knight-errant of the Range who always triumphs over evil and always gets his villain. And there isn't a girl between seven and, say, twenty-seven who can't help being impressed by the old-fashioned gallantry and glamor of the West. That is what makes horse opera click. That's why there'll always be a Western.

THE END

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MARCH 16, 1946

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
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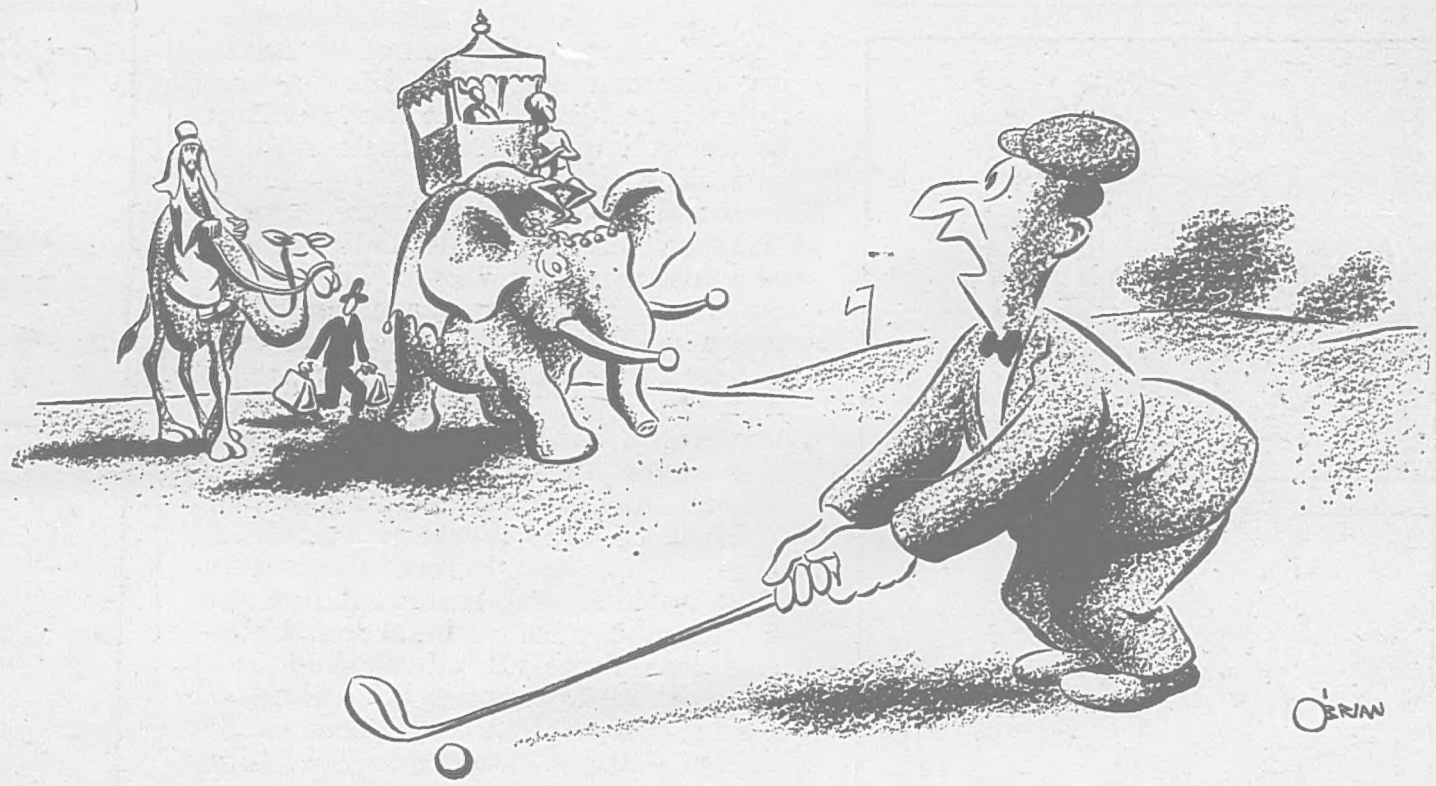


HOME OF THE BRAVE AND THE FREE—AND UNO

IF the eventual success of the United Nations Organization which is coming to live among us is proportionate to the real estate it occupies, we will have cause indeed to rejoice. Its predecessor in the task of promoting amity and preventing war, the League of Nations, managed to conduct its affairs on only fifty or sixty acres in the town of Geneva, Switzerland, but the UNO needs for its home an initial area of forty-two square miles, with another hundred or so to be added later on.

This is quite a block of property. The uses to which it will be put are somewhat vague and await the activities of a planning commission which at the present writing has not yet been appointed. There is talk of a half dozen or more buildings to shelter the UNO and its various agencies plus several hotels and apartment houses and additional extensive housing facilities for a population which at times is expected to total 10,000 persons. It is also thought desirable to provide an extensive shelter belt of countryside all around to insulate the home of the UNO from the intrusions of the surrounding world.

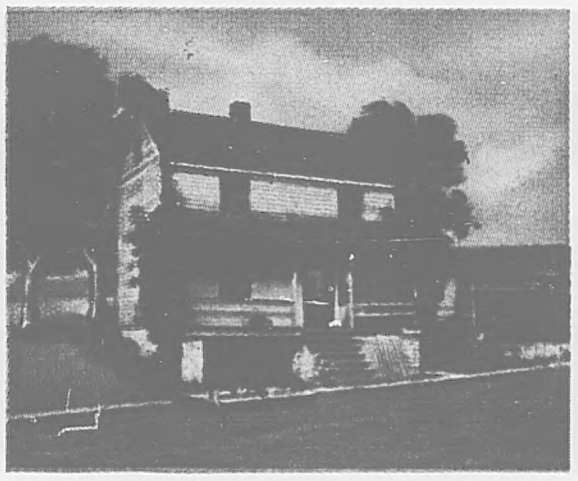
Even the initial requirement of forty-two square miles represents an area about four hundred times as extensive as the old home of the League. Should the UNO prove to be four hundred times as effective in accomplishing the purpose for which it was formed, we suppose there will be no kick coming from anybody—even those who are displaced from their lands and homes in order to provide the required room.

It is, in a way, odd that the site chosen for first consideration by the inspection committee should comprise land which is probably the most expensive and desirable suburban real estate in the whole United States. The rolling hills of Westchester County and adjacent Connecticut are peopled largely by families of wealth who know a good thing when they see it, or whose ancestors did. Many of them do not relish the idea of moving out even to make way for the UNO. They find living conditions in the locality eminently satisfactory and are appalled at the idea of giving it up. However, the people of the area, or at least their elected officials, stuck their own necks out when they invited the inspection committee to look over their territory. It should occasion them no surprise that the committee found the area had plenty to offer, though it must be said that when the invitation was issued no one expected the committee to grab so much of it.

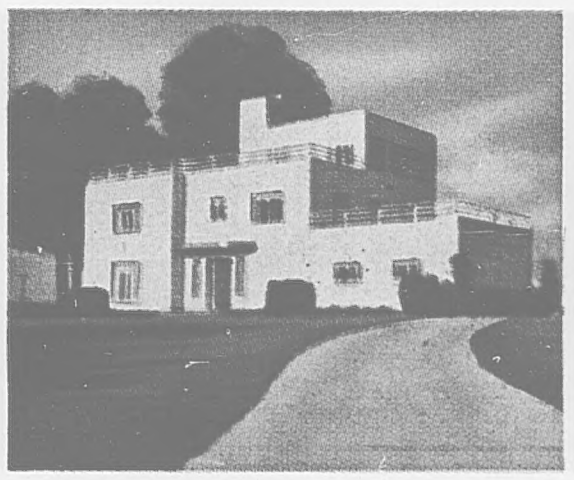
Perhaps, though, through this matter of selecting a home for UNO we shall progress another step on the slow road to our understanding of the rest of the world and to a realization of how the rest of the world regards us. Americans have long fostered the idea abroad that our country is a land of never-failing abundance in which there is plenty for everybody and in which everything is done on the largest possible scale. Is it any wonder, then, that UNO wants to set up its new home the American way? Fifty or sixty acres? Poof!! That might be the best they could do anywhere in Europe—but over here, what is fifty or sixty acres? Let's have miles and miles of land. Let's have the best land there is. Let's have the most expensive and luxurious buildings with ample facilities for social activity and recreation. In America, UNO wants to live in what it conceives to be the American way. The world will be fortunate if the objectives of the organization are not lost to sight in the process.

Paul Hunter

Which kind of home do you want?



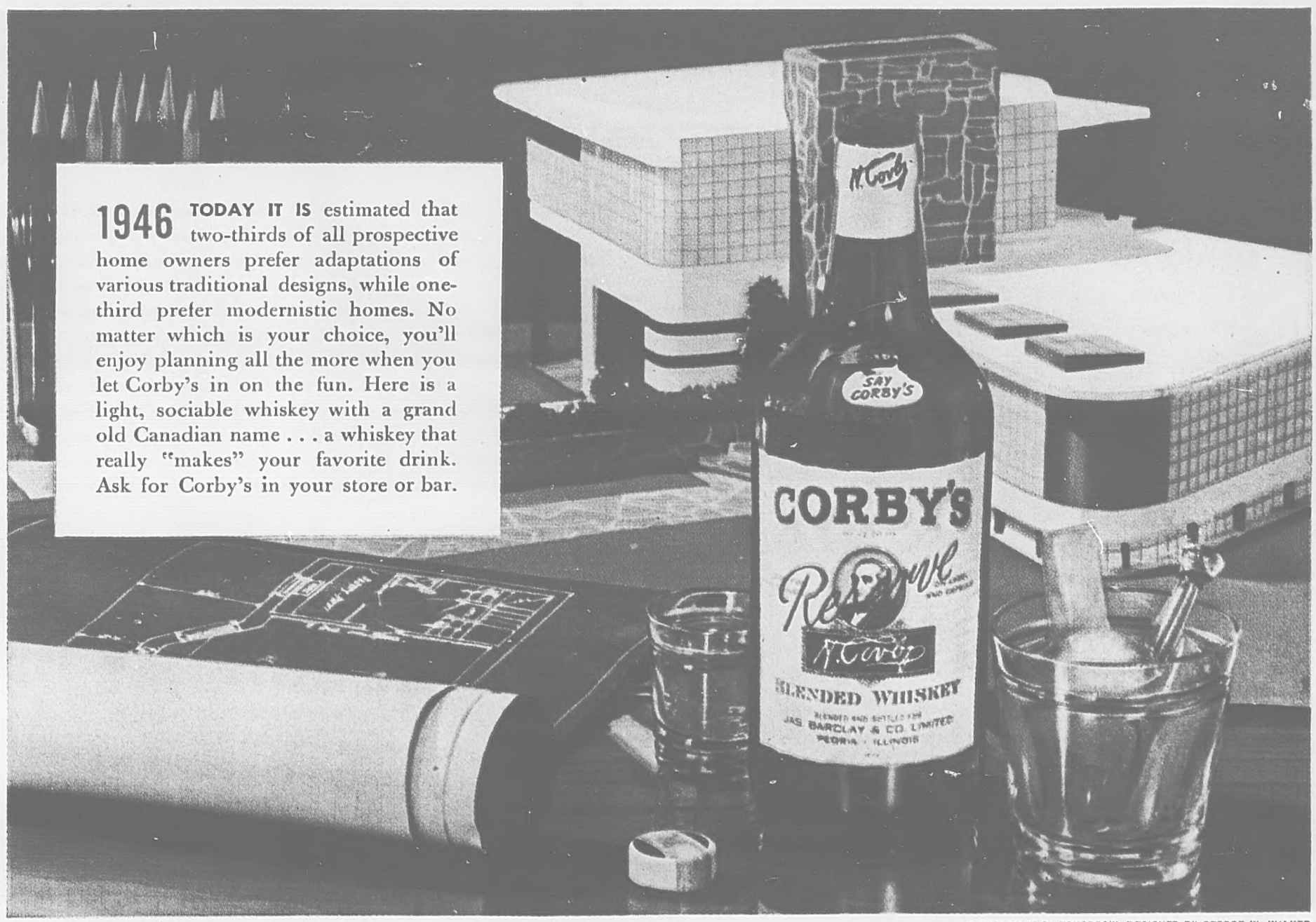
1870 **NO ARCHITECTS,** plumbers or electricians were used when Grandfather built. He himself, with the help of a carpenter, often did the whole job, including the well and pump outside. These were the days when Corby's was in its 12th year of fame in Canada.



1925 **WITH IDEAS** borrowed from Europe, architects began developing modernistic homes along functional lines. This type of home has grown in popularity for the last 25 years, years in which Corby's reached its 67th anniversary as a great Canadian name.

1941 **RIGHT ALONG** with functional designs, modern adaptations of traditional home styles held their own in popularity. Cape Cod, Ranch House, Dutch Colonial were top choices as war ended home building, in Corby's 83rd year of Canadian fame.

1946 **TODAY IT IS** estimated that two-thirds of all prospective home owners prefer adaptations of various traditional designs, while one-third prefer modernistic homes. No matter which is your choice, you'll enjoy planning all the more when you let Corby's in on the fun. Here is a light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name . . . a whiskey that really "makes" your favorite drink. Ask for Corby's in your store or bar.



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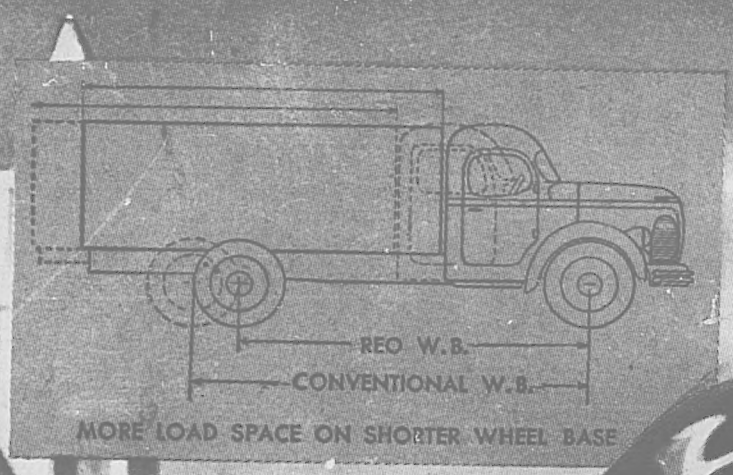

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